

Anneke
A Little Dame of
New Netherland

Elizabeth M. Brinley

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ANNEKE.

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A LITTLE DAME OF NEW NETHERLANDS

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "WITCH WINNIE," "WITCH WINNIE'S MYSTERY,"
"PATIENCE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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Introduction.

THE author confesses at the outset that her story is not true to the biography of the characters whose names she has borrowed for her heroine and heroes.

A real Anneke lived long ago and was loved by Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and by William Nicoll; but they were born a few years too late to have had the experiences related in the early part of this narrative.

The historical events described are in their main lines true to fact, and it has been the author's aim to create a faithful presentment of the ambitions, emotions, vicissitudes, struggles and victories which might have come into the lives of noble-minded men and women living at this period; and in so doing to show what were the influences in Holland and in England which led to the founding of the Colony of New Netherland and to its seizure by the English.

CHAPTER I.

A VERY QUEER CHEESE.

He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a falling lord,
— earns a place i' the story.

—*Shakespeare.*



ILLIE NICOLL, Willie Nicoll, will you give me your answer? Will you stay in your burrow like a milk-blooded rabbit, to be killed by that ferret Cromwell, or is it off with me to make your fortune in the Spanish Main? Once for all will you answer me, Willie Nicoll?"

"And once for all my answer is no, Captain Morgan, no to both questions. I will not stay at home to be caught by the Puritans, and I will not accept your offer. England is no place for a Royalist unless he is in the service of the King, and since his Majesty has nothing for a boy of seventeen to do, I'm back to finish my studies at

Leyden, and to fit myself to serve him to some purpose by and by."

"Nonsense, lad, by the time you have graduated the king will have no need of you. There will be great changes in England in the next few years, or I am no weather prophet and can't tell that there's a storm coming when I see the clouds gathering. Nobody knows what will be left standing when the hurricane has passed. Better put off to sea, says I, and then, when your cruise is ended, you'll know what colors to run up as you sail into port."

The youth's cheeks flushed. "I shall display the King's colors, no matter what happens, and fight for him the more desperately the more he needs me," Willie said, stoutly.

"Right you are, and gallantly said. I only spoke as I did to try your mettle, man, and what better university could there be for an English cavalier than the free wide sea? What better college than a ship of war? I'll warrant that you will be better fitted to serve his Majesty when I have graduated you, with your sea chest full of pearls from Margarita, and your share of Spanish silver in the hold, your arm trained to cutlass fencing, and a decoration or two carved on your cheek, than as a pale-faced student, with your pockets empty of everything but a Dutch diploma. I tell

you, too, Willie Nicoll, that the African wench, Mookinga, who keeps my cabin at Tortuga, was with the Spaniards at Margarita. She was held as a Voudoo witch by the negro pearl-divers. They stole all the larger pearls and gave them to her to keep for them. She alone knows where they are buried. She heard in some way of the free negroes of Jamaica, and slipped away in a crazy craft with two other fugitives, to try to find them and rouse them to make a descent on Margarita. We came across the sloop when her provisions were spent, and Mookinga fell to my share. She was my cook and housekeeper, while I was buccaneering at Tortuga. I was kind to her, and one day she gave me some great pearls which she had secreted in her hair, and she promised to show me how I could surprise the Spanish garrison at the fort at the entrance of the harbor at Margarita, and what signals to show to make all the negroes of the island rise and massacre the Spaniards. I am to set the negroes free and clear out the Spaniards, and the pearls are to be mine."

"Why did you not sail on this expedition instead of returning to England?"

"Because, Willie, I was only one of a band of buccaneers, with whom I would have had to divide my booty if I had taken them into my confidence.

I came back to England to get the command of a ship from King Charles, and to gather a company of gentlemen adventurers of the right stamp with his Majesty's permission to make war on the Spaniards."

"Did you get your commission, Captain Morgan?"

"No, Willie, his Majesty is in too great straits just at present to involve himself with other powers by granting his royal signature to any paper which might plunge him into more hot water. We must needs take the matter into our own hands, and sail on the authority of our own broadswords. Harkee, Willie, if there's no other way, I'll engage under the Earl of Warwick with other gentlemen of the right spirit, and when we receive our orders (for no matter what port), we'll set the helm for the West Indies. It will be easy enough to purchase a pardon, from whichever party happens to be in power, when we return with a lot of Spanish prizes. I'm over to Holland now under sealed orders from the King. I am to take command of a sloop that I shall find at a harbor hereabouts, but what I'm to do I know no more than you, Willie. It's the last time that I shall set out under any orders but my own if I can make up the crew I want."

"And have you told my father of this fine scheme?"

“No, Willie, your father is a courtier of the old school. It would be of no use to talk it over with him; but I’ve made you the offer in all good faith, and I’ve shown my hand, rather more plainly than is prudent, because I trust in your honor as a gentleman. Now all I want to know is—why will you not take your schooling with me, since I am not particular if you do serve the King if you ever see your chance to do so?”

“Because,” cried the young man, not calculating the effect of his words in his indignation, “because I happen to have my chance now. There are more ways of serving the King than you realize, Captain Morgan, and since we are having a straight look into each other’s principles, I will say just this: I am as fond of treasure as you are, and still more so of adventure in the getting, but I’ve no fancy to fight under a pirate’s flag, Captain Morgan.”

The Captain’s face grew black—and he lifted his clenched fist but let it fall with an oath to his side.

“Nay, I love you too much, Willie Nicoll, to quarrel with you because we have both blabbed more than is good for us. So, you have found your chance for serving the King have you? Well, trust me for keeping your secret, if you keep mine. This sea air gives a man a rousing appetite, let us eat and drink together here on deck, and then we will both

be better natured. Have you nothing in that lunch-hamper which you have been nursing all the way from London to share with an old friend, Willie Nicoll?"

The young man started and changed color, but unstrapped the hamper with alacrity. It contained a variety of savory viands, and to these Willie helped his companion with a liberal hand. It was amazing to note how much the Captain ate. It was as though he were provisioning for his contemplated voyage to the Spanish Main, and as Willie lifted out one delicacy after another the captain peered greedily into the hamper eager to ascertain what was left. The young man made no attempt to hinder him, and the gormandizing guest at last felt both appetite and curiosity fully satisfied. There was nothing remaining in the hamper but a round cheese box.

"A little slice of cheese, Willie," coaxed the Captain, "just a little slice of cheese to top off with, and then I'll share my 'baccy and brandy with you, and thank ye kindly, Willie. It's been a luncheon fit for a king."

"I think I'll not cut the cheese this afternoon, Captain Morgan. I am saving that to remind me of home for many a day to come," said Willie, replacing the half emptied preserve pots and bottle

in the hamper, and fastening down the cover with decision.

"As you please," replied the other surlily, "but taking cheese to Holland is a bit like carrying coals to New Castle, isn't it, Willie? You must have plenty of it at Leyden."

"Not cheese like this," Willie replied airily, "this is Stilton, old Stilton, and it will be riper still before I cut it. Then I'll surprise some of my Dutch mates."

"Just invite me in, Willie, when you open the box," said Captain Morgan, "for I'm powerful fond of cheese, and I've taken it into my head that this is an uncommon rich one." And the Captain winked knowingly as he took a gulp from his pocket-flask. The Captain's insinuation alarmed Willie, and he had good cause for apprehension, although he was really a student of Leyden university, having the year before entered the school of engineering which Prince Maurice founded. To all appearances he was only a quiet youth deeply interested in his studies, but in reality he was much more than this. King Charles I. had trusty agents all over Europe, and to Willie Nicoll, through a relative who was groom of the bedchamber, were entrusted secret errands of great importance, which could not be transacted openly by the English ambassador.

When Governor Winthrop came from the New England colony to solicit help from King Charles for the building of a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River a letter was sent through Willie to Lion Gardiner, an English military engineer, who had established himself at the town of Woreden in Holland, and the negotiations were so well conducted by Willie that Gardiner accepted the construction and command of this fort, and removed under the patronage of Lords Say and Brooke to New England. The part played by Willie was a delicate one, for it was important that no hint of this transaction, which threatened the Dutch Colony in America should be known in Holland.

Having accomplished this errand to the satisfaction of his principals, others were entrusted to him, in the conduct of which young Willie Nicoll displayed a tact beyond his years. In 1641 the second year of his residence at Leyden he received a letter summoning him home on account of the illness of his mother. Seriously alarmed, for Willie was passionately attached to his mother, he easily obtained leave of absence on reporting the reason to the university authorities, and hurried to London. What was his relief on reaching home to find his mother in perfect health, her illness being only a pretext for his presence, which was required to fully under-

stand a mission of more than ordinary importance and danger. King Charles was entering upon the last stage of his struggle to maintain his royal authority, against that of Parliament. Already he felt that he was playing a losing game, but there were certain expedients to be tried before the standard was raised and a last desperate appeal was made to arms.

First of all money was needed, to pay off the royal troops, whose allegiance was wavering, and in a hundred other ways to strengthen the tottering throne. The Parliament would not vote the funds of which the King was so deeply in need and money from some quarter must be had.

The Stadholder of the Netherlands, Prince Frederick, had proposed in the name of his son, Prince William II. of Orange, for the hand of King Charles' daughter, the Princess Mary. This alliance at any other time would not have been considered, for though William the Silent, the young man's grandfather, was a nobler man than any of the race of Stuarts, he lacked the prestige of royal birth.

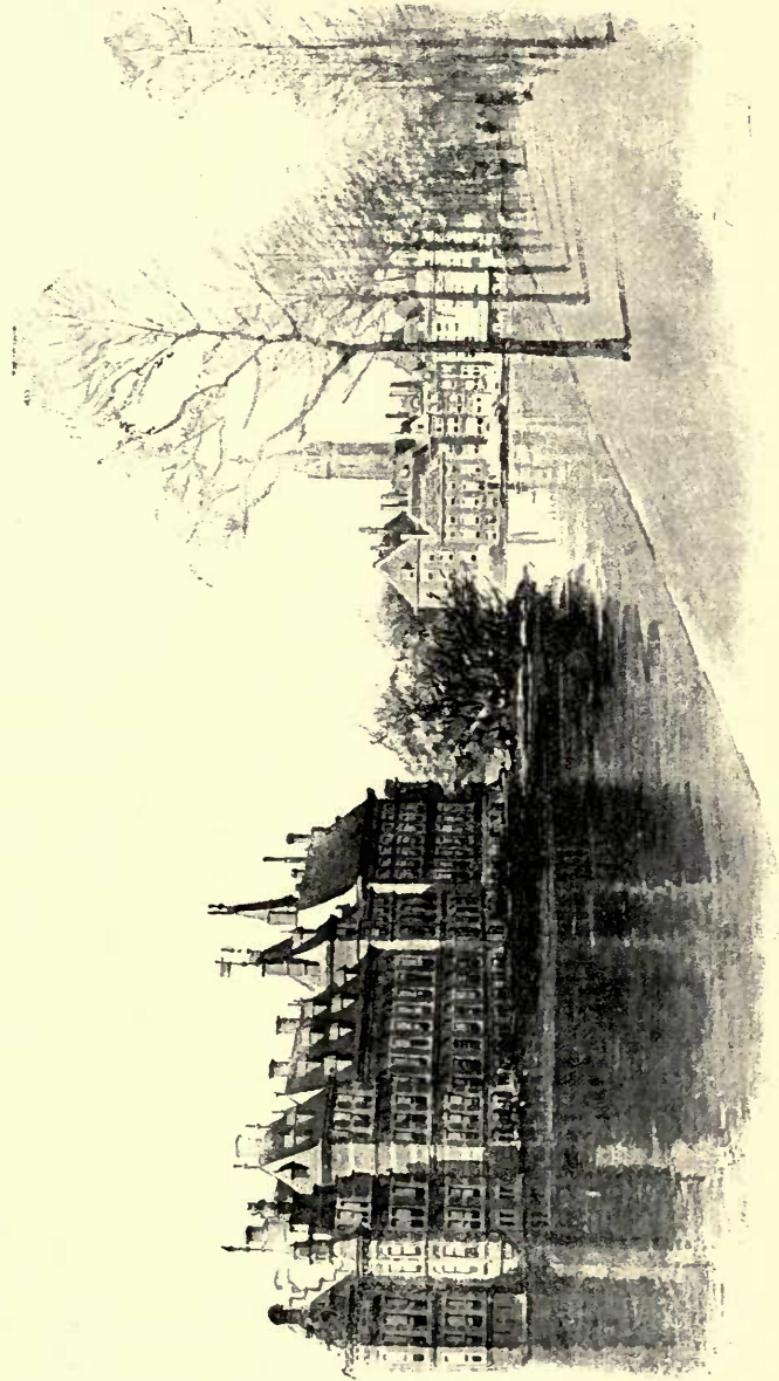
But Prince Frederick, who shrewdly guessed the King's necessities, had offered financial assistance and the offer had been made at the most favorable moment, for Charles was at his wits' end. The Queen, Henrietta Maria, had decided to sell her

jewels, but this could not be effected openly as it was important that Parliament should know nothing of the King's attempts to raise money. The jewels were too valuable to be presented for sale in any city of Europe by a private individual without exciting inquiry, and in this exigency Prince Frederick had been applied to, and had agreed to privately negotiate a loan upon them.

It was to convey these jewels to the Prince that a secret and trusty messenger had been required, and that Willie had been summoned.

It was easy for the Groom-of-the-Bedchamber to receive the precious casket from the Queen, and to convey it to the house occupied by Willie's father, but even in the short walk in the dusk across Whitehall gardens the circumstance of a Groom-of-the-Bedchamber hastening along with a large parcel under his arm was not unnoticed by one of the sentinels instructed to keep a sharp eye on the exits and entrances of the palace. This sentinel followed at a distance, noted what house the groom entered, that the shutters were immediately closed and that he came out in a few moments without the parcel.

Later, when in Willie's presence the casket was opened, he was dazzled by the magnificence and oppressed by the responsibility of the trust confided



BINNENHOF, THE HAGUE.

to him. The principal object in the casket was a small coronet made for the Queen in France and a part of her bridal trousseau. The casket was of considerable size and much thought was bestowed by Willie's father as to how best to conceal it. At last it was decided to wrap it in tinfoil and hide it within the excavated rind of a Stilton cheese. The cheese box was in turn packed at the bottom of a luncheon hamper—under two roasted partridges, a bottle of port and several pots of jam. This luncheon hamper it will be well understood was the object of great solicitude to Willie in his journey. When the driver of the stagecoach insisted that it should be placed outside, Willie took his seat on top with the precious hamper between his legs, sticking to his post through a driving rain and never relinquishing his hold of the hamper, until he boarded the ship that was to take him across the German ocean. It was on the deck of this ship that he had met with Captain Morgan, an old friend of his father's, and that the conversation had taken place with which this chapter opens.

The Captain grew more and more good-natured and confidential as the strong waters with which he had refreshed himself began to take effect.

"Harkee, Willie," he said, "I like you, and I don't mind giving you a warning. You are watched,

Willie. There's an officer on board this ship with a warrant for your arrest in his pocket."

"Arrest," exclaimed the young man, "and on what charge?"

"Robbery, Willie. Some rogues have made a great haul. One of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting discovered yesterday that some of her most valuable jewels are missing. The Queen vowed she had done nothing with them, but was not inclined to have any search made. The lady's husband, however, reported the matter, and the police have it in hand."

"But what have I to do with all this?" asked Willie.

"Simply this, my lad. One of the sentinels on being questioned reported that he had followed a man carrying a parcel from the private entrance of the queen's apartments to your father's house night before last."

"Richard Nicolls, whose duties as groom of the bedchamber kept him late at the palace last night dropped in to see me. He may have been the man whom the sentinel saw."

"That is what I said, Willie. What more natural than that your cousin should wish to greet you. You are clever not to deny that it was he for the sentinel was sure of his identity ; but the parcel,

what explanation have you as to what was in the parcel?"

"As to that, I am sure I can't tell."

"Nobody wants you to tell, Willie. I'm just going to suppose a case, and it's a supposition that may have occurred to them that's tracing up this theft. Your cousin's honesty is undoubted, Willie. Every one knows he's devoted to the King and Queen, but now supposing that the Queen wanted him to do an errand for her with these jewels. We won't pretend to guess what the errand was. They were her own property, it is her own business, and no business of Parliament's, is it? But suppose the husband of the Queen's lady-in-waiting is a member of Parliament, and that Parliament has a nasty curiosity about everything that the King and Queen are doing nowadays, why of course it would be your cousin's duty to help the Queen circumvent Parliament, wouldn't it? Then suppose that the Queen wanted those jewels carried to foreign parts and you happened home in the nick of time and were returning to your college duties, what more natural to suppose than that you might do the Queen a favor by taking them along with you. Eh! Willie!"

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "The only baggage that I have brought with me," he

said, nonchalantly, "is a handbag and mandolin, which I left in the Captain's cabin. They are at liberty to search them."

"So glad, my lad, that they have your permission, for they have done it. They were a-going through 'em when I fitted my eye to the keyhole, just before I came on deck ; and they are going to relieve you of this here hamper just as soon as you start to go ashore. So I don't feel any compunctions at having consumed so much of your food, Willie."

"Are you sure of this?" the young man asked quite startled.

"Just you go below and take a look at your traps, and see whether I'm right," replied the Captain. "I'll walk along with you, so that they shan't snatch your hamper from you, and I'll lean against the cabin door, careless like, while you overhaul your belongings."

It took but a moment for Willie to ascertain that the Captain was right. His bag had been thoroughly ransacked, and the front of his mandolin had been sliced from the back, to ascertain whether anything were concealed within. This gave Willie an idea, and whipping the casket out of its hiding-place, he placed it within the broken mandolin, tying the instrument together with a piece of dark cord, and slinging it across his breast by its ribbon. Then,

feeling that he must not encumber himself with unnecessary luggage, he left his bag in the cabin, and came out, carrying conspicuously the hamper with which he had entered. He handed it to the Captain, saying meaningly—"If you really want to do me a favor I beg you to carry this hamper on shore at Delfshaven, and leave it with the landlady of the Jolly Mermaid, where I will call for it."

"Now, Willie, aren't you asking a little too much?" the captain replied in an injured tone. "That hamper has been a pretty noticeable object all the way down from London."

"There is nothing in it of any value, I assure you," said Willie. "You know yourself that you already carry the greater part of its former contents."

"All but the cheese, Willie. You haven't left the cheese in the hamper, have you?"

"It is there fast enough, but I assure you that it does not contain what you think it does."

"Of course not. It was only a supposititious case, Willie. But supposing that the jewels we were speaking about were concealed in that cheese. Why then it would be a handy thing to have a trusty friend like me take 'em in charge for you at a ticklish time like this. For you know, Willie, that if you should be arrested, and if so be they were

found upon you, and you were taken back to London—why the Queen wouldn't acknowledge she sent 'em to foreign parts by you — Oh! no, Willie, the Queen wouldn't help you out, for Parliament would say that the jewels are the property of England most likely, and that the Queen had no right to send them out of the country. The Queen would just stick to what she has said already, that she didn't know what had become of them. She's disowned you, Willie. She's declared they're stolen, and she can't go back on her word. *More luck to you."*

"What do you mean?" the young man asked, for there was a subtle insinuation in Morgan's tone.

"She's declared they're stolen, hasn't she? We'll make *her words true*. Skip with them, Willie, and I'll help you. Will meet on the deck of my sloop and go shares with the cheese." They were standing under the shelter of the sail and Captain Morgan, opening the hamper took out the cheese box, and tied his great silk handerchief about it.

"There goes the hamper overboard," he said, "I may have to cut for it when we land, and I may as well carry no unnecessary ballast. Why, here we are now! Well, this has been a short voyage and a pleasant one. I'll let you know where to find me, Willie. We'd better separate as we go ashore."

Willie thought so too, for he had been aware that a stranger in a Puritan hat and cloak, who was seated on the capstan with his back to them, although apparently absorbed in reading, had observed the transfer of the cheese box from a small mirror which lay between the leaves of his book. This individual was presently joined by another of the same complexion, and the two stood on either side of the gangway as the passengers disembarked.

As Willie stepped on the plank, Captain Morgan pushed by him and leaping on shore, started off at a run. At the same moment a chill shot down Willie's spinal column, as he felt the hand of one of the officers on his shoulder. But the other cried excitedly,—“Not this fellow, the other. *Catch the man with the cheese!*” So saying he was off after Morgan as fast as his legs could carry him. The man who held Willie whirled him around, and seeing that he carried nothing but his mandolin which had been but lately investigated, pushed him aside and ran after his companion.

Willie lost no time in watching the chase, but hurrying to a posting-house with which he was familiar secured a horse to take him to Leyden, as it was necessary for him to keep up his character of a student of the university.

CHAPTER II.

A PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Ever and anon,
Came patient camels laden heavily
With sacks they poured down, kneeling at his feet,
With garnets, or red rubies, from the hills,
Filled to the brim. Then Azron would out-pour
The glittering heap, sifting them carelessly,
Choosing now here, now there, from all the heaps,
Maybe a dozen exquisite bright gems.

Or again, some day
A lonely diver with a single pearl
Brought it to Azron. Azron paid and smiled
Undaunted by the cost of pricelessness.

—Alice Wellington Rollins.



HERE was no doubt in Willie's mind that if the jewels had really been committed to Captain Morgan's keeping, neither the Queen nor he would ever have seen them again. By his own showing Morgan was a precious rascal, and Willie chuckled to himself at the trick he had played upon him, as he rode with his precious mandolin swinging at his side.

He had bought a pot of glue at Delfshaven and had paused in the first copse to mend the mandolin, performing the task so neatly that when it was dry no one would have imagined, save for its weight that it was the depository of the Queen's casket, while it was a far less suspicious object to carry about with him than a Stilton cheese.

The usual residence at the Hague of the Stadt-holders was the Binnenhof, but Willie knew that Prince Frederick was not at the palace, for he had been instructed to meet him in Amsterdam, and he only paused to leave his horse at the post-house, to refresh himself at an inn and to purchase a mount that pleased him at the horse market.

It was well for him that he did so, for the detectives, whom he had thrown off his track at Delfshaven, followed him to the Hague and finding that he had given up his horse without taking another lost much time in searching for him in that city, and especially in watching the Binnenhof. Willie had brought with him from England but one letter of introduction, a recommendation from the artist Vandyke to his friend Rembrandt in Amsterdam; this was destined to be of great service to him, but as he rode toward Leyden he felt that he might have need of other influence in this enterprise, and he bethought him that one of his best friends

at the university, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, who had repeatedly urged him to visit in Amsterdam, was the grandson and namesake of the principal dealer in precious stones in that city.

Accordingly after a good night's rest in his own rooms, he presented himself at his friend's quarters.

"Close your books, Kiliaen," he cried, gaily, "and be off with me to Amsterdam. I have business with your painter Rembrandt and now is your opportunity to entertain me for a day or two, if you are still of the mind."

Kiliaen threw his cap into the air with delight.

"Nothing could happen better," he cried, seating himself on the side of Willie's chair, and throwing an arm affectionately around his neck, "I was just on the point of going home for a little visit. Listen, and see how finely things have arranged themselves. My uncle, Jeremias Van Rensselaer has returned with his family from our plantation in the American wilderness, to place his daughter where she may be educated. They are visiting at my grandfather's house in Amsterdam, and my mother has written me to come home and meet them before my Cousin Anneke is clapped into some prison-school and my aunt returns to Rensselaerwyck. My mother wrote that Anneke is the prettiest little maid that one can imagine, though born



THE SYNDIC OF THE CLOTH HALL.

and hitherto bred up, among the savages. I am wild to see my barbarian cousin, and, marvel of generosity, I am desirous of sharing her acquaintance with you. Not a word. I have often written of you to my parents, and they are prepared to give you a hearty welcome. Our house is not so large as my grandfather's mansion but you shall share my chamber—and all my pleasures."

"It will be a privilege indeed to know your family," said Willie, "and especially the pretty cousin, and I give you my word to make no attempt to cut you out in her good graces."

"No danger," Kiliaen replied, "we have neither of us the ghost of a chance, for my mother writes that my grandfather has great designs for her. My grandfather is a born ruler. He is one of the Lord Directors of the West India Company, and president of the Amsterdam chamber. Every one says that it is owing to his admirable management that the company is paying dividends of one hundred per cent.; but an autocrat is not always the most agreeable man to have intimate relations with, and I fancy his fellow-directors feel something as his family do about his tyranny."

"So, your grandfather is something of a tyrant?"

"The most affectionate one in the world. He never desires anything unless he imagines it is for

our best interest, and the plague of it all is that he is invariably right. He rules his five grown sons as though they were children. His word is law with our entire clan, but one is not always in love with law, you understand, even when it is just."

As the two friends journeyed together toward Amsterdam, Kiliaen told Willie more of his grandfather, and interested him greatly in this remarkable man.

For Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, senior, was not only a merchant prince of immense wealth for the times in which he lived, but possessor of extraordinary abilities which would have made him distinguished in any walk in life. His inherited fortune had been greatly increased by extensive mercantile transactions, for he was one of the leading importers of pearls and diamonds in Europe. He had furnished gems to every sovereign of the day, and his house was known in all the marts of trade. But great as was the capital which was invested in his business it was as nothing to his princely possessions in lands upon the Hudson.

The West India Company, organized at first for purposes of trade alone, had found that to protect its trading station on Manhattan Island, it must colonize the country in its vicinity.

Accordingly its directors devised a scheme by

which any of their own number who should send out a party of fifty settlers to any part of the country not already improved by the company, should be created a patroon, or baron, and be granted by the states general a tract of land sixteen miles on one side or eight miles on both sides of a navigable river, and extending inland indefinitely.

The patroon was granted feudal rights over his colonists, who were little better than serfs. Manufactures were forbidden, hunting and trading with the Indians were allowed, but the West India Company reserved the monopoly of purchasing furs from the colonists, and of furnishing them with imported goods. There was to be no taxation for ten years, and the company encouraged farming and building, and agreed to furnish a certain number of negro slaves, and to provide soldiers as a protection against Indians.

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer had been one of the first to avail himself of the opportunity offered. He possessed ships of his own, and he had sent out a colony well provided with all necessities. He had chosen the most desirable of locations, the present site of Albany, and beside the land granted had bought immense tracts of the Indians east and west of the Hudson. His great barony comprised the present counties of Albany, Columbia and Rensse-

laer and was called Rensselaerwyck. His second son, Jeremias, had emigrated, and with the assistance of an able agent, Arendt Van Corlear, managed the great estate and built himself a comfortable mansion, but the patroon himself had remained in Holland, directing by his influence in the West India Company the course of affairs in the colony, while he had made his eldest son, Johannes, his partner in business, and intended that he should succeed him in the inheritance of his interests in Amsterdam.

Though by birth a member of the lesser nobility Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was at heart an aristocrat. He cherished the idea of founding hereditary estates for his descendants in the new world, and he had other ambitious designs for those of his family who remained in Europe. Love for his children with Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was more than a passion, it was his religion. He had seen great changes during his lifetime here in the Netherlands. The abdication of Charles V., the crowning of Philip II., and the expulsion of the latter by William the Silent were all matters of comparatively recent occurrence. Prince Maurice had succeeded his father as stadt-holder, and, though opposed by the democratic party under John of Barneveld, had triumphed, and his brother Frederick Henry held the Netherlands

with a royal grasp. Why in the new world, where there were no old established monarchies to dethrone, should not the Van Rensselaers establish a principality or even a new dynasty? But the patroon's most ambitious hopes were centred in his granddaughter, Anneke. Kiliaen II., by right of primogeniture might be monarch of the kingdom in America, but what was to hinder Anneke from becoming the wife of a European prince? She was very beautiful and could have a dowry befitting a queen. On her mother's side there were pretensions to royal ancestry, for the Van Cortlands were descended from the dukes of Courland.

None of his colleagues suspected that such a dream floated through the mind of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, for he hid his great ambition behind an impenetrable reserve, and played his game astutely but silently, biding his time.

In the prosecution of his American plans, he had influenced the West India Company to send out as governor his nephew, Wouter Van Twiller, whose sister Van Rensselaer's oldest son Johannes had married. Van Twiller was a man of very ordinary capacity, an easily managed tool carrying out the designs of his principal with the utmost servility. They had one strong interest in common,—that of seeing Kiliaen Van Rensselaer II. succeed to the

governance, possibly to the future kingship, of New Netherland. It was a part of the patroon's deep laid scheme that neither his children nor his grandchildren fully understood his plans. He had designedly sent to America his second son Jeremias, whose children were to have no part in this scheme of the future New Netherland domain, and while urging him to send back his daughter for a continental education drew his thoughts toward a future for her in Holland; and rendered Jeremias free from the suspicion of his American neighbors of harboring designs ambitious enough to encroach upon their own. Jeremias Van Rensselaer, it has been said, had married into the Van Cortlandt family, which was extremely popular in New Amsterdam. He was not even friendly with Governor Van Twiller, who made himself extremely disliked by the grasping manner in which he acquired land of the Indians in every direction. Van Twiller bought Nut Island in the harbor and named it from his country residence Governor's Island. He secured many other great tracts and was looked upon as a greedy speculator, who was possibly misusing the funds of the West India Company. No one knew that the lands which he was acquiring on Long Island and north of the Sound as well as Arendt Van Corlear's extensive purchases from the

Indians, and the great barony of Jeremias Van Rensselaer were all the property of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer of Amsterdam, and held by him as the future realm of his grandson and namesake, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer II., student at Leyden university. Still less could any one have fancied that the little maid brought up on the pioneer farm, who met the children of her neighbors with such unfeigned delight and good comradeship, was destined to a queenly station. Least of all had the two young people any intimation of this until the year in which our story opens.

The Van Rensselaer family had attended the ball given by the burgomaster of Amsterdam in honor of the visit of Prince Frederick and his son Prince William, and Anneke had danced with the young Prince. Her grandfather noticed that the boyish fancy of Prince William was taken by Anneke's beauty, but he evinced no interest in this circumstance, replying, with apparent inconsequence, to the suggestion of Anneke's mother that a dinner might be tendered to their High-mightinesses,—that gems offered in the open mart never brought so high a price as those not supposed to be for sale.

Willie received a welcome from the parents of his friend, Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Van Rensselaer, and from his pretty sister, Nelle Marya. They resided

in an unostentatious but well appointed brick house, whose stepped gable was reflected in one of the quiet canals which wander through many of the streets of the "Northern Venice." Kiliaen made light of its conveniences—"You shall see what a true Dutch mansion is like when I take you to my grandfather's house," he said, "and I am sure that when you have seen it you will confess that we Dutch know how to make ourselves comfortable."

As Kiliaen was all impatience to make the acquaintance of his American cousin, while Willie was anxious to perform his responsible errand and to disembarrass himself of his trust, the two friends parted on the morning after their arrival, Willie to seek an audience with Prince Frederick.

He was not unexpected, for the negotiation of the jewels was the Prince's chief errand at this time in Amsterdam, though while awaiting their arrival he had made a pretext for his stay by having Rembrandt paint a portrait of his son.

He examined the jewels and listened with much interest to Willie's adventures. "A secret is best kept," he said, "when few have it in charge. I would therefore prefer that you, rather than any of my own people, should carry this casket to the jeweller, to whom I have already spoken and with

whom this letter will be your sufficient warranty for transacting the business."

It was not until after Willie had bowed himself from the Prince's presence that he read the address upon the letter, and noted with surprise that it was that of his friend's grandfather, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Senior. He had not walked far in the direction of his shop when he overtook young Kiliaen, who had loitered so long over his toilet that he was only now about to make his call. Kiliaen cordially urged Willie to accompany him, but rallied him on having brought his mandolin; whereupon Willie showed him that the instrument had been injured, and explained that he had taken it out to have it mended, begging that he would take him to some maker of musical instruments after they had paid their call.

Though prepared for a certain degree of luxury, Willie found himself surprised in the house of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, for it was one of the finest in Amsterdam. It exists no longer, but one perfect example of the comfort with which a Netherlander of wealth surrounded himself in Van Rensselaer's day remains to us in the house of Nicholas Plantin, so admirably preserved in the city of Antwerp. The tourist can find in it at the present time a suggestion of the house of the head of the Van Rens-

selaer family. Like the establishment of the great book publisher, the merchant's home and business premises were contiguous. The young men entered the shop from the Kalverstraat, and passing through the salesroom, where Johannes Van Rensselaer usually presided, over which was the atelier of the lapidaries and goldsmiths, they entered the private office of the head of the firm. Willie was struck by the ingenuity of its arrangement. An irregular polygon in plan, there was a window or a door on every side, making it a veritable watch-tower, commanding every portion of the establishment. From his armchair at the centre table Kiliaen Van Rensselaer could scrutinize every customer who entered his shop ; a short staircase led to the workrooms, one door to the treasure-vault, another to an airy court, across which was his home. The court had an entrance upon a side street, but each time that the bell rang the merchant could note who entered or left his dwelling. All of this became evident to Willie before he left the room, but as he stood on the threshold his attention was absorbed by the remarkable group at the table. Father and sons had been engaged in a family council. They had been taking account of stock, and the business had been a pleasant one. Johannes, the eldest son, formed the centre of the group, and was explaining with

expressive gestures the favorable condition of the family firm. His brother, Jeremias, the guest from distant America had been examining at the request of the others the ledgers which showed a most gratifying balance, and Jan Baptist who acted as bookkeeper had yielded them for inspection with the proud consciousness that his brother would approve his work. He sat a little removed from the others, his attention less absorbed, for he thoroughly knew the contents of the books. The head of the firm first noticed the opening of the door and rose from his seat and scrutinized Willie with a look of keenest penetration. This swift glance told the young man that here was a personage of vast resources and power, as a friend to be trusted absolutely, but an exacting master and a man slow to forgive an injury. The information did not particularly concern Willie at this juncture but he laid it aside unconsciously for he was interested in character as exhibited in physiognomy. The patrician was also interested. "A personable youth," was his mental comment, "with brains behind those intelligent eyes. I wish Kiliaen had more of his alertness. He is made to carve his way and to keep his own counsel."

After a few moments of conversation the two elder sons left the room, and a young man in cler-

ical costume who had been standing at some distance silently took a position behind the elder Van Rensselaer. Willie inferred at once from a certain family resemblance that this was another son, but there were marked personal peculiarities which were not noticeable in the others. The chief of these was in his eyes, which were very light, and had a rapt, absorbed expression as though he saw nothing that was passing about him. Kiliaen greeted him as "Uncle Nicolaus," and he gave the young man his hand but made no reply to his salutation, and apparently to make up for his son's lack of cordiality the merchant said to Kiliaen: "Your Cousin Anneke is in the porcelain parlor cataloguing my china curios. I have asked her to do this to judge a little of her education and capacity. Go in and help her. She is probably at her wits' end by this time."

Kiliaen sprang forward eagerly, then hesitated with his hand upon the latch of the open door. He generously wished Willie to have the privilege of meeting Anneke and he disingenuously stammered, "My friend is a connoisseur in porcelains, may he not go with me?"

"A connoisseur rather in maidens," was the merchant's thought; but he had no time to speak, for Nicolaus Van Rensselaer, who had been staring

fixedly straight over Willie's head, placed himself before the door, exclaiming :

"Father, if this young man comes into the presence of my niece all of your plans for her will be thwarted."

"Tush!" exclaimed the merchant, testily. "What plans have I for Anneke? You have been reading too much theology, Nickon,—take a walk in the court and rest your brain. As for you, young man, my china is not remarkable. It will be a far greater treat to you, if you are possessed of any knowledge of such objects, to see my pearls, which are really worth the seeing."

Willie could scarcely have told why he was disappointed. He had never seen this girl from the outskirts of civilization. He told himself that she was probably ignorant and ill-mannered, that he had seen a hundred her superior in England and that what he most wished at this moment was to have this opportunity for private conversation with the great dealer in precious stones. He roused himself as Jan Baptist unlocked the ponderous door of the vault and placed before his father one of the many iron-banded treasure chests with which it was filled.

The merchant unlocked the chest with a key on the great ring at his girdle, and lifted out tray after

tray on whose velvet lining reposed pearls which might have made a princess envious. Some, carefully matched, were threaded in long ropes, others unpierced, were set in gold filigree as earrings or brooches. Very learned was their owner's discourse concerning the lands from whence they came, Ceylon, India and Persia, for he had several times visited the east in his own ships to collect these treasures in the bazars of Constantinople or at the pearl-fisheries.

Opening a locked drawer Van Rensselaer took from it a triangular piece of embroidery, entirely wrought in seed pearls. "You will hardly guess," he said, "the use for which this object was designed."

"Is it a falbala (front to a lady's petticoat)?" Willie asked.

"Nay, it is the robe of an image of the virgin, a hideous black, wooden idol, and it was embroidered on the spot by wives of the pearl divers of the island of Margarita in the West Indies. It was being sent into Spain destined for the virgin of Toledo, when our doughty Admiral Piet Hein, captured it along with the silver fleet."

When Willie inquired how the tiny seed pearls could be drilled, the merchant explained that this was done at the fisheries by the natives.

"And have they vices delicate enough to hold

such minute objects while they are being pierced?" Willie asked.

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was pleased with his interest, and replied: "Ah! the invention of mankind is wonderful. These ignorant people have a much more curious contrivance. They bore holes in a piece of wood; in these they partly insert the pearls. Then they soak the wood, which swells, holding the pearls so firmly that they can be perforated, and yet with a clasp so elastic that the pearl does not break. I bought this robe as a curiosity, but it has made me very greedy to possess more of the pearls of Margarita, for though most of these are small, you will notice that there are a few of very unusual size. The worn-out fisheries of the Orient do not produce any so large as these. The fisheries in the West Indies have in comparison been only recently opened, and the industrious little workers have been undisturbed for centuries in their task of rolling up these precious globules. The largest known pearl that has ever existed came from Margarita. It was brought to King Philip II., of Spain, in 1559, and weighed one hundred and thirty-four grains. Jan Baptist, hand me Garcilaso de la Vega's Commentaries, and let me read what he relates of La Pelegrina, for that is the name by which this prodigy is known."

“ ‘I did myself see in Seville a pearl which Don Pedro de Temez did present to Philip II. This pearl, pear shaped, was as large as the largest pigeon’s egg. Jacoba da Trezzo, a native of Milan and jeweller to his Catholic Majesty, said that it was worth a hundred thousand ducats, and without parallel in the world, and that it outweighed by twenty-four carats every other pearl in the world.’

“ I have never feasted my eyes on this incomparable jewel ; but once, in the studio of Rubens, I was shown a sketch for the portrait which he made of the queen of Spain, and on her breast rested this most beautiful miracle of nature. It is enough to justify us for making war upon that barbarous country, to think that it holds such a treasure.”

Willie thought of the scheme of his friend, the buccaneer Morgan, and he said carelessly, “ It might be a good plan to capture the fisheries of Margarita from the rascally Spaniards.”

“ Yes,” assented Van Rensselaer. “ We have nearly finished our task of chasing them out of the Netherlands, and Holland may soon play a hand at the game in the West Indies. Meantime the only pearls that come to us from there are chance captures like Piet Heins.”

The merchant would have continued chatting on his hobby had it not suddenly occurred to Willie

that it was time to announce the object of his visit and to present the letter from Prince Frederick. Van Rensselaer read it and then replied,—“I am somewhat surprised; not that my Prince wishes to dispose of some jewels, for of that I have been advertised, but that he should have chosen you, (who my grandson has just told me are a student at Leyden), instead of one of his own servants, for a messenger.”

“Is there anything impossible in a student being also a servitor of the Prince?” Willie asked. There was no direct reply, but Nicolaus Van Rensselaer, who had been gazing out of the window, approached and said solemnly, “you may trust this young man in all matters save those of the heart, my father.”

Willie flushed indignantly. “A man who is not honorable in love must be dishonorable to the core,” he said hotly.

“There is no question here of love,” said the merchant. “If you are indeed the messenger of the Prince as this letter indicates, where are the jewels?”

With a quick motion Willie unsheathed a stiletto, which he wore at his side, and again carved his mandolin as though it were a melon and handed the jeweller the casket. Van Rensselaer opened it, and

his astonished look told that he could scarcely credit his eyes. He examined the elegant coronet with the gloating appreciation of an adept, for it was a beautiful, as well as an extremely valuable object. Clusters of large pearls outlined huge, many-faceted sapphires of the most delicate azure tint, while hoops of pearls met in graceful curves above the blue velvet cap.

As the jeweller lifted the coronet, the better to examine it, he saw that it was not the only object in the casket, for coiled beneath it was a necklace of large pearls, having for its central pendant a pear-shaped pearl of phenomenal size and exquisite lustre.

Van Rensselaer gazed upon this pearl with fascinated astonishment. "The Pelegrina!" he exclaimed in wonder-stricken admiration. Then quickly recovering himself, "Nay, it is impossible, but 'tis a remarkable pearl and the largest I have ever seen. The diadem too is fit for a queen."¹

Willie made no answer, and Nicolaus Van Rensselaer taking the crown from his father's hands

¹ It was not until later that the invaluable pearl disappeared from Spain, for on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. (in 1660) the grand mademoiselle thus describes Philip IV.: "The king had on a grey coat with silver embroidery; a great table diamond fastened up his hat from which hung a pearl. They are two crown jewels of extreme beauty—they call the diamond the Mirror of Portugal, and the pearl the Pelegrina."

raised it above his own head while his eyes shone like those of a prophet as he exclaimed, "It is the diadem of a queen, and though that rare pearl has rightly the form of a tear, for who wears it must shed many, still be not afraid, O my father, to take these jewels into your keeping, or to lavish your wealth in their behalf, for they shall be worn by the wife of a Prince of Holland, yea, and by their child, who shall reign over a kingdom beyond the sea. You and I also shall come to honor."

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was deeply moved, but he laid his hand upon his son's shoulder gently, and took the crown from his hands. "He knows not what you are saying," he said to Willie, "he is subject to these seizures. There, Nickon, my son, go to the house and lie down, you are not well."

Nicolaus gazed about him vacantly and obeyed his father, who watched him as he walked unsteadily across the court.

"It was well you made a preacher of him," said Jan Baptist, "for he has no head, poor fellow, no head at all."

"Every one to his craft," replied the father, "it was not because Nicolaus was a fool that I made him a preacher; but let us to our business. The workmanship of this crown is French, it is of the time of the Valois, but I had no idea that Coligny's

daughter brought William the Silent such a dowry, or that a son of his, having inherited it, could have borne to part with it. If the Prince wishes to sell these jewels he must be in need of money."

"I said not who was the owner," Willie replied, "but you are right in guessing that money is needed, and that the jewels are parted with reluctantly. They are rather put in pawn than sold, and it is stipulated that during one year they shall be neither exhibited publicly nor broken up, but may be at any time ransomed."

The merchant looked at Willie keenly and suspiciously. "You are a young man to have so important a matter in hand," he said. "I must have further guaranty before I pay you the price of these jewels."

"I shall be satisfied," Willie replied, "if you will deliver the gold to Prince Frederick, giving me simply a written statement that you have received the jewels, and will render their value to the Prince."

"And when can I have an interview with his Highness?"

"He told me that he would be at the house of Rembrandt this evening. You can there arrange with him for the delivery of the gold."

The merchant and Jan Baptist then valued the

jewels. "Those sapphires are most rare and pure of tint," said Van Rensselaer. "I have never seen more beautiful ones, and shall be disappointed if they are reclaimed."

He estimated each of the larger jewels separately and conscientiously, Jan Baptist added up the amount, his father nodding approvingly. "A good round sum, but not more than I am willing to advance on such security. Give me the agreement to sign, and lock away the jewels in our strongest chest. Tell the Prince that I will meet him to-night at the house of our great painter. It would possibly compromise him to seek me out. You have spoiled your mandolin. I will send it to our work-room, we have a very cunning artificer who will mend it as cleverly as an instrument maker. He invented the gold thimble, with a top, the real *finger hut*, for he saw my wife embroidering across the court and pricking her delicate finger with an open thimble, and in an hour's time he brought me a little golden helmet. 'It is for your lady, Sire Van Rensselaer,' he said. You may judge if it pleased my wife and me too, for there was a fortune in the invention."

They talked together a little longer. The memory of the thimble episode, or the thought of the magnificent jewels which he had secured filled the

merchant with serene satisfaction, and he discoursed of the pearls of remarkable size, and among others of Sir Thomas Gresham's famous one, valued at fifteen thousand pounds, which he pulverized and drank in a glass of wine to the health of Queen Elizabeth, to win a wager with the Spanish ambassador as to which should give the more costly dinner.

"A wicked deed," commented Van Rensselaer, "and inspired by a wicked woman. Ah! women are responsible for all the rash folly of the world."

"And for all that is good," added Willie. "Our valor may be prompted by personal reasons, but surely long perseverance in drudgery, wearisome labors, patient endurance in the pursuance of high ideals, all that continuance in well doing which is so irksome, was never persisted in except under the direct inspiration of some good woman."

A light flashed behind the older man's inscrutable eyes. "Surely no one should know this better than I; but you are young to have found it out."

"If I succeed in walking straight to my aim through this tangled world it will be because I love a noble woman, and would not disappoint her faith in me."

Willie spoke with such evident earnestness that Kiliaen Van Rensselaer's jealous guardianship of

his granddaughter relaxed. "The boy is harmless," he said to himself, "his heart is already in the keeping of some fine young woman to whom he will be faithful."

Willie had referred to his mother, but he had unwittingly deceived Anneke's grandfather, and had he been the most unprincipled of diplomats he could not have devised a more skillful ruse. "Kiliaen is spending a long time over my curios," he remarked suddenly. "He said you were fond of porcelains. Would you like to take a look at mine?"

He led the way across the court to his private dwelling, showing Willie into a room crammed with beautiful objects. Its walls were covered with gilded and stamped leather, against which were set cabinets of marquetry filled with treasures. They were piled too upon the table in the middle of the room, but Willie hardly noticed them, for his attention was instantly fixed upon the young girl who stood behind the table and was showing a precious sword to his friend.

Willie stood transfixed, for it was as though the sluice gates of one of the placid Dutch canals had been opened, and all its quiet depths agitated into unwonted tumult by the powerful drawing of the mill race it had rushed joyously toward the level which drew it so irresistibly.

Anneke was dressed very simply, a close white cap hiding her flaxen hair, but a sweet expression irradiated her fair face making it even in this unbecoming costume lovely to look upon. Willie had never seen such a delicate peach-blossom complexion, which deepened as he gazed into the most exquisite rose, or such bewitching dimples trembling at the corners of pouting baby lips, and in the middle of that perfect chin. He hardly dared look her in the face, but when he finally plucked up courage to do so he knew why the pearl merchant was so fond of light blue sapphires—for they exactly matched Anneke's eyes.

The two Kiliaens stood by and watched the meeting, and, as an apprehension of what it meant to Willie dawned upon them, their displeasure deepened.

"I have made a mistake," the elder man confessed to himself, while he showed the young men politely out of the court gateway. "One should not display his treasures so carelessly. This gay gallant shall never darken my door again."

As the iron gate clanged behind them, Willie muttered something to himself.

"What were you saying?" Kiliaen asked.

"I was only repeating a verse from the Holy Scriptures," the other replied. "'The kingdom of

heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls ; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.’’

Kiliaen looked at Willie and scowled ; he knew that his reference was not to any pearl in the merchant’s vaults. “ You are not worth enough to buy that pearl,” he said bitterly, then his voice broke and he flung his arm around his friend’s neck in the old affectionate way—“ but we needn’t quarrel on that account, Willie Nicoll, you are not worth enough—nor I neither.”

CHAPTER III.

AT REMBRANDT'S HOUSE.

My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold :
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry,
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping.

—Shakespeare.



FTER this occurrence Willie was in no haste to return to the university, for he was a resolute young man, and not inclined to take Kiliaen's despairing view of the situation. But before he could feel free to prosecute his own designs it was necessary for him to have the Prince's acknowledgment that he had received the money loaned upon the jewels, and that his mission was accomplished.

Rembrandt's house on the Jodenbreed straat was easy to find, for at this time it was one of the best known in Amsterdam. It is still to be seen, a comfortable mansion in its day, built in the style of the Dutch Renaissance, of bricks and stone with arched windows and a triangular pediment crowning the façade.

If Willie had been surprised by the richness of the interior of the pearl merchant's home, he was dazzled by Rembrandt's, for the painter had appointed his studio with an artist's taste and a prince's extravagance. This extravagance brought him later into great financial straits, but at this time no mansion in Amsterdam was such a museum of paintings and artistic objects.¹

The young man was first shown by a maid into an anti-chamber handsomely furnished and hung with a profusion of paintings. The prevailing tone of the background and hangings was olive green. The carved Spanish chairs were cushioned in green velvet and a centre table was draped to the floor with a cover of rich Tournai tapestry. Willie started as he entered, for a young man of familiar aspect advanced to meet him, but a second glance told him

¹To picture to ourselves what Willie saw when he entered Rembrandt's door that afternoon we have followed the description of his house given by the eminent archæologist, John W. Mollet.

that he had been deceived by his own reflection in a Venetian mirror in an ebony frame. On the marble ledge of a rich cabinet stood glass beakers of curious shape, but Willie, who knew nothing of the value of these objects, employed his moments of waiting in studying the paintings.

Willie had sent up Vandyke's letter of introduction and he had barely time to note these interesting surroundings when the servant returned, saying that her master was engaged for the moment with a sitter, but would soon be at liberty, and that in the meantime his wife would receive him. Willie followed the maid to the large drawing-room, a veritable collector's museum, the walls covered thickly with pictures, some very rare and valuable. But the room, though elegantly appointed, bore marks of daily use. Near the window stood a table bearing etching utensils, and a woman's work-basket was on a stand near by. There were comfortable easy-chairs, but Willie had not taken his seat when a portière was thrust back and a flood of sunshine poured in from a southern room, Saskia's chamber, the brightest spot of Rembrandt's home. Willie caught a glimpse of a great mirror, which irradiated the light, he saw that the hangings and upholstery were all of Delft blue, the carved furniture of rosy cedar, that one of the most glowing



REMBRANDT AND SASKIA.

canvasses of Giorgione hung opposite the door, when suddenly he forgot all other pictures in the bewitching little figure that appeared in the doorway. It was Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, his joy and inspiration, whom he painted unwearingly, not only in numerous portraits but as the model for many of his ideal compositions. Of a wealthy family distinguished in politics, literature and art, her marriage with Rembrandt introduced him to patronage and success. She was his mascot, and his happiest as well as most prosperous days were bound up in the eight years of their wedded life. She was a bewitching, willful, changeable little creature, of many varying moods, each rendering her more piquant and fascinating than the last. Rembrandt painted her in them all, "sometimes as a young girl archly smiling, then as the queen of the fairies, then dressed in a luxury of silks and jewels or seated on her husband's knee, or presiding over his table in the dignity of a matron—in all these pictures she is beaming with happiness and health, beautifully dressed and wearing a profusion of jewels." Whether he painted her in jovial mood or grave, the face is always full of a double affection, the loving nature of Saskia herself interpreted by the love of her husband. It was a childish face, and though the eyes frequently danced with mis-

chief, Willie saw in them then, and many times afterward, a pathetic, appealing look, which he could not fathom. She loved to play little tricks upon her husband, and had the merriest and most musical laugh in the world. Sometimes a spirit of teasing possessed her and she would lead him a nimble race about the house before she granted him the kiss for which he begged, and at other times when he was deeply engrossed in his painting, she would plague him with little caresses as though jealous that he could find enjoyment in anything in which she had no part.

She looked at Willie with quizzical but kindly curiosity.

“Rembrandt said that you came from his old friend, Vandyke, whose pupil you have been. I do not see what he finds to admire in the English women that he paints, but I make no doubt that you consider them handsomer than those of our country,” she remarked, pettishly.

“Scarcely, gracious madam, for I have this day seen more of beauty than before in all my life.”

Saskia tossed her head, understanding the statement as a compliment to herself. Willie’s attention turned a moment later to a portrait of a majestic old lady and he exclaimed, “What could be more dignified, more reposeful than this portrait of

this aged matron in the heavy hood and cloak? How placidly her folded hands rest upon the Bible! What reserved power there is in those massive features, and in the calm, steadfast gaze of those honest eyes! I would like to have known that woman."

"You would, indeed," replied Saskia, "for she was my Rembrandt's good mother. She died two years ago. It was his first sorrow." She was silent for a moment and then said quickly: "Will you come upstairs with me and let me show you my husband's collections? He is working in his little study at the end of the suite, and by the time we reach its door he should be ready to see us. If not, you have a good stout shoulder, and we will force the door."

The apartments through which Willie was now led comprised a remarkable museum. First they passed through a room filled with statues; Roman emperors, busts of Homer, Ariosto, Socrates, and other plaster casts from the antique, among them the Laocoön. The walls were covered with oriental weapons and armor, and beneath these trophies there were racks holding sixty great leathern portfolios, filled with drawings, studies, engravings and etchings, many of which had cost their owner large sums.

" You see," said Saskia, " we give you occupation for many hours of rummaging."

" I would consider it a privilege," Willie replied, " if I may come from time to time during my stay in Amsterdam."

He followed her through four other rooms all equally rich in artistic treasures of every kind; porcelains from China and Japan, Venetian glass, oriental instruments of music, rich tapestries, brocades and velvets. One room was hung with great lion skins, another filled with costumes, for Rembrandt was a passionate collector of curiosities, seeking his prizes in all the obscure bric-a-brac shops of the city, and never haggling at the price when a rare or picturesque object ensnared his fancy.

When at last they reached the door of the atelier, at the end of this superb suite, Saskia struck a mellow toned gong which hung from the lintel, and a hearty voice bade them enter.

Rembrandt sat before his easel, " a strong man of ordinary figure, with a large head, not handsome but remarkable when excited; then it was the head of a lion in the midst of his flowing mane. The nose was thick and the mouth large and unrefined with lips firmly closed and framed in a stiff horizontal moustache and beard—a mouth not given to com-

pliment." From under a slouched black velvet toque looked out the dark eyes, at once piercing and expressive, powerful instruments, as has been well said, revealing to the mind behind them more than ordinary vision reveals to us, and in turn telling something of the soul whose windows they were. The light which shone in their clear depths was untroubled, for this was the happiest year of Rembrandt's life, the culmination of his success, for he had just finished his masterpiece, "The Sortie of the Company of Frans Banning Cock."

The great canvas stood in the studio where Rembrandt was working, and after his first cordial greeting he drew aside the curtain which concealed it. Willie expressed his appreciation so heartily that the painter was pleased and showed him many other paintings which had been turned with their faces to the wall or screened from view by draperies.

Among these was one which drew from Willie an exclamation of astonishment, for it seemed to him that with the exception of the addition of the figure of an old man on the left it was a portrait of the family group which he had seen around the table in Kiliaen Van Rensselaer's office. It was not, however, a portrait of the Van Rensselaers but Rembrandt's masterpiece called the *Syndic of the Cloth*

Hall. No portrait of the patroon or of any of his sons excepting the handsome Jeremias has come down to us; but Rembrandt was a painter of types as well as of individuals, and we can well understand how groups of able and successful merchants of the same city and period might have borne a striking resemblance to each other, and so accept these portraits as representing the Van Rensselaer family.

Willie had told his hostess, Mrs. Johannes Van Rensselaer, that his return was uncertain, so that he felt at liberty to accept Rembrandt's invitation to dine and to spend the evening.

When the dessert was brought in Saskia left her seat and perched herself upon her husband's knee like a spoiled child, and while he cracked her nuts and pared her fruit she fed him with comfits, with bewitching little graces at once infantine and coquettish. Rembrandt lifted the tall glass of Rhenish wine high above her head and called upon his guest to toast her, asking at the same time, "Did you ever see a lovelier subject for a picture?"

"Never, and only one that could in any way approach the charm of Mistress Saskia," Willie replied gallantly, "the rosebud face of a young girl, the granddaughter of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, the dealer in precious stones."

"Hum," mused Rembrandt, "I know the grandfather. I know him too well, for I owe him more money than I can well afford to pay for that rope of pearls which the evil one tempted me to buy for Saskia. Is his granddaughter really so beautiful? He keeps her very close. She is rarely seen at the merrymakings of the young people of this city. They say that he has high ambitions for a grand alliance for her. If so they will probably be realized, for he is very rich."

From the dining-room they returned to the suite of studios on the second floor, where company was already gathering, for at this time Rembrandt's house was the resort of the most distinguished and aristocratic society of Amsterdam, as well as of all artists and art lovers.

Among those who called on this especial evening were the eminent Professor Nicolas Tulp whom Rembrandt had painted in "The Lecture on Anatomy, the Burgomaster Jan Six," Rembrandt's dearest friend, and with him his guests Prince Frederick Henry and Prince William II.

Prince Frederick immediately spied Willie and taking him aside asked him how he had prospered in the disposal of the jewels, and Willie reported his interview with Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and the pearl merchant's intention of meeting the Prince

presently, and receiving his orders for the delivery of the gold. While they were speaking together Kiliaen Van Rensselaer himself entered the room. He was dressed more elegantly than when Willie had last seen him, in a suit of black velvet with lace ruff and cuffs. His face was so distinguished that Willie felt that here was a man who had mistaken his calling, for he looked a statesman and was more aristocratic in appearance than many a nobleman. He was accompanied by a younger and more soldierly appearing man, who wore a velvet doublet with slashed sleeves and a great felt hat adorned by a sweeping plume. A scarf of orange silk fluttered across his chest and the sword at his side had known grim service.

Rembrandt hastened forward to greet the newcomers, and after presenting Van Rensselaer to Prince Frederick and his son, introduced Willie to the patroon's companion, his excellency Pietrus Stuyvesant, soon to sail to Curaçao as director of the Dutch possessions in the West Indies.

Willie found the Colonial governor extremely intelligent and much interested in England's schemes as to the colonization of America. While courteous to Willie personally, he showed very frankly that he considered that the English had no right to their colony in New England.

"But," apologized Willie, "the little band of emigrants, who formed that settlement, were virtually expatriated outcasts who had been adopted by Holland. It was their chief desire, as I am informed, to settle under the auspices of the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and to continue loyal Dutch subjects and citizens of New Amsterdam. It seems to me that it was the Dutch West India Company who, by refusing their proposals, forced them to form a colony of their own."

"Yes," Stuyvesant replied, "I know that this is quite true, and I know why they were not accepted as colonists under our flag, though many of the directors of the company recognized that they were the best material one could ask for pioneers."

"And why was this?" Willie inquired with interest.

"Because we did not want them, sir," Stuyvesant replied with emphasis.

"And why was that? Had they not lived among you with friendship for years, until they had learned your language, your customs, your principles?"

"True, but they were still English, and Englishmen and Dutchmen can only be allies when they are fighting Spain; living together they are rivals, sir, and the English are unscrupulous rivals. You emulate our principles, and adapt yourselves to our

manner of life it is true, but it is only to possess yourselves of our advantages, to outstrip us in race. I have fought by the side of Prince Rupert under the Prince of Orange, and a dashing good fighter he was, akin to us too by half his line of ancestry, and educated at Leyden. One would say that we might trust him as a son, but his heart is all English. He was only learning the art of war with us, and for all his gallant courage he cared not a penny for our cause. Nay, sir, there never was an Englishman that did. There never was a man of English birth, however kindly adopted and cherished by us, who would not take the English side when the crisis came. What do I say? Nay, I will make one exception. One friend I have, an Englishman, who came over with our English allies under Lord Vere, one of your ‘fighting Veres.’ He was in the engineering corps, and master of the works of fortification at Fort Orange, and he did his work soundly and well, not all from love of his profession, as I believe, but partly because he loved our people, and chief of all a little Dutch maid, niece of the Burgo-master of Woreden for whose sake he gave up his country and became one of us. He is my true friend, and for my sake and his wife’s, I believe Lion Gardiner would stand by the Netherlands in any event. But in the main the Dutch West India

Company were right when they wisely decided that if they should allow so large a party of English emigrants to settle at New Amsterdam, that struggling colony would soon be absorbed by its guests and become English. No, sir, we did not want you at New Amsterdam, we do not want you anywhere in America. We are on our guard against your encroachments in the West Indies. There has been some fighting between us there, and as soon as we have driven out our common enemy, the Spaniard, there will be more."

He turned abruptly away and Willie looked after him longingly. There was something so honest and hearty in his frankness that he was sure so good a fighter must be also a true lover.

"I would prize your friendship," he said to himself, "and if ever I have the opportunity I will try to win it." Then he thought of Lion Gardiner, the one Englishman in whom Stuyvesant believed, and acknowledged to himself that if he had known that his friend had gone out to America to help the English against the Dutch his faith in friendship would have been utterly shattered. He recalled Gardiner's hesitation when the proposition was first made to him. "I must sleep on it," he had said, "night brings council." And Willie as he lay that night in the little guest-room heard his host pacing the floor and

talking in low earnest tones with his wife. In the morning they were both very serious but they had made up their minds. "I am an Englishman," Gardiner had said, "and when my king commands my service, I must go."

"And your wife?" Willie had asked.

"When I married Lion," she replied, "I gave up father and fatherland. I said, 'thy people shall be my people,' and thy country my country." And Willie knew that in Gardiner's place he would have made the same decision, but it never occurred to him to decide what he would have done if he had married Anneke Van Rensselaer and she had asked him to make her country his own. As he awoke from his musings he noticed that though Prince Frederick had passed to another part of the room his son was still in conversation with Van Rensselaer, and that the young Prince was beckoning him to approach. Prince William was speaking, but he laid his hand familiarly on Willie's arm as he said, "I am informed, Herr Van Rensselaer, that when my uncle, Prince Maurice made his triumphal entry into Amsterdam, and the city was illuminated in his honor, you caused iron cressets to be filled with blazing pitch and placed along the stone walls in front of your courtyard, and also along the roof of your house although in doing so you greatly

risked its taking fire. And I have further heard that Prince Maurice was so pleased with this brilliant display that he called you from the mounted gentlemen who were escorting him and then and there granted an augmentation of arms a flaming cresset for a crest and the motto 'Omnibus Effulgeo,' 'I outshine all.'"

"Your Highness has but the partial truth," Van Rensselaer replied with dignity. "I have pleased myself with the belief that though this was the occasion on which the crest was conferred to top my crusading ancestor's shield which bears the cross of the Knights of St. John with other quarterings, the decoration was given, not on account of that paltry display, but because our family have always gladly placed life and property in jeopardy for their prince, and have lavished both at the hands of murderers and robbers in return for their loyalty and confidence."

Willie was struck with the dignity of Van Rensselaer's bearing as he uttered these words. While respectful, there was nothing obsequious in his manner. He stood as one who felt himself the equal, perhaps the superior, of the princeling to whom he professed his allegiance, and was prepared to confer, not to receive a favor.

This attitude surprised and nettled the Prince,

who replied haughtily, "I do not understand you, Herr Van Rensselaer."

"It cannot be unknown to your Highness," replied the other, "that my father-in-law and senior partner in business, while waiting in an anteroom of the palace for an interview, to which he had been called by your uncle, Prince Maurice, was set upon and foully murdered by the guards for the sake of the diamonds, which he had brought as a gift to relieve the pressing necessities of his prince."

"But that murder was quickly punished by the execution of the murderers, and their booty recovered."

Van Rensselaer spread his hands with an expressive gesture. "It was recovered by your uncle, but that crest of the blazing beacon is the only acknowledgment that we have received for the gift of a life and a fortune."

The Prince flushed. "And yet I understood you to say just now to my father that you would send us this sum of money simply as an expression of love and loyalty, and that you held the jewels which have been placed in your care not as security, but to be kept in safety and delivered freely when called for by their owner."

"Exactly, my Prince. My wife and I long ago agreed that no claim should be made for the lost jewels, but that if they, or their equivalent, should

ever be offered us it would be accepted, as a part of the dowery of a daughter of our house."

The look of blank astonishment in the face of the Prince showed that he had no comprehension of the meaning of Van Rensselaer's words.

" You surely do not recognize in the jewels placed in your care any of those which you have lost," he exclaimed. " If you have any idea of pressing a claim to them this young man can and will announce the name of their true owner."

" It is not necessary for any names to be mentioned," Van Rensselaer replied. " We are men of honor and understand each other. My son who has the gift of clairvoyance, has revealed to me that the jewels in my vault are destined to belong to your future wife, and your Highness shall place that crown upon her head as soon as you please after your marriage when you will receive as further dowery, the right of succession for your heirs to a kingdom beyond the seas."

Van Rensselaer's words were true but not in the sense in which he himself understood them. Prince William and Willie both thought that he had recognized the jewels and that he had become acquainted with the fact, not as yet generally known, of the Prince's approaching marriage to the daughter of Charles I.

"It shall be as you say," the Prince replied, "and my wife shall add her thanks to mine for your munificence, but you will understand that for reasons of state my betrothal must not be at present publicly announced."

Van Rensselaer bowed deeply. "And when, may I ask, does your Highness propose to make the acquaintance of your future wife?"

"I shall begin my wooing immediately. What have I said? My father wishes it to be generally understood that I am still here in Amsterdam for the purpose of having my portrait painted."

"That can be easily arranged with our friend Rembrandt, I am sure," Van Rensselaer replied with a smile, and he placed his arm within that of his host who now drew near, and in this attitude made the round of the studio, complimenting him upon his paintings.

"You have been blabbing, sir," said the Prince to Willie when Van Rensselaer was beyond hearing. "How else could he have possessed himself of so much knowledge of my affairs?"

Willie's cheek flushed crimson. "Your Highness certainly cannot so misdoubt me. You heard the Herr Van Rensselaer say that his son, the inspired preacher Nicolaus, had given him this information. I myself heard him deliver a remarkable prophecy,

to the intent that the troubles now pressing upon my royal master will be dissipated, and that his descendants and yours shall reign in England."

"Surely a very pleasant and useful prophet, he shall be called to the court and speak forth his inspirations from the pulpit of the royal chapel. You were right to be offended with me for my hastiness, but this is a crazy time and one knows not whom to trust. There are many in England who oppose my marriage; I know not whether it will ever be solemnized. I would that I might visit England incognito, then we might settle everything before your boorish Parliament could circumvent it, and I could woo my little bride like a simple gentleman; but this, I fear, is not of the question, for I would be missed here in Holland, and curiosity as to my whereabouts would be excited."

"If I can ever aid you in any way," said Willie, "I am at your service as at my own King's."

"I believe you. We shall see you again, for my father has arranged with Van Rensselaer for you to bring us the gold, which we shall carry to King Charles as soon as our yacht arrives in port. Farewell until then."

In the prospect of the royal marriage the youth had quite forgotten Anneke's pretty face, and indeed he had never thought seriously of her. The

glamour which floated before Van Rensselaer's eyes was an hallucination destined soon to melt away, and to break no one's heart but his own in the disillusion.

Later in the evening, as Willie was taking his leave, Rembrandt tapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming —

" You have done me good service, my lad. I am to paint the portrait of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer's granddaughter. If she is as beautiful as you describe her it will be a privilege which I shall prize, and at all events it will cancel my debt for Saskia's pearls. What can I do for you to show my gratitude for putting me on the track of this transaction ? "

It suddenly occurred to Willie that instruction in art and not in engineering and diplomacy at Leyden, was the real object of his coming to Holland, and he begged Rembrandt to enroll him among his pupils.

The master, flattered by the supposed appreciation of his genius, did not at once perceive Willie's real object, and accepted him graciously, introducing him to one of his fellow-pupils, Gerard Dow, and bidding him present himself the following day at the studio.

Willie felt as if he were treading on air as he

walked through the moonlit streets. It was not the nearest way to his friend's home, but he passed through the Kalverstraat and around through the side street where he saw the old merchant unlocking the ponderous gate by the light of a link carried by his servant. Willie gave him good-evening, sweeping the ground with the plume of his cavalier's hat, but Van Rensselaer's scowl asked him plainly why he was prowling so near his premises. The young cavalier laughed gaily as he heard the gate clang behind the suspicious burgher.

"Shut your granddaughter in your castle," Willie chuckled to himself. "'Love laughs at locksmiths,' and I shall see her, I shall see her at Rembrandt's house."

CHAPTER IV.

RIVALS IN HONOR.

But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner, sink her, split her in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain.”

—Tennyson.



HE course of true love was not of a mind to make any exception in its usual turbulency in Willie's favor. Rembrandt's pupils had their quarters in the third story which had no communication with the rooms in which the master received and painted his sitters, and although Willie presented himself early the next morning and remained late, and Anneke began her sittings, the only glance he caught of her was from the window of her grandfather's office when he received the money for the

Prince. He had no longer any excuse to call at Van Rensselaer's house, and if he could not see her at the house of the artist he was indeed unfortunate.

Moreover, although he toiled with painstaking industry it was not possible for any one whose only instruction in drawing had been the mechanical drafting of a civil engineer to satisfy the requirements of Rembrandt.

The master's scrutiny of Willie's first attempt to draw from a cast, drew from him a burst of uncontrollable laughter, which quickly gave place to indignation. "Am I the teacher of a primary school," he asked, angrily, "that such an imbecile should enroll himself as one of my pupils? Leave my house, and never dare to boast that you have had Rembrandt as an instructor, for I will teach you nothing, not even how utterly beneath contempt is the atrocity you have had the impudence to show me."

Willie shamefacedly took his cap and left the studio, but in the passage he met Saskia who had overheard her husband's stormy outburst.

"Your drawing must have been very bad to have made Rembrandt speak like that," she said. "Is that it in your hand? Unroll it and let me see it."

"It is vile," Willie replied, obeying her.

"It is indeed. Why did you offer my husband such an insult? You must have known that you had neither the knowledge nor the talent to warrant you being received as his pupil."

"I know it," Willie replied humbly as they descended the stairs, "it was abominable. I have no excuse." But even as he spoke the excuse showed itself in his flaming cheek, and his gaze which losing all interest in Saskia was directed toward the anteroom where Anneke and her maid were waiting their summons to Rembrandt's studio.

"May I speak to her?" he asked. "Can I not remain until her sitting begins?"

Practiced as he was in disguising his thoughts, Saskia understood him in a flash. "Ah!" she exclaimed meaningly. "I thought you had some motive. The lessons were only a ruse. You thought yourself vastly clever, when you were only stupid. You might have known you could not have succeeded without my help. You should have taken me into your confidence. No, you cannot speak with her. The maid would report the interview and what would Mynheer Van Rensselaer think of me? You must go, but I am sorry for you, for I have a great sympathy for lovers."

"Think out some scheme for me, dear madam. Let me grind Rembrandt's colors and clean his



REMBRANDT'S MOTHER.

palette, let me perform any service however menial, anything to be in the studio while she is sitting."

"The boy is mad," Saskia exclaimed in mock horror. "Go, go at once, and do not fancy you have an ally in me. It is one thing to be sorry for a criminal who has his just desert, quite another to aid and abet his crime."

So saying she pushed him firmly outside the door. Her words were most determined, but the hand that pushed gave him a little farewell pat upon the shoulder and there was something in that pat which filled Willie's heart with a wild unreasoning hope which he did not attempt to explain.

On his return to Johannes Van Rensselaer's house he found his friend Kiliaen much excited.

"I have just had a talk with my grandfather," he confided. "I shall not return to the university, for I am off in a week's time to America. You are not more surprised than I, but the old gentleman has taken me into his confidence, he has more heart than I thought, and it is touching to see how he loves me, what faith he has in me. God grant I may not disappoint him. Why he depends upon me to take his place when he is gone as the real head of the Van Rensselaer clan, for we are a clan, not a family. Father, as his eldest son, would naturally succeed him, but father has more talent for business

than diplomacy, so father is gradually to relieve him of his duties as head of the business in Amsterdam, while I am to inherit the patroonship and be lord of all the American estate. He made me swear fealty to the Prince of Orange as my suzerain, as all feudal lords do to some prince, and he made me promise to hold the principality for him with my life, never to suffer the encroachments of the English on the east, the French on the north, the 'Wilden' on the west or the West India Company itself on the south to wrest an inch of soil from these possessions, which we hold only in trust for our Prince. It is to be the glory of our race that we have given a new kingdom to the house of Orange. In turn he hinted that the Prince would confer great honor upon us. But when I asked him what that honor was, he told me that the time had not come for me to know.

"I am to go to America soon to receive the fealty of my serfs and to learn pioneering under my Uncle Jeremias and our trusty Commissary, Arendt Van Corlear. Grandfather himself will devote his entire attention to the affairs of the West India Company. He has his hands full there, for it has dawned on that astute body that he is too much of an autocrat and has been feathering his own nest pretty well. They do not understand his disin-

terested loyalty, his dread of base democratic ideas or his passionate devotion to the old feudal system of a kingdom held together by fealty from the lord to his sovereign, from the serf to his lord, of service due in return for protection.

"The West India Company have discontinued their offers of privileges to colonizing members, but they cannot take from my grandfather the rights already granted to him by the States General. The party against him, however, are in the majority. That is just the way of the world, when a man shows himself greater and stronger than the common herd, all the rest of the pack of curs band against him to pull him down. But the grand old man will give them a fight yet. Only think, they have dared to recall my uncle, on my mother's side, the Honorable Wouter Van Twiller, who has been such an admirable governor, and who is so devoted to our interests, and they are sending out one of their own creatures, named Kieft. I shall spike his guns, for my grandfather has told me exactly how to act. I am to secure his friendship, so that he will consent to my title to my Uncle Van Twiller's lands, and not usurp them for the company. It is a pity that his private estate on Nut Island was called Governor's instead of Van Twiller's Island, for there is some chance that Kieft may seize it as the apanage

of the governors.” So young Kiliaen rattled on, for he was full of enthusiasm for the career opening before him, and with the egotism of youth believed that everything that interested himself must be of equal entertainment to his friend. Another matter too had been seething in his heart, until he felt that he could contain his secret no longer ; he must have a confidant.

“Willie,” he said after a pause, “I have yet more to tell you, the reason why I am most desirous to go with my Uncle Jeremias, and to identify myself with the western Van Rensselaers. It is because for family reasons my father thinks it most desirable that our two branches of the house should be united. My Uncle Jeremias has blazed the way for me in the wilderness, but, in spite of my right, as eldest son of the eldest son, he might feel a resentment that the fruit of his labors should descend to me instead of to his own child, Anneke. There is, however, a very simple solution of that difficulty.”

“For you to marry Anneke ?”

“There you have guessed it. I knew you would approve.”

“I have not said that I approved,” Willie answered frankly. “Is this your grandfather’s plan ?”

“No, it is my father’s, or more properly my

mother's, and Aunt Maria's. They have been courting each other ever since aunt's arrival. But grandfather cannot fail to see the advantages of the scheme."

"And Anneke?"

"Oh! I've not said anything to her yet, she is too young; but when she returns to Rensselaerwyck I shall be there, and with every advantage on my side I defy all rivals. And, Willie, after we are married you must come out to us. You have been like a brother to me. I was saying so to my mother, and you are to stay here in my place as long as you care to pursue your studies with Rembrandt. But when you have finished your course at the university come to New Netherland and visit me. Things are not going well in your country for the King's party, and if you should ever need a refuge remember you have one on my estate."

"Thank you, Kiliaen, I prize your friendship, but my career was marked out for me when I was born. I am an Englishman and a royalist; if the King needs my service he shall have it."

Kiliaen flushed. "You can find as honorable a career with us," he urged, "either in trade or in arms. That is why we chose orange for our national color,—a mingling of red and yellow, red,

that's blood and valor, and yellow for gold, that's trade, and who can beat the Dutch in either."

"I know of your nation's exploits in trade," Willie replied, "and I honor the enterprise and sagacity which formed the East India Company, and the West India Company too, but your trading-ships must yield the palm to our fighting ones, for I fancy that in valor we English can match you. Since that little affair of the Armada you will have to concede to us the armed supremacy of the seas."

They had been chatting in the arbor at the end of the garden, and had not heard the approaching footsteps of their hostess and Governor Stuyvesant until his deep voice rang out with —

"What is this heresy I hear? Who is it is scoffing at our fleet? Do you know what a mere trader, the state's ship Half-moon did?"

"I suppose you refer to the exploit of Hendrik Hudson in discovering and taking possession of the river to which he gave his name. But in spite of the presence of Indians you would hardly call that a military feat."

"I do not refer to anything we have yet done in New Netherland," Stuyvesant replied. "I am aware that we have still a stiff piece of work ahead of us, both in my department in the West Indies and along the river which the Half-moon explored."

But possibly you have never heard how that gallant little ship humbled the dreaded privateer Spinola at the siege of Ostend in 1602."

"I thought the Spaniards conducted that siege by land," said Willie.¹

"So they did," replied Stuyvesant. "Their trenches made a semicircle around the city entirely cutting off all communication from the landward side. But what was it enabled the inhabitants to hold out for three years? It was because the Dutch ships held the Gullet and brought droves of cattle and whole cargoes of bread stuffs and wine so that the poorest fared sumptuously, and marketing was cheaper in that beleaguered town than in any capital of Europe. The Spanish commander complained with reason that he could not be expected to reduce a city whose port was open to the commerce of the world, and whose burghers had their bellies lined with good fat capon, while his own soldiers were grumbling at their short commons. At last Frederick Spinola who was already famous as a privateer, obtained the command of eight great galleys belonging to the Spanish navy. He was to man and equip them at his own expense, but was to

¹ The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Motley for the stories of Holland's naval greatness as supposed to have been related by Stuyvesant in Chapter IV., and also for the exploit of Heemskirk given in Chapter IX.

have all the booty which he could gain, and he swore to put an end to the free trade of Ostend. Each of the galleys had for its motive power a chain gang of two hundred and fifty slaves, and so was independent of the wind, while each was manned by four hundred fighting men. On the way Spinola fell in with some English ships, which sunk two of his galleys, but he fancied that the six galleys remaining formed a fleet abundantly able to perform the task which he had attempted, of holding the Gut of Sluys against all comers.

In his flagship, the St. Lewis, followed by the Morning Star, the St. John, the Hyacinth, the St. Philip and the Padilla, he crept along in the dead of night hoping to slip unobserved into the Gut of Sluys. But Captain Peter Mol, in the Dutch warship Tiger, and Captain Lubbertson in the Pelican, happened to be cruising in the channel in the evening and noticed the galleys rowing in the dusk. They were not strong enough to attack, but a light breeze springing up, they scuttled away and gave the alarm to Vice-Admiral John Kant, who was doing sentinel duty in the Half-moon. Very cautiously Spinola's galleys crept on until they were off Gravelines, when the moon rose and discovered them to another Dutch ship, the Mackerel, which at once attacked the St. Philip, while the Half-

moon with all sail set, bore down butting into the galleys one after another, firing broadsides at short range and sending them with all their crew to the bottom. Spinola himself fled in his ship to Dunkirk, but all of the others were sunk or driven on shore by the Half-moon and two other Dutch ships. As soon as victory was assured, the Dutch boats were despatched to pick up the drowning Spaniards, soldiers and galley slaves alike; two hundred were saved, but about three thousand perished.

"But that was not the end," said Willie. "If I mistake not the bold privateer was not to be discouraged by his reception, and visited the harbor of Ostend again."

"Ah! then you have heard how, laboring all the winter and spring, Spinola gathered together a second fleet of twelve ships and three thousand men, and how just before sunrise on a beautiful summer's day, the great galleys were discerned crawling toward Admiral Joost de Moor's blockading fleet of five small ships. Spinola had chosen a morning for his attack when there was not a break of wind, and the Dutch ships lay motionless, becalmed upon a glassy sea. The humane laws of the Dutch republic forbade the horrible slavery of the galleys to captives taken in war, and while the Hollanders loved the hardy life of the ordinary

sailor, there were few who could be tempted to submit themselves to this servitude. Only one of Admiral de Moor's ships, the Black Galley, commanded by Jacob Michelzoon, was propelled by such human enginery, and its rowers were volunteers, not slaves chained to their oars. The brave Black Galley saw the sails of the rest of the fleet flapping impotently for lack of wind, and leaping audaciously forward, challenged the foremost of the enemy's ships.

"Two of the Spanish galleys immediately rammed her on either side, but the Zeeland sailors welcomed the Spanish, as they attempted to board the Black Galley, with cutlass and marlin spikes, and driving back their assailants, clambered along the bowsprits into the Spanish galleys. Other Spanish craft now came up and Captain Michelzoon was killed, but Lieutenant Hart assumed command, and the fighting went on on the decks of the three galleys. Little by little the crew of the Black Galley were driven back to their own ship, and were called upon to surrender, but Lieutenant Hart swore that rather than do this he would blow up his ship. He was about to execute his threat when suddenly the assailants on one side drew off to answer the fire of one of the Dutch ships which had drifted into range, borne imperceptibly nearer

by an auspicious current. At the same time on the deck of his flagship, Frederick Spinola fell, torn to pieces by a stone shot from the Black Galley, and perceiving this, the Zeelanders uttered a mighty cheer. Consternation seized upon the Spaniards, for now a light breeze sprang up and they could see Joost de Moor's men setting their sails, and the galleys rowed rapidly away, but not in time for all to escape. Thirty-one Dutchmen were killed in this encounter, but the loss of the Spaniards was estimated at fourteen hundred."

"It was a gallant deed," said Willie. "I wish Captain Michelzoon might have lived."

"For what purpose?" asked Stuyvesant. "He had done enough for his country, and what Englishman can you name who did as much?"

"I can name an English hero who did more," Willie retorted, "and that was Sir Richard Grenville, who met the Spanish fleet alone off the Azores, his one ship against fifty-three, disdaining to fly or to surrender. For it was not till he lay dying and the wreck under other command that she struck her colors. You know the story. Can you match it, Governor Stuyvesant?"

"'Can I match Grenville?' Yes. There was Regnier Klazoon, who commanded a ship under Admiral Haltain. Haltain's fleet was coasting

along the shores of Spain in 1606, waiting the arrival of the plate fleet, when the Spanish Admiral, Don Luis de Fazardo, with eighteen great galleons and eight galleys, beside many smaller vessels appeared in sight. Admiral Haltain, after a brush with the Spaniards, five Dutch ships against that formidable fleet, feeling that discretion was the better part of valor, showed a clean pair of heels and took his ships uninjured out of the death-trap. Klazoon, left in his dismasted ship, was repeatedly summoned by Don Fazardo to surrender, but obstinately refused to do so. For two days and nights he drifted about with colors flying defiantly, firing broadsides whenever the Spanish ships came within range. At last, informed that his ship was sinking, he called his officers and men together, and amidst their applause announced his resolution never to surrender. Kneeling, they commended their souls to God, and then Klazoon himself applied the match to the powder magazine, and the ship and its brave defenders were blown to atoms. Two mutilated sailors were picked up by the Spaniards, but these only lived long enough to tell the heroic tale."

"I had forgotten Klazoon," said Willie; "I will admit that your valor equals ours. We are rivals in bravery and obstinacy. God grant that the Dutch

and the English may never be pitted against each other."

"God grant it," assented Stuyvesant fervently; "they would make bad enemies."

"Surely we never could be enemies," young Kiliaen exclaimed impulsively. "Rivals, if you will, but generous rivals, respecting each other, taking no mean advantage and friends always, rejoicing in the other's success."

"Amen to that," cried Willie, seizing his friend's hand. "Governor Stuyvesant, I call you to witness what Kiliaen has just said. Whatever rivalry there may be between us in the future, whether in love or war, the vanquished will not grudge the victor, we shall still be friends."

CHAPTER V.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

Why she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships
And turned crowned kings to merchants.

—*Shakespeare.*



ANY a man in Willie's place would not have been so magnanimous, but he had come to think that Kiliaen had both advantage and the better right on his side. What was love at first sight, he asked himself to Kiliaen's affection, strengthened by family ties and family ambition ?

Willie had completed the business which had brought him to Amsterdam, and the Princes had departed for England with the money obtained for the jewels. There was no longer any opportunity for him to meet Anneke; even Rembrandt's house was closed to him, and he was about to bid farewell to his friend and to return to Leyden

when the wheel of the fickle goddess Fortune turned suddenly in his favor.

Early in the morning a moon-faced maid brought Willie a note which caused him to seize his hat and run after her, for it read as follows :

“ FRIEND NICOLL :

“ Come to us as soon as possible, for Rembrandt has forgiven you, and you can do him a favor which will perhaps be not unpleasant to yourself.

“ With all good intentions,

“ Your friend,

“ SASKIA.”

Arrived at the artist’s home Willie was overjoyed to find that Saskia had been a better friend to him than he had dared to hope, for she had not only made his peace with her indignant husband, but, without betraying his secret, she had taken advantage of an unexpected turn of affairs to obtain for Willie the very opportunity which he most desired.

Prince William had called to say that he must leave Amsterdam and that therefore his portrait must be given up.

When Rembrandt had urged that the face was nearly finished, and if the costume were left it might still be completed, the Prince had agreed to this arrangement. But as Rembrandt looked over the

list of his models he could find no one to wear the Prince's clothing who exactly suited him both in youthful stature and in distinction of bearing until Saskia came to his assistance, exclaiming, "I know the very counterpart of the Prince! Master Willie Nicoll the young cavalier who, merely to enjoy seeing you paint, enrolled himself as your pupil, though he had no creative talent whatever."

"Surely," mused Rembrandt, "now that you speak of it there is a resemblance, though the young man is a trifle older than his Highness. But do you think he would sit for me? It is one thing to be a pupil, quite another a model."

"He told me," replied Saskia, "that he would perform the most menial duties for you if you would only allow him the privilege of watching you at your work."

"And if this were not so," said Prince William, "I think he would consent if you asked him to do it as a favor to me. Tell him to remember our last conversation and he will understand why I am not only willing but desirous that he should personate me, (even to the point of causing it to be generally believed that I am still in Amsterdam), until such time as he shall hear that the business of which I spoke to him is accomplished. Allow him to remain as a visitor in your house and if any imagine that I



A TOWN CANAL.

am your guest do not undeceive them. There is no harm in the deceit, 'tis but a jest which shall be explained and rewarded when I come again to claim my portrait."

"So," replied Rembrandt, "if young Master Nicoll will understand your Highness' meaning when I tell him all this, there must be more in the young man than I thought."

And Saskia had replied with alacrity, "Decidedly you are right, my husband. There is more in that young man than you think."

Willie comprehended the Prince's desire to visit England incognito, and in order to lend himself to the scheme and sink his own identity before assuming that of the Prince of Orange, he bade farewell to his hosts, announcing his intention to return to Leyden.

Kiliaen was so taken up by the prospect of his own near departure that he was easily deceived, and when Willie rode away sent many messages by him to his friends at the university. Having made the circuit of the town Willie disposed of his horse at a stock-yard in the suburbs and returned to Rembrandt's house. Here, as he regarded himself in the Venetian mirror, tricked out in the Prince's inlaid armor, with his own cavalier "love locks" framing his handsomely cut features, he could but

admit that he cut a very personable figure. He was older than the Prince, who was only sixteen and looked younger, while Willie, though barely seventeen, might easily have been taken for twenty.

Rembrandt was evidently well satisfied, for he posed him upon the model-stand and fell to his work with the avidity of a hungry man attacking a savory meal.

Willie had not stood long before Saskia entered. "Here is some mistake," she said. "Mynheer Van Rensselaer has come with his daughter, and he says you gave him an appointment for this morning."

"True. I had forgotten it but I am in full swing now and cannot change. Send them away."

"Ah! that would never do, one must not offend one's patrons. I have told Mynheer that you are engaged in painting the Prince's portrait, that the sitting will soon be ended, and he has asked to wait."

"They may wait, certainly, but I promised not to make a short sitting. I shall paint as long as my model can sustain the pose. This effect is too fine to lose."

Saskia slipped away, but presently Willie with his side-long gaze cast over his shoulder saw her holding back the tapestry portière and displaying the studio to Kiliaen Van Rensselaer. The mer-

chant would have entered, but Saskia placed a detaining hand upon his arm and touching her lip and pointing to Rembrandt, who was working furiously, indicated that he could not be disturbed.

Willie's heart was in his mouth when the little figure of Anneke appeared beside her father. There was a whispered colloquy, and then Van Rensselaer disappeared, and Anneke and her maid entered the studio. They sat down demurely, and Rembrandt did not notice her presence until some change in Willie's expression caught his attention.

Then he paused and shook hands kindly with her, apologizing for his forgetfulness of the appointment. "But you see how it is," he said, jokingly, "when the Prince comes every one else must yield the way. There, my dear young lady, I must ask you to sit on the other side of the room, for otherwise his Highness will not fix his eyes in the right direction."

So they sat for an hour with a world of unspoken admiration in Willie's quiet gaze under which Anneke's eyes constantly fell and as constantly glanced furtively up again with a troubled questioning in their innocent depths.

Rembrandt grew jovial as the stress of his intense working fit abated. He told stories and sang songs, and challenged Willie to do the like. "I

am not painting your face now," he said. " You may chat freely and even move your head." But Willie did not care to look in any other direction, and he could think of only commonplaces to say.

So the time passed until Rembrandt threw down his brushes, exclaiming, " Mortal man can endure no longer, it is time for luncheon." Saskia had been listening behind the tapestry, and he had scarcely spoken when a servant trundled in a small table set for four. Anneke's maid was invited to refresh herself below stairs, and Rembrandt, Saskia, Anneke and Willie lunched cheerily together. The spell of the sitting was broken and conversation was free and merry.

After the meal was over Rembrandt announced himself ready to begin Anneke's portrait, but Willie did not leave, model and observer simply exchanging places.

" Stay, if you care to watch me paint," Rembrandt had said carelessly, " and in return do me the kindness to entertain my sitter, and keep away that expression of deadly boredom which is the portrait-painter's despair."

Again Willie's usually ready wit failed him, no subject seemed worthy of introduction, but presently a lucky thought struck him, he would make Anneke talk, and he asked her to tell them about America.

At once the little maid became eloquent. She described her home at Rensselaerwyck, the fortified manor house, with its loopholes ready for defence against the savages. She interested the painter in these same Indians, and promised to bring him a warrior's suit adorned with wampum and feathers, which she had brought to Holland with her. She told of the fierceness of the tribes on both sides of the Hudson, and especially of the Pequots and Mohegans on the east, from whom they were protected by their western neighbors the still more powerful Iroquois.

Willie expressed his surprise that her father should allow his wife and daughter to live in such dangerous surroundings.

"But we are very safe," Anneke affirmed, "for we have the protection of Fort Orange close at hand, where the West India Company keep a garrison of which the brave Captain Dirk Wessels Ten Broeck is commander. And between our manor and the fort there is the *dorp* of Beverwyck, quite a flourishing town, for my grandfather gave orders that his fifty emigrants should build their homes close together for greater safety. Beside the homes of the settlers there is a church, for we have a minister and a doctor too, and the company's warehouse, where all furs are sold, and our

warehouse, where Arendt Van Corlear keeps a store for the barter of other commodities, and a great common lodging house built of logs, where the new settlers who come out from Holland can live until they build homes of their own. There is a windmill for grinding grain and up the creek where the waterfall is, a sawmill and a brewery. Arendt Van Corlear says that without that half of our settlers would have gone back to Holland. The Indians have their camping ground outside the dorp, where they are allowed to build temporary wigwams when they bring in their game and peltries, and the squaws sell baskets and berries and maple sugar. At our manor we have granaries and barns, cattle and horses, wagons and sleighs. We have skating parties in the winter on the river. Arendt Van Corlear made me a pair of skates of beef bones. In the summer we take trips in our sloop and visit our friends on both sides of the river. There is a settlement at Esopus, which Mynheer Philip Pietrus Schuyler laid out. The Schuylers are friends of ours, and I have been there to visit when we were on our way to New Amsterdam. We laid our schooner up beside their wharf and Roelof Swarthout arranged a barbecue and showed me about the estate; but it is not as well managed as ours. No one has as fine a house

as my father, except my Grandfather Oloff Stevense Van Cortlandt; I mean of course among the manors for there are some fine houses in New Amsterdam and society there is very gay.

“Yes, we are very enterprising, and my Grandfather Van Rensselaer says it is astonishing how the colony has grown. We were informed that the Earl of Warwick had obtained grants of land on the Connecticut, and to circumvent him, Governor Van Twiller has bought lands of the Pequots, and built a blockhouse in the heart of the eastern wilderness, at a ford of the Connecticut, where the deer cross and our hunters often go and have named it Fort Good Hope. He left a garrison of a few men there, and when he left the region the Governor nailed the arms of the States General to a tree at the mouth of the Connecticut that any exploring Englishmen might see that he had taken possession of the country for Holland. My grandfather said that was a master stroke, and would restrain the encroachments of the unscrupulous English of the Massachusetts, who are settling upon our lands and stirring up the Pequots against us.”

Willie smiled, as he thought how little respect Lion Gardiner would have for the insignia of the States General, left in solitary grandeur upon the tree. He was curious to know more of

the strength of the Dutch fort of Good Hope at Hartford, but he scorned to extract information from this unsuspecting girl, and he purposely led the conversation into other channels.

The next day was equally pleasant, and the next, and in this enjoyable way a week went by, a golden week in Willie's life, in which he became more and more deeply in love with Anneke. He found her mind full of pleasant surprises and not so unfurnished as he had fancied that of a girl brought up in a pioneer region must be. The Dutch emigrants had carried out chests of books from the presses of Leyden and Antwerp, and Anneke had read greedily whatever she had chanced upon in the libraries of the neighboring manors,—a nondescript course of reading it had been. She had read theology with Dominie Johannes Megapolensis, and had brushed up her French conversation with Huguenot refugees.

Anneke spoke English too very fairly, and one day when Willie asked her where she had learned it she explained that her tutor at Rensselaerwyck had been an Englishman.

"His name," she said, "was Love Brewster, and he had such an interesting story. He came to New Amsterdam from Virginia and tried to get a position there as school-teacher, for he spoke Dutch fluently and had studied at Leyden University.

There was nothing for him to do in New Amsterdam, but Governor Van Twiller recommended him to my father and he came to Rensselaerwyck and taught me and some of the other children. He was very gentle, and sad, and we all loved him, and wondered what his history had been. One day he told it to my mother, for she is so sympathetic and kind that every one confides in her. But you look so absorbed I don't believe you are interested."

"Indeed I am, Anneke, greatly interested, for I believe that I have the very rooms at Leyden which Love Brewster occupied when he was a student at the university. They look upon a quiet garden which is bounded on its other sides by the Veiled Nun's Cloister, the University Library and the Donckere Graft (or Dark Canal)."

"What!" exclaimed Rembrandt. "Do you live near the Donckere Graft? I know that garden well. I used to go there as a boy to paint, for I was brought up in Leyden. Who was this student of whom you were speaking? Not Love Brewster, son of one of the English Puritan exiles?"

"Yes, yes," replied Anneke eagerly. "He must have been the same."

"Why he was my friend," replied Rembrandt, "I taught him to see the beauty of the cloud reflections translated into a lower toned harmony by that

amber canal, and he made me listen to the chimes as they flung harmonies down upon us from the great belfry back of us. Tell me all you know of him, for I am eager to learn what befell him in America."

"It was a sad story," Anneke replied, "for he loved a beautiful girl named Patience, who went out with them to New England, and she did not love him but his brother, Wrestling. This brother had gone with Sir Walter Raleigh to find El Dorado, but he did not come back. Finally Love Brewster went in search of his brother, but he only went as far as Virginia, for there he had very terrible news. His brother had attempted to come back from El Dorado to New England and had stopped at Jamestown, and just then there had been a great uprising of the savages and he had been massacred. So he had returned from his unhappy quest; but when he reached New Amsterdam his heart failed him. He could not bear to carry such news as that to Patience in Plymouth, and so he stayed with us. Sometimes his conscience upbraided him with unkindness to his parents in not returning, but when he thought of his brother's betrothed he could not bring himself either to go or to write.

"At last a very wonderful thing happened, and this was how he came to tell my mother and to ask

her advice. The knowledge that Patience did not love him had nearly broken his heart, but not quite, for in the long absence from her the wound had healed, and the wonderful thing which I am going to tell is that he had fallen in love with a pretty Dutch maiden at Rensselaerwyck."

"Not you, Anneke, surely not you!" exclaimed Willie.

"No, surely not me," replied Anneke; "there are other maidens in New Netherland, I would have you to know, and this Mr. Brewster and his wife are both a great, great deal older than I. For he really did marry her. My mother eased his conscience, and gave him absolution like a Catholic priest after his confession. But she made him do penance. She insisted on his writing to his mother and telling her everything. He sent the letter without date or letting his friends know where he was settled, for he said he could not bear their reproaches or their grief when they knew that there was no longer any hope, and that his brother was dead."

"But," exclaimed Willie, "he is not dead. Wrestling Brewster is very much alive. He escaped that Indian massacre, returned to New England, married Patience and is living there now."

"How do you know this?" Anneke asked.

"Because I saw him in London at the house of the Earl of Warwick, who was an old friend of his. He had returned to England with Governor Winthrop to obtain a charter from the King for the Connecticut."

"The Connecticut!" exclaimed Anneke, "but that river and the lands adjoining belong to us."

Willie bit his lip, for he realized how easy it was for a man to betray state secrets to the woman he loved. Anneke was as patriotic a Hollander as he was an Englishman, and he wisely forbore thereafter from speaking of international disputes.

For all Anneke's appreciation of the advantages of the more cultured life of the old world she was homesick for America, and told Willie that she counted the days until her return to the sweet wild west.

"And no wonder," Willie exclaimed, "for you have made me in love with it simply by your description. I vow that so soon as I can I too will emigrate."

"Oh! no, your Highness has other duties," Anneke replied with the prettiest and most deferential air in the world. It always smote Willie with a pang of keen self-reproach and made him feel like the most double-dyed hypocrite to hear her refer to his princely rank, and once when she had so ad-

dressed him he could not contain himself but cried hotly, "Do not call me your Highness, but plain Willie." Then he bit his lip for he remembered his promise to represent the Prince until the English marriage was announced. "It is a great familiarity," Anneke had replied, "to call his Highness Prince William only Herr Willie, but I like it much better, and since you are so gracious you must call me Anneke."

So the opportunity for avowal passed. Anneke, on her side was even more troubled than Willie. She had recognized him at once as her Cousin Kiliaen's friend, and she could not understand why he was masquerading as the Prince. Kiliaen had told her much about Willie speaking always in the most enthusiastic terms of his high sense of honor. He had told of their close friendship and even of their last serious conversation when they had promised each other that it should stand even the test of rivalry. Anneke could not believe that Willie had assumed this disguise simply for the sake of obtaining a dishonorable advantage over Kiliaen—still less to deceive her grandfather or herself. What then could be the explanation?

She had only seen the Prince of Orange at the ball. At the time it was such a splendid vision that his personality was rendered vague by the very

glamour which surrounded it. She knew that he was in Amsterdam for she had received sonnets and tokens, all of which she had conscientiously given to her grandfather, and others which she had not received had been intercepted by him.

Her grandfather had praised her for this conduct but he had not seemed greatly displeased. Now that her maid Grytje faithfully reported that she saw the Prince every day at Rembrandt's house he made no objection, only stipulating that she should never be left in his company alone. Anneke was sure that Grytje reported their conversation every evening to her grandfather and that he was satisfied with her conduct. Moreover she remembered that on her first introduction to the studio her grandfather had been with her, he had stood in the open doorway and had seen Willie upon the model stand. She knew that her grandfather was well acquainted with the Prince. He had spoken of a recent interview with him when some mysterious but important transaction had taken place between them. Surely he, as well as Rembrandt, would have known if Willie had been an impostor. Suddenly an explanation flashed through her mind. Willie must indeed be the Prince of Orange. Kiliaen might be mistaken as to the identity of his friend. The Prince, it was well known, was entered

as a student at Leyden, though Kiliaen had said that he had never met him. What if he chose to mingle incognito among his fellow-students? Sure that she had arrived at the real solution of the mystery, Anneke gave it no further anxiety, but accepted the agreeable acquaintance which fate had sent her with the proud consciousness of being the possessor of a mighty secret, discerned by her own womanly insight.

Little by little she was learning to care for this handsome young cavalier more than she realized, and there were swift glances when the painter was setting his palette, little love songs hummed, which might or might not admit of personal interpretation, flowers dropped and caught up, and one morning the inevitable explosion.

They had both come early, and Rembrandt was not in his studio. Anneke sent Grytje to summon him and Willie's arm was around her in an instant.

"I love you, Anneke."

"I know it, Willie, and I love you."

There was a discreet cough, for Grytje had remembered the master's orders and had gone no further than the staircase, but the words had been spoken, and though the two were standing at some distance from each other when the maid entered the studio, Anneke arranging her hair before a mirror,

and Willie staring at the ceiling while he diligently fanned his flushed face with his broad-brimmed hat, Grytje knew perfectly what had happened.

Rembrandt wondered why his sitters were so silent. To amuse them he asked Saskia to show them her jewels, of which the most beautiful were the Van Rensselaer pearls, though she also possessed some curiously set. Among these was a "jewel salad," a brooch, whose centre, a light green table emerald, was supposed to represent a lettuce, its garnishing topazes and rubies, drops of oil and vinegar, while seed pearls were sprinkled between like grains of salt.

"It is copied," said Rembrandt, "from a brooch designed by King Philip II. to amuse his queen."

"To whom he also gave the famous Pelegrina?" Willie asked.

"The same," Rembrandt replied, "the pearl of which they say, that those who own it must shed many tears."

"I would not be afraid to wear it," said Anneke, "I love pearls. I have never owned any, but grandfather says I shall have them when I am married. My grandfather was talking about pearls last night. He says the largest come from Margarita. He thinks that if he had an agent at Curaçao a good smuggling business might be done with the natives,

who would certainly rather be paid for their pearls by the Dutch than deliver them up for nothing to the Spaniards."

"If some one could do better than that," said Willie, "if your grandfather could be put in possession of a vast cache of these pearls which had been hidden by the divers, do you think that he would be very much pleased?"

"Pleased! It is his darling desire to control the pearl trade of Margarita. O, your Highness, if you could wrest that island from the Spaniards and make my grandfather its governor, I am certain that he could so develop its resources that Holland would receive a great revenue from the pearl-fisheries."

"You forget our agreement. I am not 'your Highness' to you. Only Sir Willie, a simple cavalier, who, though he cannot make your grandfather lord of Margarita, will do his best to fill your lap with pearls, which you may if you choose turn over to your grandfather, if in return he will give me possession of one single pearl now in his keeping. Will you let me tell him so this very evening?"

Again the troubled look came into Anneke's face. "Why is it," she wondered, "that he does not like to be called by his title?" but she only replied, "I do not like bargains, but my grandfather does, that is, if they are honorable."

When her sitting was over Willie sprang to put her cloak about her and one of its buttons caught in the fringe of his scarf. They were a long time disentangling it and in the effort the button came off. "It is a good omen," said Willie; "may I keep the button as a token that we are closely attached?"

She nodded gaily. "And it will be difficult to part us."

"But you were the one to break away first."

"I left my proper place to fly to you. But seriously, do you not see why the button clings to you? It is the decoration which your uncle conferred upon our family."

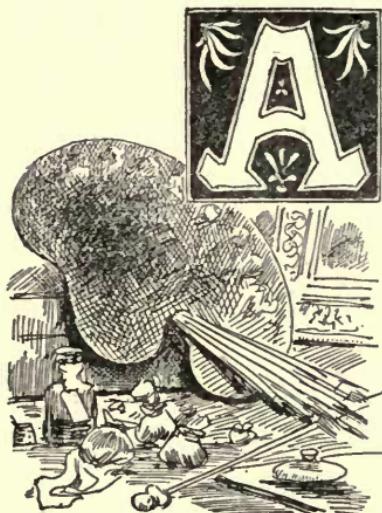
Willie examined the bauble, and saw that it was a tiny basket or cresset of steel filigree containing a ruby, which gleamed like a coal of fire. "What is it that the Scripture saith," he asked, "that love is like fire, and the coals thereof have a most vehement flame?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

All I had to give I gave her. First my kisses, then my tears,
But the little one would have them not, "What use are they?"
she said.

—*Lord Lytton.*



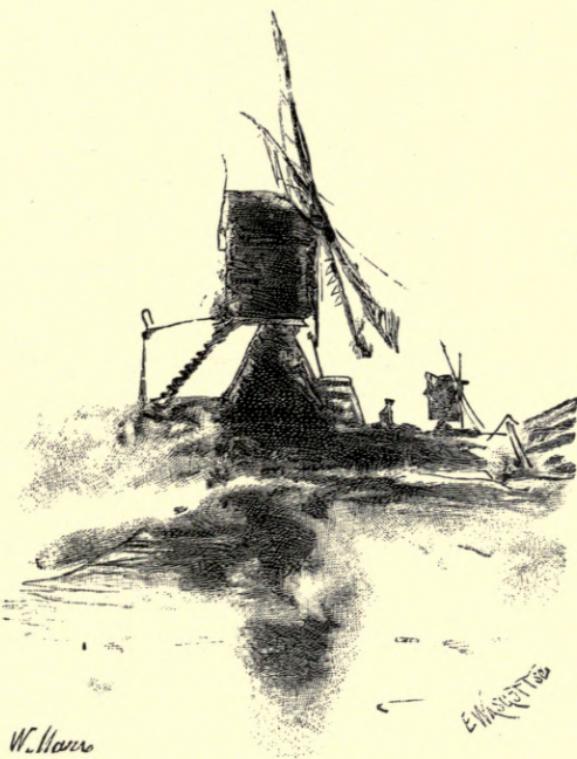
S Willie was taking a walk along the quays that afternoon he was hailed by a loud "Yo ho, my hearty!" from his old travelling companion, Captain Morgan, who seemed to be all the more his admiring friend for the trick which Willie had served him in parting.

The Captain laughed boisterously as he smote Willie upon the shoulder, "Ah! my lad," he cried, "I did not think that Henry Morgan could have been so taken in. It was vastly funny, for if you cheated me, so you did the sheriffs, and I forgive you the trick for the sake of the good their long

faces did me when they saw the inside of that cheese."

"But I told you plainly there was nothing in it," protested Willie.

"So you did, and so I told them, on my oath as a gentleman. It would have been worse for me if you had not absconded safely with the jewels, for though I made a good run and a good fight, they chased me, the rogues, into a wine shop, where, though I gave one a broken head, and tripped the other into the cellar, protesting all the time that I had been set upon by highwaymen, the owner of the shop called in the authorities, who seized the cheese and arrested us all. We were taken before the Burgomaster, where my assailants explained that I was the robber, making off with the Queen's jewels, which were hidden in the cheese. I swore, more truly than I knew, as I have said, that I had never seen the jewels, and that the cheese box contained only the remnants of the luncheon which I had eaten publicly on shipboard. When it was opened in court I was ready to go through the floor with fright, until I saw the empty rind, and knew that by that time you were miles away with your plunder. Then how I laughed and swaggered, and the rogues were fined for disturbing the peace; though the judge warned me that I would some day



W. Maris

ENG'D BY
E. W. HARRIS

THE LITTLE MILL. WILLEM MARIS.

die of an indigestion if I was in the habit of eating so much cheese for luncheon.

"But harkee, Willie, there is trouble brewing, for the rogues were not imprisoned, only fined, and they were shrewd enough to suspect you, for when I went up to Leyden to find you, there were your rooms sealed by the officers of the law, who, the janitor told me, were inside rummaging your papers."

Willie started, but recovered himself. "There is nothing there that can implicate me," he replied, after a moment's thought.

"No? Well, that is lucky; but they might have found something if it had not occurred to me to demand your mail for you at the post. So here it is, and I have had all the trouble of the Evil One to find you. I would never have succeeded but for that same janitor's wife. She is a good soul, and fond of you, Willie. When I had convinced her that I was your friend she told me that you had gone to Amsterdam with your chum the young Herr Van Rensselaer,—though she protested to the officers that you had not returned from England."

He handed Willie a letter from his father, and, breaking the seal, the young man read the following equivocal communication:

"MY DEAR SON:

"Your mother and I are proud that you have so well passed your examinations, having had the best possible reports from your professor and received the medal won in your last competition."

So far Willie was well pleased, for this was the phrase agreed upon to convey the intelligence that the Prince had arrived with the money for the jewels; but as he read on he was filled with apprehension.

"But, dear son, we are alarmed for your health, which we fear such close application to your studies has seriously impaired. I have therefore written to the Dean of the University asking that you be allowed a vacation for travel, and we advise you on receipt of this to depart at once. We have consulted a renowned physician, (the physician Willie knew was the King) and he prescribes for you a long sea-voyage, which, if it be undertaken at once, he promises you shall return with a good stock of health" (or was the word wealth?). "As for the interruption of your studies, have no regret, for your professor before mentioned," (Prince William) "stated in his report that you had fully completed your course in his department."

By this Willie knew that the Prince no longer required him to personate his character, and that he was free to depart.

"So hoping soon to hear that you have gone as is most convenient, we rest your anxious and loving
"PARENTS."

This was all, but it was imperative. Willie knew that he must be gone at once. His first thought was to ask Peter Stuyvesant to allow him to accompany him to Curaçoa. Then he remembered his dislike of the English. "We do not want you, sir!" and Captain Morgan awakened him from his reverie by the announcement, "You do not ask how I have fared, but I have my ship, Willie, and she lies off the mole yonder. I would have sailed three days agone but I was anxious for your health. Yes, I have read that letter, else why should I have troubled myself to find you? We are off at day-break with the turn of the tide. So it's the same old question over again, Will you off with me to the Spanish Main to fill your sea-chest with the pearls of Margarita?"

"I have only the same answer, Captain Morgan, under whose authority do you sail?"

"Here it is, Willie Nicoll," the Captain replied triumphantly, "didn't I tell you I had sealed orders. The King sent back my application through the Admiralty office with a flat refusal, but he sent me this commission privately, with orders to assume command of the Black Lady lying at Delfshaven. As soon as I had made my little excursion to Leyden to look after you I went on board and sailed around to this port to provision for my voy-

age. Help me to do that, and I promise you five hundred per cent. on your 'investment.' "

"I thank you, Captain Morgan, and I will go with you, if you will have a boat for me at the old wharf at nine to-night. I have only to bid farewell to my friends and that will take but a short time. I will bring what money I possess with me."

Willie returned to Rembrandt's house and ate his last meal at their hospitable board. It was hard to explain that he must leave them, for the portrait of the Prince was not finished (and indeed does not appear among the works of the master that have come down to us). Saskia was more sweetly teasing than usual and Willie carried to his death a picture in his memory of exactly how she looked on that last evening. There was a young artist present, William Van der Velde, and she wore her Van Rensselaer pearls in his honor. "You are my queen, my joy, and the light of my life," Rembrandt had said when he asked her to bedeck herself with her jewels. "It is only to make you more beautiful and happier that I labor, that I live."

A wistful, almost pathetic expression came into her face. "Is it so, Rembrandt? then I promise you never to be less happy, never to grow old or ugly."

Did she know that she would keep her promise,

that before the year ended Rembrandt would deck his child wife in her costliest robes, and closing the casket lid over his chiefest treasure, turn to his desolate home to grow old alone?

As Willie walked down the street toward the pearl merchant's mansion, Van der Velde accompanied him. He was a painters of marines, and as Willie had said that he was about to take a long sea-voyage, the young painter was full of interest and envy. "I wish I were in your shoes," he cried. "What an opportunity for fame! I would ask no better studio than the open deck of a ship."

"And I would gladly change places with you, and remain here in Amsterdam. It is not fame I seek but fortune, and that not for itself but for the sake of one I love."

Willie was not unexpected by the Van Rensselaers. The faithful Grytje had to the best of her ability reported the events which had occurred, and after the evening meal Van Rensselaer had asked her to send his granddaughter to him. Anneke came with a fluttering heart, but a determined face, but her grandfather met her very kindly. "It is all right, little girl," he said. "I have foreseen all this. I had some time ago an interview with the Prince. He is most honorable, most magnanimous. Here is a wedding present which I promised him to

give you on the occasion of your marriage. Would you like to see it?"

He unlocked the vault and took from it the casket which had seen so many vicissitudes. Anneke opened it and stood dazzled by the brilliancy of the jewels.

"Put them on, my child," he said. "Let the old man see how they become you." He clasped the necklace about her throat and placed the coronet upon her head; and gazed at her with love and admiration. There were even more emotions mingled with these; gratified ambition, a sense of something accomplished for which he had long labored, and the foretaste of a more abundant triumph still to come, were all bound up in the exaltation with which he looked upon the beautiful girl.

As for Anneke, there was no mirror in the office in which she could see herself, but even if there had been she would not have been greatly moved, for her eyes were dim with happy tears, at the thought of womanhood's highest crown which was soon to be hers. So they were standing when Grytje knocked at the door. "If it please you, Mynheer, the portrait, I mean the gentleman wishes to see you."

"It is he," said Anneke, "he told me he was coming to you to-night to ask me from you."

"Then stay, Anneke, let me give you to him worthily bedecked," and as Willie entered the room, Van Rensselaer bowed deeply and laid his granddaughter's hand in that of the young man. But even as he did so, he recognized his error and pushed him back, exclaiming:

"How is it that you are here? Where is the Prince?"

"I am here, respected sir, to tell you who I am and the errand that brings me."

"But the Prince. Where is he?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Are you not the Prince?" asked Anneke.

"What a question!" exclaimed Van Rensselaer, impatiently. "You who have met Prince William daily for over a week, you who but now told me that he had confessed his love for you, should surely know your lover."

"This is my lover, grandfather."

A startled look, not of anger, but of fear, came into the old man's face. He looked from one to the other and strove vainly to speak, and Willie broke in impetuously —

"I know that it must be a shock to you to know that any man has dared to love your granddaughter, and that I, Willie Nicoll, am that man. I am the son of a poor courtier, with no present fortune, but

with a heart to strive and to wait until I can bring one before I come again to claim this maiden as my wife."

"Silence," exclaimed Van Rensselaer. "Have you the effrontery to confess that to steal my granddaughter's affection, you disguised yourself as the Prince of Orange, and thus deceiving me, wooed her under false pretences?"

"No and yes, honored sir. I am not the Prince. I wore his clothing to please Rembrandt. I had no thought of deception."

"But you did deceive me," Anneke broke in passionately. "You made me think that you were the Prince, and you let my grandfather think so. You could have told me the truth a hundred times, if you had wished. Do you imagine that my grandfather would have suffered me to remain in your company if he had imagined you were simply a poor English student?"

"I imagined," Willie replied bitterly, "that I was loved for myself and not for any hereditary claims."

Anneke flushed. "And I imagined," she replied with intense scorn in her voice, "that I was loved by a man of honor."

"Well said, my child, and worthy of your race," exclaimed Van Rensselaer proudly. "I shall see Prince Frederick and demand that you be punished for so misrepresenting him."

"If his Highness, Prince William, is informed of your charge, he can and will explain why my tongue was tied, and I could not confess before this evening that I am not the Prince."

A swift hope flared for an instant in Anneke's heart. "If there is any honorable reason," she implored, "tell it now."

Willie put his hand to his head. It was true that he had received his release from his post, but he could not feel free to tell why he impersonated the Prince until his marriage to the Princess Mary was publicly announced. His hand fell and he replied, "I cannot, Anneke, I have already said too much."

"Insult not our Prince," cried Van Rensselaer, "by insinuating that there is any understanding between you. Leave my house instantly and let us never hear from you again."

Willie bowed deeply. "Is this your last word to me, Anneke? Can you not trust me even though appearances are against me?"

She could not look at him, for she felt her anger dying out, and a wild longing drawing her to him in spite of her belief in his unworthiness.

"If you had only told me," she murmured, then her mood changed, and she exclaimed scornfully, "but no, you tried to bribe me, you lied to me. I

will believe you true when you keep your promise and fill my lap with pearls," and turning from him she threw her arms around her grandfather's neck crying, "No, no, I never loved you. I could never have loved anything so base."

Willie went out of the room with his reason tottering. He strolled about the streets not knowing what he did. After a time he remembered vaguely his promise to meet some one at the old wharf. He forgot that he was to return to Rembrandt's house for his luggage, but he finally stumbled down to the waterside. The sailor was still waiting impatiently with the boat, though it was long past the time set for the rendezvous.

Willie fell over the thwarts as he tried to take his seat in the stern and as the sailor assisted him, grumbling about young blades who sat all night carousing, he replied sadly, "That's all over, my man. I've been intoxicated, but I am so no longer."

CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE BUCCANEERS AND THE MAROONERS.

There were forty craft in Aves that were both swift and stont,
All furnished well with small arms and cannon all about
And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free
To choose their gallant captains and obey them loyally.

And we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from the Indian folk of old.
Likewise the merchant captains with hearts as hard as stone
Who flog men and keel haul them and starve them to the bone.

Oh ! palms grow high in Aves and fruits that shine like gold,
And the coliberis and parrots were gorgeous to behold.
And the negro maids in Aves from bondage fast did flee
To welcome gallant sailors a sweeping in from sea.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

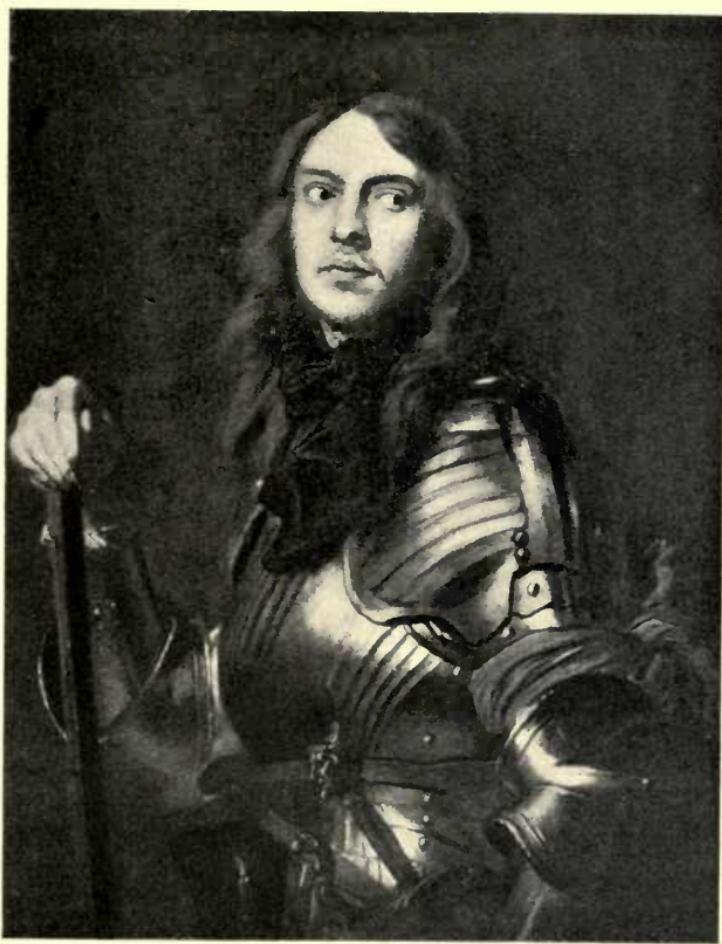


CAPTAIN MORGAN
was impatiently waiting
Willie's arrival to
weigh anchor and sail
for the Spanish Main,
as the West Indies had
been rightly designated for
two hundred years.

It was nearly a century and
a half since Columbus had dis-
covered America, and land-
ing on San Salvador claimed
the West Indies and the still unknown continents

of the Western Hemisphere for Spain. And for all this time although other countries had grumbled and questioned the right of Spain to these great possessions, they had not been wrested from her.

True, Portugal claimed Brazil. Sir Walter Raleigh had given his life, and his great heart had broken in the vain endeavor to establish England's right to a portion of this domain. But for the struggling colonies at Jamestown, Virginia, and in New England on the mainland of North America none could have foretold the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race, and Spain after her two centuries of discovery, of limited colonization and unlimited theft was still in fact the mistress of the New World. Little Holland through the enterprise of her West India Company was disputing her sovereignty of the seas and insisting on trading ports for her merchantmen, and a few adventurous Englishmen and Frenchmen had established themselves in the little island of St. Christopher or St. Kits, but this was so trifling a menace to her dominion that Spain hardly roused herself to take notice of the fact. The Dutch had only begun to think of colonizing. Their trading port at the mouth of the Hudson had opened the way to the formation of the New Netherlands; but in the West Indies these islands of St. Martin's in the northern Caribbees, and of



A MAN IN ARMOR. VAN DYCK.

Curaçao, Buen Ayre and Aruba on the coast of Venezuela, were such insignificant points in the vast area of New Spain as to be almost invisible.

At length the Spaniards noticed the little colony at St. Kits, and descending upon the island expelled the French and English settlers, who took refuge on a still smaller island, that of Tortuga, on the northern coast of Hayti or Hispaniola as it was then called. Here the French cultivated small plantations, and the English became hunters of the wild cattle with which the neighboring large island of Hispaniola abounded. The beef thus obtained they cured and sold to sailors, and as time went on they acquired such a reputation for this commodity that ships stopped regularly to provision at the island. The meat was cured by smoking over fires fed by the boucan nut, and was thus said to be boucaneed, and the hunters so preparing it were termed buccaneers. They were a wild, rough set, like our western cowboys, hunting and ranging the plains and camping together, generally by twos, sworn comrades nursing each other when sick or wounded, and often showing great devotion for one another. The port on the island of Tortuga, however, was a lawless place, the refuge of malcontents and malefactors. There were gambling and drinking and every kind of vice, and in time hunting seemed a

slow way of earning money, and some of the buccaneers made marauding expeditions in Spanish towns in Hispaniola and in Cuba. These were unfortunately so successful that large numbers banded together under popular leaders, ships were taken and refitted, and the buccaneers became pirates. Their hatred for the cruelty, treachery, and rapacity of the Spaniard was their excuse for these attacks; but they soon rivalled their enemies in all of these particulars, and robbed inoffensive merchant ships of every nation, not excepting their own, with equal impartiality. Such a nest of corsairs was the Island of Aves of which Kingsley wrote. For as piracy became more general other resorts were chosen, but Tortuga was the first and for many years the most important of these haunts of wickedness.

It was to Tortuga that the Black Lady, Captain Morgan's new ship, was bound; and the Captain was no better than the worst of the pirates there. Willie had guessed that his honesty was dubious from the first, and he revealed himself unmistakably the first day after they set sail.

The ship was ploughing merrily down the channel when the Captain called Willie into his cabin, remarking, "Now, Willie, my boy, you may give me your money and we will run into Dunkirk and get some more stores. By my agreement with his

Majesty I have my own expenses to pay and we are not half provisioned."

"You are welcome to all I have," Willie replied, "though I fear it will not go far," and he tossed his money-belt on the table.

The Captain counted the sovereigns with a scowl that grew darker as he realized the meagre amount. "What," he exclaimed, "did you do with the money which you obtained from the jewels?"

"I sent it to the King by Prince Frederick, as agreed upon," Willie replied simply.

The Captain's face grew absolutely livid with rage. "Fool, swindler," he yelled, "did you actually allow such a fortune to slip through your fingers?"

"I may have been a fool in simply performing my duty honorably," Willie replied, "but I fail to see how I deserve the name of swindler."

"Do you suppose that I would have taken you on this trip if I had not supposed that you would be of some use to me? What can you do? Will you swab decks, or fight?"

"I expect to fight the Spaniards, and I can bear a hand at work when necessary. But as we seem to be mistaken in each other I will be obliged to you if you will land me at the first port."

The Captain swore steadily for several minutes,

and having expended his wrath in that way began to laugh. "A fine joke," he muttered. "You have played it on me twice, Willie Nicoll; you are a sharp one, you are. So you thought it a good game to curry royal favor by sending that money straight to the King. Don't you know that when you come back from this voyage there may not be any King on the throne of England?"

"I would have done it all the same if I had been as certain of his failure as I am of his success."

"So, you are certain, are you? Well, you have been in a position to know more about it than Henry Morgan, and if when we do come back the King should happen to be on the throne, it might not be such a bad idea to have some influence at court. Harkee, Willie, I believe that you are a fellow who will stick to his word. If I forgive you these tricks, and mind you I've hung men for less, will you stand by me when we come back?"

"I would rather you would set me ashore when you stop to provision."

"Oh! would you? Well you may have the chance. As you cannot furnish the money to purchase provisions it will be quite useless for us to put in to any port, and we will simply overhaul the next merchantman we meet and fit ourselves out from her. We will kill the crew, if they offer re-

sistance ; if they surrender we will put them in irons. I have men enough to manage both ships, and we will maroon our prisoners, that is land them on the first desert island we touch, and you shall be welcome to go ashore with them if you like."

Willie was silent ; he resolved within himself that if the ship attacked were English he would accept the fate of its survivors ; but it so happened that they fell in off the Azores with a Spanish ship laden with plate (silver), and he had no compunctions of conscience in assisting in making her a prize. He bore himself so gallantly in this action, fighting by the side of Morgan, that the latter was completely won, and promised Willie to make war only on their national foes, the Spaniards, if he would remain with them.

The Captain's home was a lonely blockhouse, half hidden on a sheltered cove off the coast of Tortuga, and Morgan steered directly for this point instead of for the chief town of the island. It was well for him that he did so, for in going ashore he found only ashes and charred embers where his home had been. Carrion crows were sailing slowly above a thicket of bamboo at a little distance, and skirting it they found a spot all trampled and broken, which showed that his fugitive servants had been followed and massacred. Their bones had

been stripped by the crows, and it was impossible for Captain Morgan to tell whether Mookinga, the Voudoo witch, had been killed with the others. At all events she had vanished, and with her the hope of obtaining the pearls buried by the divers at Margarita.

When Willie asked who could have dared to do this, the Captain replied that it was plainly the work of the French settlers, between whom and the English buccaneers there had always been trouble.

"There are a number of planters in the valley beyond that range of hills, whose potatoes, tobacco, yams and sugar, I have frequently looted; but that they should dare to retaliate even in my absence, amazes me. We will row back to the ship for the night, and to-morrow wipe these cowardly miscreants from the face of the earth."

But Morgan was not to execute his threat. They had scarcely returned to the boats when they noticed that one of their ships was crowding canvas, and that the other was signalling to them to hasten on board. As soon as they reached the ship they saw the cause of alarm. A French man-of-war of large size had come in sight and was giving chase to their convoy the captured Spanish merchantman. "Ah! that is why my French neighbors were so impudent," Morgan exclaimed. "There

is a French fleet in port, and they have decided to drive the English from the island. We must scud, for we are not strong enough to meet them in open fight."

The French cruiser chased them far to the west, capturing their convoy. Avoiding Cuba, Morgan coasted the northern shore of Jamaica, which also belonged to Spain at this time, but was not so well settled as the larger island. Finding a sheltered inlet, tortuous enough to hide the ship in its windings between palm groves, he ran in, intending to remain in hiding until the French cruiser had given up the hunt and then venture out again. Unfortunately in the first bend of the inlet he ran the ship on a bar, and although concealed from his pursuers, was unable to leave his hiding, for his vessel was held fast in the grip of the treacherous sands.

Fearing the malaria of the lowlands and that they might at any time be discovered, Morgan and his sixteen men followed a little river which emptied into the inlet, and after tramping for miles along its bed, discovered a point in a rocky gorge, which they felt sure they could hold against all invaders.

Here they built a blockhouse of palm logs; and to this point they transferred provisions and conveniences from the ship. It was hard work, and

could only be done in moonlit nights, for the days were too warm, and the moist air was as enervating as that of an orchid house. They had an abundance of food, for beside the ship's stores, pigeons flew over in flocks, the shore swarmed with turtle, and thousands of crabs scuttled over the sand. These the sailors ate too freely, and presently half of their number were ill. They lacked vegetables, and though there were Spanish settlements further west they dared not approach them, and so they remained in their rocky ravine waiting for their sick to recover, and hoping after that to organize a hunting party.

One day a startling discovery was made by a member of their party,—the charred remnants of a camp-fire near their fort. A small party of men had passed that way recently, for their trail was fresh on the river bank, and showed that they had marched down toward the shore.

There was no proof that the blockhouse had been discovered, for it was situated at an angle in a side ravine. As many days went by and there were no further signs of the passing of any human being, the alarm occasioned by this incident subsided, and it was thought that the party must have been a band of hunters.

The rainy season was approaching, the migration

of the pigeons had long since ceased and Morgan with the strongest of his men set out to the plains to kill some of the wild cattle and boar, and provision their fort with meat against the time that they would be shut in.

One afternoon while the hunting party was away, Willie was exploring the upper part of the ravine, when he heard in a thicket at a little distance, the sweet, rich note of a bird hitherto unfamiliar to him. He listened attentively, and after a time he heard it again, prolonged and apparently nearer.

It was so full and clear that he imagined it must be quite large, and possibly of the mocking-bird species; and he stole nearer, skirting the thicket in hopes that he might catch a glimpse of the flash of its wings. The bird seemed to understand his curiosity and to be possessed with a spirit of mischief in luring him on, for presently the plaintive notes came from a grove further up the ravine. Or was it another bird of the same species answering the first? Impulsively Willie obeyed the strange, melancholy call, and dashed on toward the grove; but an instinct of caution made him pause before penetrating its jungle. At that instant of hesitation the sweet, alluring cry sounded from the midst of a clump of flowering shrubs close at hand, and to frighten the bird into showing itself he fired

into the bush. His shot was answered by a shriek, and a young negress sprang from the thicket, and stood wild-eyed before him with blood trickling from her wounded arm.

Willie was by far the more startled of the two, for the girl was not at all frightened, but simply indignant. She showed him the wound, chattering and scolding angrily in Spanish, and Willie, surprised and repentant, proceeded to dress the wound to the best of his ability. While doing so two negroes appeared armed with bows and arrows, to whom the girl explained the situation in some African dialect upon which they took away Willie's gun, and fastening a hammock to a long pole gave him one end to carry. The girl dropped into the hammock wearily, but murmured something as they were about to set forward.

One of the negroes darted into the thicket, and returning placed in her hand a Koromanti flute, made from a porous branch of the trumpet tree. It was with this instrument that the young negress had given the bird-like call, at once so sweet and melancholy, which had allured him into captivity.

For Willie was now a prisoner. He realized this as he tramped on for miles up the cañon into wilder and wilder regions.

Whither were they leading him, and for what

purpose? Was their clemency in sparing his life only that they might torture him later on?

Were these negroes the slaves of Spaniards, or acting on their own behalf? These were some of the questions which perplexed his mind as he stumbled up the rocky path, or waded the bed of the stream. They rested for a short time in the middle of the day, and then tramped on far into the night, arriving at last at a valley surrounded and hidden by a range of high hills. It was apparently the crater of an extinct volcano, or the bed of an ancient lake, which had burst its bounds and disappeared so long ago that a vast plain of arable soil brought down by the rains from the surrounding cliffs, had been deposited within its cup. This plain had been cultivated, and was covered with fields of tobacco, corn and coffee. At first Willie saw no houses or other signs of habitation, but as they descended into the valley the moon rose over the mountain range and he discovered that the rocky wall was pigeonholed with caves, tier upon tier, with narrow ramps and footpaths leading to them, like the cliff-dwellings of the ancient Pueblo Indians. There were so many of these caves that they formed an amphitheatre sweeping around the plantations, and Willie comprehended that he was in one of those cities of the

runaway slaves or marooners similar to that of Nanny. A sentinel at the pass, through which they entered the crater, lighted a torch and led them up a winding footpath to a great vaulted cavern, which was later to be known as Cudjos Cave, one of the council chambers of that celebrated king of the blacks.

As they approached the entrance they had been joined by other negroes who seemed to spring up from the ground, and to ooze from the rocks themselves. The procession filled the cavern with a murmuring crowd, who pressed forward to have a look at Willie. But other guards had joined the sentinel, who kept the crowd back, and Willie, too weary to stand, leaned against the wall and looked into the dark faces resolutely, wondering whether they had come to watch his execution. But there was curiosity, not fury in their gestures, and some women brought calabashes of mush and coffee, with which he refreshed himself. The wounded girl had left her hammock and disappeared before they entered the cavern, and presently a weird figure came from the extreme end, and mounting a block of stone, which appeared to have been placed there as a sort of rostrum, harangued the audience. She was an aged but energetic negress, her woolly hair whitened by age, and her figure bent, but her arms

sinewy and her voice powerful. She was dressed in a coarse robe of sacking, and supported herself with a long staff. As she talked the negroes grunted their approval, and finally, as she spread her hands above her head in dismissal, they obediently left the hall. Then the witch-like creature descended from her pedestal, and approaching Willie, addressed him to his intense surprise in fairly good English.

"Captain Morgan much trouble. No keep promise Mookinga, free her people, Margarita."

"Are you Mookinga?" Willie asked. "Then you ought to know that Captain Morgan was to return to Tortuga before setting out on the Margarita expedition. He did so, but found his home destroyed, and no Mookinga to tell him with what signals to rally the pearl divers of Margarita to his assistance."

The old woman nodded gravely.

"You take message to Captain Morgan. If he no shoot poor black people, no whip, no abuse, then they come down to ship, Mookinga work great spell, float ship, black people go with Captain Morgan. He show where to steer ship. Kill Spaniards, free slaves, give him pearl, much pearl."

Willie was by no means certain that Captain Morgan would be willing to man his vessel with a

crew of half savage blacks, but he reflected that it was quite safe to promise anything contingent on the floating of the ship, and as he was entirely in the power of this strange woman, he expressed his willingness to carry her message. He was not allowed to do so for many days. The girl, whom he had inadvertently shot, was Mookinga's daughter Figa. Willie's knowledge of surgery adapted to gunshot wounds, though rudimentary, was in advance of that of any of the negroes, and Mookinga insisted that he should not return until the girl's arm was cured. Meantime his position was very tolerable. The negroes were fugitives from the Spaniards, and some of them had even been house-servants, and knew the European ways of cooking. In their plantations inside the crater and in other fertile valleys further up the mountains, they cultivated many kinds of fruits and vegetables, and Willie especially enjoyed the bananas, and the sour wild oranges sweetened with brown sugar. Mookinga made delicate fritters, and when his appetite was satisfied it was a pleasant thing to—

“ Swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees.”

Figa had a small green parrot which it was amusing to attempt to teach. It already knew a number of Spanish words but appeared perplexed by

English. There were many strange song birds, he was told, in the mountains, but he was not allowed to wander outside of the crater. He was half guest and half prisoner, and was always watched by negroes quick to wait upon him, but who would have been equally officious in hindering any attempt to escape. Soon his imprisonment became closer and more irksome, for the rainy season came on.

The rain descended in sheets, and Willie was confined to the great cave. It was impossible now to descend the cañon, for the little stream had swollen to a torrent which filled the stony bed from wall to wall. So Willie remained a captive with the negroes and Morgan and his companions imagined that he had met his death. They, too, were prisoners, shut in by the driving rain, and the men were growing every day more restless, and were longing for any adventure, no matter how desperate, to release them from their Crusoe life.

At last the rain ceased and one morning, to their horror, the little garrison were awakened by the beating of drums and barbarous shouts and cries, and peering over their palings, saw that an armed band of half-naked negroes had seized the cliffs above them, and were in a position to fire down into their enclosure. The men snatched their guns, prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when they

saw two figures descending a narrow pathway. As they came nearer Captain Morgan saw that one of them was dressed in civilized garb, and carried a flag of truce, and that the other was a woman. Later when the door of the blockhouse was opened and they were allowed to enter he was astonished to recognize Willie and Mookinga.

The Captain was neither so incredulous as to Mookinga's power, nor so scrupulous as to conditions as Willie imagined that he would be, and an agreement was speedily made between them. It was arranged that nearly all the negroes were to return to their homes to bring provisions for the voyage; while only twenty were to be taken with Mookinga to Margarita to rescue the pearl divers as soon as the ship could be released from the sands.

When the larger party had departed the buccaneers descended with the other negroes to the shore. Mookinga led the procession, brandishing her staff, to which was tied as a fetich a serpent's skin stuffed with poisonous horse beans brought from Africa and a variety of other magical objects used in incantations.

Willie fancied that the Captain intended that the negroes should clear the sand from around the keel of the vessel while others lightened it by removing the cannon and ballast and that thus it would be

floated. What was his surprise therefore, to find on coming in sight of the inlet, that the Black Lady was entirely free of the sands, and had drifted quite a distance. He saw in an instant that this had been accomplished in a perfectly natural way, for the heavy rains had swollen the streams to torrents, and the freshet had lifted the ship from the treacherous bar. Mookinga, however, claimed the entire credit for this event, and the negroes scattering in several directions hauled from their hiding-places several canoes in which the entire party were paddled to the ship.

The negroes worked with a will, transferring the supplies from the blockhouse back to the ship, and in due time the others who had been sent to their mountain fastness returned with provisions, and Captain Morgan finally set sail in better condition than when cast away upon the island.

It will be readily understood that he could not be depended upon to take the part of the slaves any further than served his own interest; but he had long had the idea in his mind of attacking Margarita. He therefore determined to avail himself of the help of the blacks, and after the port was taken to act as was most convenient. Even now he did not feel strong enough to attempt the enterprise unaided, and he determined to cruise

along the northern coast of Hispaniola, hoping to fall in with some other pirate ship that would share in the adventure.

He would have found companions easily if he had stopped at Tortuga, for the French cruiser had made but a short stay, and the buccaneers were back at their old place of call where François Lolonnois was organizing an expedition to plunder the Spaniards.

Lolonnois was possibly the most brutal of all the pirates. He captured a Spanish frigate sent from Cuba, with a negro executioner on board instructed to hang all the pirates to the yard-arm. Lolonnois boarded the ship with his gang, and led the attack, striking off the heads of the Spaniards, and licking his cutlass after every blow. No leader of the buccaneers approached so nearly to being an incarnate fiend in the cold ingenuity of his tortures, though Morgan, when attempting to extract information of secreted treasure, was a close follower.

Ignorant of what was going on at Tortuga, Morgan gave his old haunts a wide berth, and sailed on past Porto Rico and the Virgin Islands to the Caribbees. As they came in sight of St. Martin one of the most northerly of this group, they were surprised to see that a naval engagement was going on in its principal harbor.

Two great Portuguese galleons had attempted to land, but had been pluckily met in the bay by three small yachts, which disputed their approach. The smallest of the vessels carrying but five guns and manned by thirty men sailed between the Portuguese ships, which were so near together that they dared not fire upon the yacht for fear of injuring each other. While the attention of the two crews was taken up by this daring exploit the other yachts grappled each the outer side of the two galleons, and their boarders were on deck before the Portuguese realized what had happened.

"Well done, Dutchmen!" shouted Morgan, "though they have a stiff bit of work before them yet, for the Portuguese outnumber them three to one."

"Dutchmen, did you say?" asked Willie. "You are right too, I recognize that little fleet of yachts, for I went on board them all with Kiliaen when they were lying at Amsterdam. The one on the port side of the larger galleon is the Neptune. That is the Cat to the starboard of the other, and that little hero sailing in between is the Paroquit, Stuyvesant's favorite, and his flagship. But he told me he was bound for Curaçao. What is he doing here?"

"Defending his dependency, and by the powers

he is doing it well. St. Martin belongs to the Dutch, but the Portuguese have long coveted it. We are in luck, Willie Nicoll, we are going to have sport better than the best cockfight or bear baiting you ever witnessed. We will lie off here at a safe distance and see them batter one another, and when all is over the victor may be so worried out that we can sail in and make prizes of them all. Perfect neutrality, says I, perfect neutrality, till I sees which way luck is going to jump, and then jump with it quick, and hard, and never mind what you jump on, Willie Nicoll!"

So they watched the unequal fight, taking turns at the ship's best spyglass. Willie's attention was concentrated on the yacht Paroquit which, it has been said, lay at close quarters between the two great galleons. Its five guns were being fired with such rapidity and effect that one of the Portuguese ships bore off to a safer distance leaving Willie a more unobstructed view. As he scrutinized the deck of the yacht he was attracted by two men; the first was Stuyvesant, who was here, there and everywhere,—directing the fire of the gunners, shouting to the helmsman, or the man who was running up signals to the other yachts, now vanishing, now reappearing, gesticulating, and, Willie felt sure though he could not hear the words,

—swearing as he delivered his vehement orders. The other man sat quite alone in an exposed portion of the deck with a strange contrivance rigged before him, which at first Willie imagined to be a great shield raised for his protection on a sort of tripod, but as Willie continued to study this puzzling figure it flashed through his mind that the shield was simply a large canvas on a sketching easel, the man an artist so carried away by enthusiasm, that he was painting with as complete absorption and coolness as though in the safest and most quiet of studios.

Suddenly, after an energetic dab at the canvas, the painter rose from his camp-stool, took a few steps backward to regard his work from a little distance, ran his fingers through his hair with a gesture of despair and precipitated himself upon his painting with renewed energy.

That dramatic gesture was enough to recall the artist to Willie, and he exclaimed: "It is Van der Velde; at last he has his opportunity."¹

¹The talents of William Van der Velde so recommended him to the States of Holland that they furnished him with a small vessel to accompany their fleets that he might design the different manœuvres and engagements. He was present at the battle between the English and the Dutch fleets under the command of the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam in which the ship of the latter with five hundred men was blown up. During the engagements he sailed between the fleets so as to represent every movement of the

At that instant a shot from one of the yacht's guns took effect in the powder magazine of the retreating Portuguese ship, there was a fearful explosion, a volcano of flame and burning fragments rose into the air, and then a curtain of smoke descended and hid the combatants from view.

ships with exactness, constantly exposing himself to the greatest danger without the least apparent anxiety. He wrote over the ships their names and those of their commanders, and under his own frail craft "V. Velde's Gallijodt."

Both he and his son were taken into the service of King Charles II., as appears from an order of the privy seal as follows: "Charles II. by the grace of God, etc., to our dear cousin, Prince Rupert, greeting. Whereas, we have thought fit to allow the salary of £100 per annum unto William Van der Velde the Elder for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of £100 per annum unto William Van der Velde the Younger, for putting the said draughts in color for our own particular use,—we do hereby require said salaries to be paid unto them, and for so doing these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge."

CHAPTER VIII.

ORANGE BOVEN.¹

“ Will you have a white knot?

No, it is too cold.

Give me splendid orange,

Tint of flame and gold.

“ Aye the maid of Holland

For her own true love

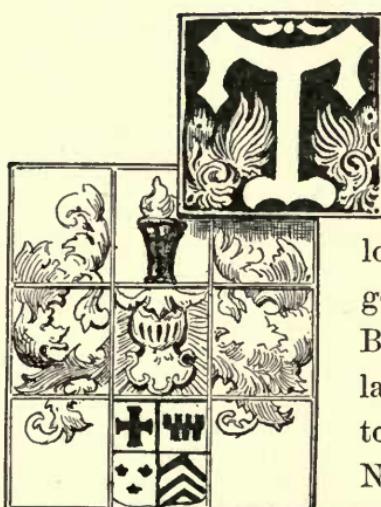
Ties the gleaming orange,

Orange still above!

O oranje boven!

Orange still above! ”

—*Dutch national song translated.*



O the Dutchman,” (says Griffis) “ orange is a symbolical as well as historical color. Compounded of red and yellow, it tells of blood and gold, life and property.” Both of these the Hollander was always willing to lavish for his country. No one had more generously given his wealth than

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer; his ambition even had been

¹ *Oranje boven*, orange above.

so mingled with patriotism that it was hardly personal, and when the wrench came that tore asunder the interests of his family and those of his Prince his loyalty never wavered.

It is true that on the day that the marriage of Prince William II. with the Princess Mary of England, was publicly proclaimed in Amsterdam, he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, but he rallied almost immediately and no one but little Anneke saw any connection between the two events or guessed at the mirage which vanished with this certainty.

Young Kiliaen had been upon the point of sailing for New Amsterdam in his grandfather's ship the *Goede Vrouw*, but he put off his departure indefinitely, unwilling to leave Holland until the old man's recovery, and the ship which took back Jermias Van Rensselaer sailed without him.

Before she started upon her voyage her owner was borne on board and transported across the southern end of the Zuyder Zee to his ancestral estates in Gelderland, the Riddergoed of Rensselaerwyck near Nykerk, to spend the months of his convalescence in the old moated manor house.

Young Kiliaen and Anneke nursed him devotedly and he was affectionate to both, but tenderer and more confidential to his granddaughter, with whom

he spoke frankly of the thwarting of his hopes, absolving the Prince from all blame.

"It was all a mistake," he said. "I understand it now as I look back upon our conversation. The Prince was thinking of the English marriage. He supposed that I referred to the Princess Mary and had no thought of you. You must forgive him."

"It seems," Anneke replied, "that I have nothing to forgive. The Prince meant me no harm and I never cared for him, but this young man, who played his part and imposed upon us both, I can never forgive."

They drove together along the wet roads between the canals and the seashore, ready to hoist the great top of the heavy carriage when the pearly mist changed to actual rain, for the air like the earth was surcharged with moisture. They were gracious drops, however, and the sunbeams twinkled through them so blithely, turning the tiny globules into thousands of diamonds brilliant with prismatic color, that the young people were never depressed. They were young, and could no more give themselves to despondency than the ducklings that swam among water lilies. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer the elder, was tranquil and thoughtful. Little by little he regained his hold on life, though

he often lost himself in his musings and did not hear or understand when spoken to, so that the cousins were practically alone. One day Kiliaen overestimated his grandfather's preoccupation. "The Goede Vrouw," he said, "has returned, and grandfather is so much better that I need delay my departure no longer. He told me so yesterday. He wishes me to go to Harderwijk, where the ship is waiting, and see that she is put in readiness for sailing for America."

"I wish," said Anneke impulsively, "that I were going back with you."

"Then why not, dear Anneke? Be my wife now, instead of making me wait until I can come back to claim you."

Anneke had started when he began to speak and she now interrupted him. "I do not understand you, Kiliaen. I never said you might come back to claim me at all, and you have never asked me to be your wife—have never even told me that you loved me."

"But surely that was always understood. Our parents settled all that when we were babies. I am sure that the earliest thing that I can remember was my mother scolding me for kissing a neighbor's little girl because I was promised to my cousin in America."

"And have you loved me all these years?" Anneke asked mischievously.

"I confess I have hated you very heartily. The thought that we were as good as betrothed has come in many a time to spoil my pleasure. But all that vanished as soon as I saw you. I became from that moment the most dutiful son in the world. The day after I first called on you, Anneke, I said to my mother, 'My will is yours.' Poor Willie Nicoll, it was all over with him the same day. We confessed it to each other. You will be surprised to know that we were rivals from that moment, but he, poor fellow, had no chance, that is why I tell you now that he loved you. We promised that we would be rivals in all honor, and I could never respect myself if I took a mean advantage of my friend. You must first choose between us, for if you care for him I will go to Leyden and tell him so before I sail. He is a good fellow, Anneke, and honorable as the day is long."

"No," cried Anneke, "that is just what he is not. He is a false friend; never trust him more."

"What do you mean, Anneke," Kiliaen asked, his trouble showing itself in his face and voice. But their grandfather, who had seemingly been asleep in his chair, roused himself suddenly and

asked for his pipe. "Do not bother Anneke by asking her how it happens that she dislikes your friend," he said to Kiliaen as the girl ran for the pipe, "be satisfied that she does not love him, and that she loves you. Is not that enough?"

"Oh! More than enough," Kiliaen replied, but Anneke, who had heard both, answered, "I shall tell Kiliaen all the truth, grandfather." She did so very bravely, not concealing that she had fancied that she loved Willie until she knew that he had made use of such dishonorable means to meet her. "Then," she said simply, "I knew that I never loved that unworthy one but only the noble character that I imagined him to be. You could never have done such a thing, Cousin Kiliaen."

Kiliaen pondered deeply. "I cannot believe it," he cried. "It is so unlike Willie, but since you assure me that he did this thing I must believe that his love for you is greater than mine, since it could make him forget honor."

"I know it," Anneke replied proudly. "You are a true Hollander and a true Van Rensselaer and so am I. We hold certain things dearer than love itself, and so I trust you as you may trust me. I love you too, I am sure, quite as much as you love me. It is not just what I thought the love of husband and wife would be, but if you are satisfied,

Kiliaen, I will be your wife and I promise to be a true and grateful one."

"Say a happy one, Anneke, for I love you with all my heart."

"Of course she will be happy," broke in the old man. "Hasn't she said that she has no regrets, that she is grateful for your love and proud of you, in short that she loves you? Why split hairs as to whether it is just the love of a wife for a husband? What do you know about that, I should like to know? Down on your knees both of you, and thank God each for the other. He gives no better gift than you each received to-day."

They knelt beside their grandfather's armchair, and he embraced them both, and blessed them.

A few weeks later they were married by their Uncle Nicolaus, the seer; but when they asked him for a vision of their future he said solemnly, "Ask me not, I can see but a little way. Sometimes the vision fails, and then 'tis best not to know."

From the moment that Anneke and Kiliaen understood each other their grandfather seemed to receive a new lease of life. He took an active interest in the hurried preparations for the wedding, giving orders for a change in the lading of the Goede Vrouw, and ordering her to be ballasted

with brick for the building of the new home on the Hudson, and laden with rich household furniture, carved chests of linen and massive plate engraved with the family coat-of-arms, a bale of rugs which had been brought back in one of his ships from Constantinople, a box of books and even some paintings.

"I cannot give you the jewels, my child;" he said, "the crown which I imagined might be yours one day will be worn by the daughter of King Charles. But some day I may fashion for you another. That vast new country has great opportunities and possibly great surprises in store for us."

The usual route for the Dutch at that day to their colony on the Hudson, was by way of the West Indies, and Kiliaen Van Rensselaer had a special reason for wishing the Goede Vrouw to go first to Curaçao. He had long planned to visit the island himself, and to establish there a branch house for the purchase of such of the Panama pearls and those of Margarita as could be obtained from smugglers, and he now sent out his youngest son to superintend this business.

"Governor Stuyvesant will receive you well for my sake," he said, "and will put you in the way of making your fortune. The Spaniards themselves will be glad to evade their own laws and trade with

us, for we can make it greatly to their advantage to do so."

The wedding was a stately one, the family returning to Amsterdam for its celebration, and the numerous connections rallying to do the young couple honor. Ex-Governor Wouter Van Twiller and his wife took an especial interest in the emigration of their nephew, and though Kiliaen used to say in sport that his uncle's career in New Netherlands furnished him with many brilliant examples of what not to do, he was fond of the old man and especially so of his Aunt Petronella. The Goede Vrouw was gaily bedecked with orange bunting, and the old national song with which we have headed this chapter, was sung by the wedding guests as they stood in front of the Schreyerstoren and waved a farewell to Goede Vrouw as she followed the very track which had been taken by the Black Lady, which two years before had carried Willie Nicoll on his despairing voyage to the Spanish Main.

To just the point where they embarked the tourists of to-day flock to take the small steamers which make trips at every hour of the day to interesting points in the vicinity of the city, but few probably know the history of the old tower which still watches over the harbor as it did when Anneke

sailed away. It is built in fantastic style and called the Schreyerstoren or Tower of Tears, because it was here that the mariners departing on their long voyages bade farewell to their friends.

Over the gate is an ancient bas-relief, representing a weeping woman, and in the distance a departing ship, a tablet said to have been placed there in memory of a sailor's wife who died of grief, but emblematical as well of many another broken heart.

The island of Curaçao to which Anneke and Kiliaen were bound was one of the early discoveries. Amerigo Vespucci, whose name was given later to both continents, came upon it with Columbus' lieutenant, Ojeda, in 1499, and called it the Isle of Giants, from the men of great stature whom he found there. Vespucci was a Venetian, and he gave the name of Venezuela, or Little Venice, to the entire northern coast of South America which he skirted in this voyage, because the delta of the Orinoco with its numerous islands reminded him of his native lagoons. Up this many-mouthed Orinoco Raleigh sailed later, to make his ill-fated attempt to claim its gold fields for England. Vespucci did not ascend the river, but simply threaded the inlets and land-locked bays—boldly entering the unknown lake between Trinidad and the mainland by the Serpent's Mouth, and leaving it by the Dragons',

coasting Margarita, all unconscious of its treasure of pearl, and discovering the three small islands of Buen Ayre, Curaçao, and Aruba which the Dutch were to take in 1632, entered the Gulf of Maracaibo. There the Spaniards were to build one of their richest and most unfortunate cities, richest because it was the centre of the entire South American trade, and unfortunate because its wealth attracted frequent visits from pirates, who burned and plundered the town, killing and torturing its inhabitants.

This was the course followed by the *Goede Vrouw*, save that it darted swiftly past Margarita, giving its castle a wide berth, for close beside it was anchored the Spanish plate ship, Magdalena, taking on a cargo of pearls, and the Dutch sloop was not prepared to attack the Spanish galleon.

Anneke was surprised by the homelike aspect of Curaçao, for the Dutch settlers had done wonders in their short time of occupancy. They had found a small arid island, its natural deficiency of water only partly supplied by the cisterns which the Spaniards had built, and its resources entirely undeveloped. But the Hollanders had set to work and by means of plentiful irrigation had rendered its plains productive. Canals had been carried inland from the bay of Santa Anna on which the town of Willemstadt was built. Its deep and shel-

tered harbor was the chief rendezvous of the Dutch West Indian fleet, and as the *Goede Vrouw* rounded its breakwater, Kiliaen recognized Stuyvesant's little squadron of one ship and three yachts. A salute was fired in their honor as they landed, and presently the director's boat, rowed by stout negroes, came dashing down the Schottegat. This deep lagoon separated the business part of the town from its residential suburb, the "Oberzijde," whose green plantations were reflected in spreading swamps which reminded the young emigrants of the watery landscapes of their native land. True, everything was on a tiny scale. Fort Amsterdam, which defended the harbor, was only a small town, the houses were of one story, for fear of earthquakes, and were built of adobe bricks; but many of them were roofed with red tiles brought from Holland. The costumes were those of the Dutch peasant, and the dear familiar Dutch language appeared on the signs of their shops and was heard on every hand.

Stuyvesant conveyed his guests to his bowery, or farm, where they were greeted by his wife, a charming woman, of French Huguenot extraction. He gave them a hearty welcome and urged them to make a long visit, for he could do nothing at present to forward the pearl merchant's plans of establish-

ing a branch house at Willemstadt. They had arrived just as he was on the point of departing for the plucky defence of St. Martin which Willie was to witness. He could not tell what would be the result of his trip, but if successful he promised to return by way of Margarita and possibly make a raid upon its port, though he could not spare men enough to leave a permanent garrison and hold it for Holland unless reinforcements were sent him from the mother country. In the meantime he begged his guests to defer their departure to New Amsterdam until his return, and this they readily agreed to do.

The island of Curaçao was a pleasant place to linger in, for the director's bowery was planted with orange groves, whose sweet perfume hung heavily in the warm air. They swung lazily in the hammocks and watched the fruit grow round and golden above their heads, and Anneke declared that even nature here was declaring for Holland, and singing Orange Boven. Stuyvesant had had no such sentimental ideas in planting the orange groves. The climate was suited to their cultivation, they were a profitable article of export, and it was possible to distil from them a delectable variety of Dutch Schnaps, the liqueur called Curaçao, for which the island is still celebrated.

Orange Boven was not the only song sung under the orange branches. Just as the Goede Vrouw had been about to leave the port of Amsterdam, one of Van Rensselaer's workmen had rushed on board with Willie Nicoll's mandolin which had been entrusted to him long before to mend. He had accomplished his task very cleverly, and when, after they had been several days at sea, Kiliaen found the mandolin lying on the cabin table and ran his fingers over its strings, he found the instrument in perfect condition.

It reminded him with a shock of his lost friend. He had forgiven what he believed to be Willie's baseness because of his love, and he had even accepted his own success with less compunction because he believed that Willie had been justly punished for resorting to unfair means in their rivalry. All the greater, he thought, must have been Willie's grief and chagrin that his sacrifice of honor was in vain, and Kiliaen's noble heart held only a great pity for his wretched friend.

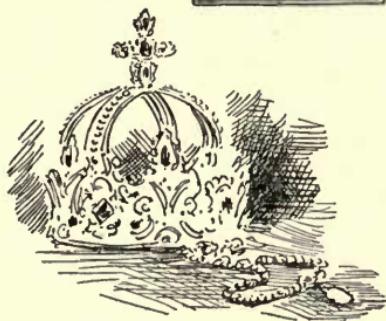
Anneke did not connect the mandolin with Willie, and when Kiliaen touched it and sang tender love songs under the arching orange boughs the notes wakened no troubled memories in her calm and happy mind.

CHAPTER IX.

PEARLS AND TEARS.

But she drained into each ruby's heart from mine a drop of blood,
And a purity my spirit lost with every pearl that fell,
Then she laughed, "Good pearls thy tears are now, thy kisses rubies
good,
And the proper use of precious stones thy little one knows
well."

—*Lord Lytton.*



HEN Stuyvesant and Willie had competed in citing examples of Dutch and English bravery as they sat with the Van Rensselaers in the pleasant arbor at Amsterdam, Willie had capped the heroic death of Kla-zoon with that of Sir Richard Grenville and

there the argument had rested.

But there was one Dutch naval hero whom Stuyvesant had not mentioned at that time, possibly be-

cause while his heart was fired with a fierce desire to emulate his wonderful exploit, he could not defend on high moral grounds the principle of revenge.¹

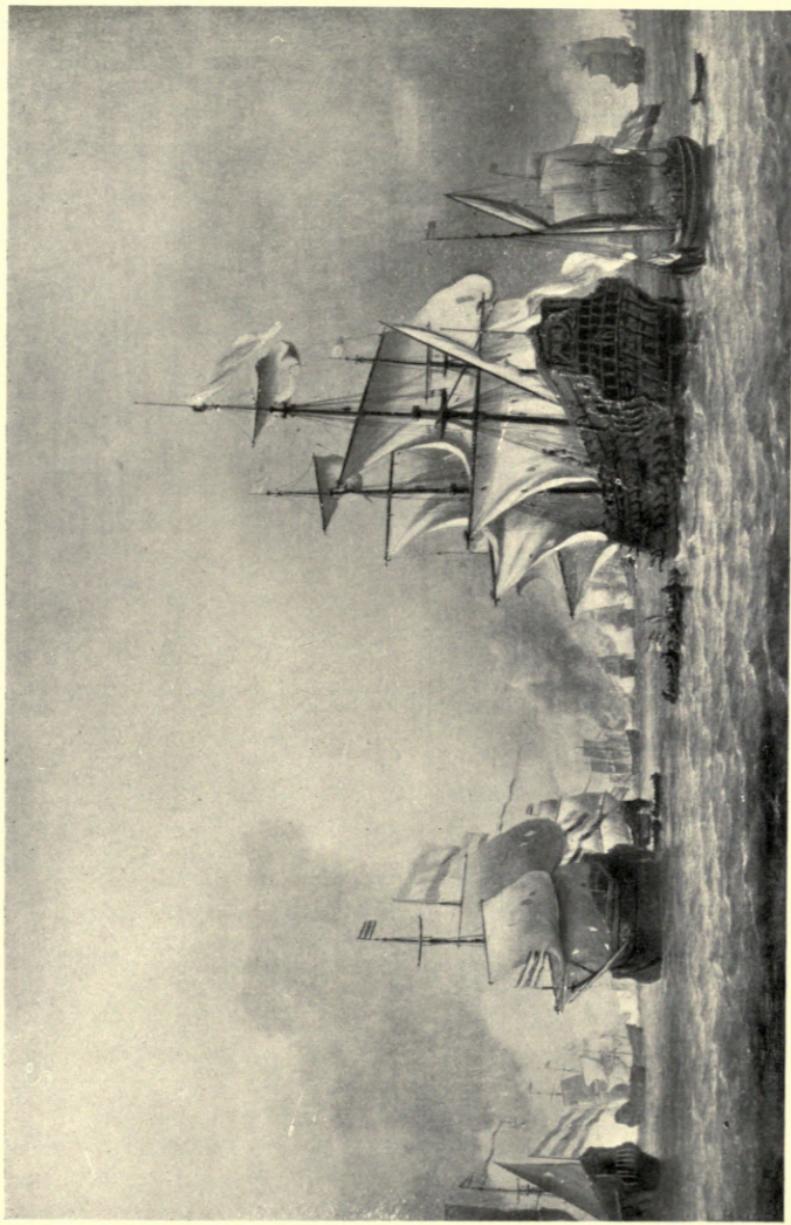
Jacob Van Heemskerk was but the individual expression of the national desire to balance the bloody account with Spain, and we can best understand one phase of the Dutch spirit, as inherited from the immediate ancestors of the men of the time we are considering, by turning a leaf backward in history to one of the naval exploits of Holland.

Van Heemskerk by turns merchantman, explorer, privateer and admiral of the navy was a man of refined appearance with fair hair and gentle expression, but he hid under his delicate physique an iron will and unconquerable valor and ambition.

Placed in command of the Dutch fleet of twenty-six small ships, he set out in the spring of 1607 for the coast of Spain. Vice Admiral Alteras was next to himself in command, but Lambert, nicknamed on account of his beauty, Pretty Lambert, was among all the captains Heemskerk's best friend.

They had news from merchantmen that the entire

¹ The author acknowledges her indebtedness to Motley for the stories of Holland's naval greatness as supposed to have been related by Stuyvesant in chapter iv., and also for the exploit of Heemskerk given in chapter ix.



MARINE WARSHIPS, VAN DE VELDE.

Spanish fleet of warships was lying in wait in the Straits of Gibraltar for Netherland traders returning from the East. Although they knew that this fleet was far superior to their own, the Netherlanders advanced eagerly to its attack, encouraged by Heemskerk, who called the captains to a council on board his flagship.

"I have led you into a position," he said, "whence escape is impossible; you have no choice between triumph and destruction. The enemy's ships are far superior to ours in bulk; but remember that their excessive size makes them difficult to handle and easier to hit, while our own vessels are entirely within control."

He explained the plan of attack. They would advance two by two, himself leading, with Pretty Lambert, and so grapple each of the great ships they met simultaneously on either side. Heemskerk was in complete armor, with orange plumes and silken orange scarf across his heart, and as he raised the loving cup and dictated an oath to stand by his comrades to the bitter death, each of his captains repeated it solemnly, and drank the parting health with enthusiasm. Then they returned to their ships which were appropriately named for the most savage of beasts of prey, the Tiger, the Sea Dog, the Griffin, the Red Lion, the Golden Lion, the

Black Bear and the White Bear, and others of like rapacity.

The Spanish ships had been baptized by the most sacred names known in their religion and were supposed to be under the special protection of the holy personages whose godchildren they were.

There were several named for the Madonna, as, Our Lady of La Vega, The Mother of God, and the flagship was the St. Augustine. They bore at least four thousand soldiers beside the sailors.

At the first encounter the two admirals, Spanish and Dutch, were slain, but a cloak was thrown over the body of the gallant Heemskerk and the fight went on, few of his men knowing that he was slain. "Long Harry," too, was killed, but "Pretty Lambert" bore a charmed life.

Two by two the little ships closed on each of the great galleons, the men boarding on each side after one or two broadsides. One by one the Spanish ships succumbed and sank, or drifted helplessly about burning, to the water's edge. "Our Lady of Vega ablaze from top gallant mast to quarter deck," floated a frightful torch among the clouds of smoke, "her guns going off wildly and her crew dashing themselves into the sea." Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion, one of the largest galleons had blown up, and its blazing wreckage floated

about setting two more of the Spanish ships on fire. "It seemed," said an eyewitness, "as if heaven and earth were passing away."

At last every galleon was sunk or burned. It was a great victory honorably gained; but the sequel was dishonorable. The crews of the Dutch ships swarmed into their long boats and rowed about among the drowning wretches with which the bay was filled; but it was not to emulate the humanity of the crew of the Half Moon who saved two hundred of their enemies. The blood of the Dutch seamen was up, and, burning to revenge the death of their commander, the crews of the Tiger the Lion and the Bear showed a bestial ferocity as they beat the dying wretches with their boat-hooks and held them down to drown, shooting and stabbing such as clung to their boat sides imploring mercy. This infamous butchery shows the difference between honorable and dishonorable warfare, and how easily god-fearing patriots may be transformed into fiends.

The war between Holland and Spain had nearly reached its conclusion, but in the Spanish Main the political situation was not clearly defined. The Dutch had become conscious of their power, for the West India Company had since 1621 captured five-hundred and forty-seven vessels, mainly off the coast

of America, the prize money from which amounted to thirty million guilders (over twelve million dollars), while the damage to Spain was at least six times as much. It had recently conquered Brazil, which with Portugal and her colonies was in the hands of Spain,¹ and it must be understood that in attacking the Portuguese who had seized St. Martin, Stuyvesant was virtually following the example of Heemskerk in visiting the revenge of Holland upon Spain.

After the smoke which had obscured the issue of the combat at St. Martin had cleared, it was evident to Captain Morgan and to Willie that the entire situation had changed. One of the Portuguese ships lay a dismantled hulk, the other was scudding for dear life, and the Dutch were masters of the field. They had made no attempt, however, to follow the retreating galleon, but were huddled in a quiet, and, for victors, rather disconsolate group. It needed but a second glance to divine the reason. A circle of anxious men about a prostrate form on the deck of the Paroquit, showed that the leader had fallen, and that consternation reigned for the moment among his followers.

“Now is our chance ;” exclaimed Morgan, “if we

¹ Rodney’s West Indies and Spanish Main.

attack the Dutch now we have some chance of taking them by surprise."

"Would it not be better," Willie urged, "to give chase to the Portuguese ship? She is a better prize, and the Dutch are recovering from their disorder. See, the largest of their yachts has discovered us and is preparing to give us a warm reception."

"You are right, Willie," Morgan admitted reluctantly; "they were game enough to do for the two galleons. It was the part of prudence to gain them as allies rather than attack them. You say you knew their commander in Amsterdam. Take to the boat, let some of these blacks row you out with a flag of truce. Present my compliments, and see if you can patch up a partnership for an attack on Margarita. In the meantime I'll follow up the galleon and whatever the result will come back and join you here."

Willie quickly obeyed the Captain and was taken on board the Paroquit, where he found that Stuyvesant, though desperately wounded, was still giving orders. A cannon ball had carried off his leg. He had been treated by the surgeon of the fleet and he lay in a hammock, very pale, but with his resolute will still undaunted. He had placed no one else in command and his lieutenant came constantly to him with information and received his directions.

He recognized Willie, and greeted him in a friendly manner—but listened somewhat dubiously to Morgan's overtures. “ You are not in such company as I would wish for you, my lad,” he said, “ and to tell the truth I wish nothing more earnestly from your Captain than that he leave me to my own business. I neither wish his enmity nor his favor, put it as you think best, but that is the matter of my message.”

When Willie explained that Captain Morgan had followed the fleeing Portuguese galleon, but had promised to return shortly to St. Martin, Stuyvesant replied gleefully, “ Then you are my prisoner, my lad, for I have no intention of awaiting the return of your Captain. You and your negroes shall go with me to Curaçao, prisoners or guests as you will, and a lucky thing it is for you that you are rid of your buccaneering friends. As for the attack on the Spanish castle at Margarita, I had that adventure in mind myself. We will outsail the Black Lady and when she reaches Margarita the work will have been done—Kiliaen and Anneke Van Rensselaer, your old friends, are at Curaçao. You could do them no greater favor than to assist in the seizure of Margarita. Can you think of a prettier sight in the world than Anneke’s face will be when we fill her apron with pearls ? ”

It was a chance remark, but it was destined to influence Willie's career in a most important crisis. The order was passed along to the other yachts to proceed to the neighboring Dutch island of St. Eustatius in order to repair the damages sustained in the encounter and to prepare for this next adventure. Stuyvesant passed a painful night ; he had exerted himself too much mentally after being wounded, and he was in a high fever. The surgeon was much alarmed. "He can never direct an engagement in this condition," he said to the other officers, "nor have I any hope of his recovery in this hot climate. If we steer at once for Holland we may be able to combat his fever when we strike the cool breezes of the open ocean ; and if his wound does not heal favorably or there is need of a second operation, we can call in the assistance of the best surgical advice in Europe. I refuse to be responsible for his safety in these latitudes." In this emergency it was decided to give up the Margarita expedition, the yacht Cat returning to Curaçao to report the news, and the Neptune with Stuyvesant's Paroquit attempting the voyage across the Atlantic.

William Van der Velde went back to Curaçao, but before he left he said to Willie—

" You are needed at home, Nicoll. There are

wild doings in England, there was rumor of civil war when I left Holland; you should be fighting under Prince Rupert, who passed through the Hague on his way to take a commission under his royal uncle, King Charles."

At another time this information would have met with but one answer from Willie, but now it awoke a fierce struggle within his breast. Anneke was at Curaçao and every leap which the Paroquit took across the waves was bearing him away from her. Stuyvesant had not said that she was married to Kiliaen, he was delirious now and could not give the information which would have quenched the wild hope which was flaming once more in Willie's heart. The Cat had sailed for Curaçao, but on the horizon there appeared the familiar shape of the Black Lady. Morgan was returning successful from his chase of the Portuguese ship, which was following at some distance as his prize, and manned by some of his buccaneers, its own crew having been marooned on a neighboring island. This division of his men made Morgan hesitate to attack the Dutch ships, while he was still hopeful that Willie had secured them as allies. He accordingly stopped at a little distance, signalling that he wished to confer with the commander.

"Pay no attention to his signals," shouted the lieutenant, "but crowd all canvas and sail by; we have the wind in our favor, and can give him the slip." When his choice lay only between accepting Captain Morgan's conditions or death it had never occurred to Willie that he would not embrace the first opportunity of escape from the pirates which might open before him, but he was destined to surprise himself and his captain as well, by voluntarily turning his back upon a return to England with all its honorable possibilities, and demanding that his boat should be lowered and his negroes allowed to row him to the pirate ship. If Stuyvesant had been on deck he would not have been permitted any choice in the matter; but Willie was so peremptory that he was allowed to depart, much to the distress of honest William Van der Velde.

To Captain Morgan his decision was most gratifying. "I was afraid you might slip me, Willie; forgive me that I misjudged you. You shall never regret the stand you have taken this day. I'll share with you share and share alike. As they say in the marriage service for 'better or for worse' half of the better and half of the worser."

They were now embarked in good earnest for Margarita. Morgan had found an abundance of

arms and provisions on board the galleon, and though he had not as many men as he could have wished, he hoped that the rising of the slaves at Mookinga's signals would supply that deficiency. At first he was angry with Stuyvesant for not accepting his overtures, but came to look upon the refusal as fortunate, as there would be fewer claimants for the plunder. They were talking one day with Mookinga about the location of the pearl fisheries and the manner in which the pearls were stored and obtained, when Morgan asked Willie whether it was true as he had heard that pearls were the eggs of oysters. Willie expounded the new theory of their formation, telling how the origin of the pearl had been the subject of recent discussion by the professor of natural history at Leyden, who maintained that it was formed by the irritation of a grain of sand, or some other intruding substance, causing the oyster to protect its delicate body, by secreting about it the nacre, the same beautiful substance with which its rough shell is lined. "If this is so," he added, "I would greatly like to keep a few pearl oysters in a tank and experiment upon them, by introducing shot and other small objects within their shells."

"You shall have not alone all the shells you want," said Mookinga, "but pearls too, a calabash

of pearls, when you free my people. Are we many days distant from the island?"

"Not many, Mookinga. Tell us how the negroes manage the pearl fishing."

Mookinga described the method as she had often witnessed it. The divers paddling out in their canoes to the oyster bed, then fastening around their bodies one end of the rope by which they were to be hauled up, and dropping over the sides of the canoes into the deep water. They hastened their sinking by means of a heavy stone tied to their feet, and carried with them a knife, with which to dislodge the shells from their rocky bed, a basket in which to bestow them, and a sponge dipped in oil. This was the most important of all the objects, for from it the diver from time to time sucked a little of the air which the oil prevented from escaping through the water.

When the negro could remain no longer he untied the weight from his feet, jerked at the rope, and was hauled up with his basket of oysters. Five minutes was the usual limit of endurance.

"Were any very large pearls found at Margarita while you were there?" Morgan asked. In reply Mookinga told of a marvellous great pearl of the shape and size of a small pear, which had been found long ago, when a boy, by an aged negro of

her acquaintance. It was so wonderful that he had been given his freedom, and the other divers were promised that if its equal were ever found they too should be free, but its like was never seen. The admiral of the Spanish fleet carried it back to Spain, where, she was told, the King wore it in his hat. But before it went it was taken into church and laid before the image of the virgin, and there the missionary priest christened it as though it had been a baby.

"Stop," cried Willie. "I can tell you what it was christened—La Pelegrina, the pilgrim. I have seen the pearl and I know where it is now."

"Yes," replied Mookinga, "it was La Pelegrina, but wherever it is it will bring trouble. The negroes called it the tear of the All Pitiful, for they believed that one day the Christ, that the padre told us of, looked down on Margarita, and when he saw the woes of the pearl divers he wept, and this pearl was one of his tears. Certain it is that wher-
ever it rests tears will rain."

"May it bring no tears to the gentle eyes of her on whose breast I saw it last," said Willie, fervently.

No attention was paid to his remark, for Morgan now called upon him to assist in planning the at-
tack upon the fort at the entrance of the harbor.

It was Morgan's scheme to land Mookinga and

some of the blacks at a little distance from the port, two nights before the attack was to be made, and thus allow them to prepare the slaves for an uprising. He then proposed to hoist the Spanish colors on the ship which he had captured, and sail boldly by the fort into the harbor, followed by the Black Lady. This was only to be done if there were no Spanish men-of-war in the harbor,—as it was madness to attempt an attack if the Plate fleet were stopping for a cargo of pearls.

Fortunately for the pirate's attack, but not for his gathering, the Spanish fleet had just made its collection and had sailed away. The commander of the Castle allowed the two vessels to pass unchallenged, for he recognized the galleon which had provisioned here, and had not heard of the result of its attack on St. Martin.

All happened exactly as Morgan had planned. As soon as the ships appeared before the town, a conflagration, set by the slaves, broke out in the suburbs, and, while the inhabitants rushed to extinguish it, Morgan landed his men unopposed, and, with the assistance of the negroes, barricaded all the city gates opening toward the country, while he looted the principal buildings.

It is not the writer's intention to describe the horrors of one of Morgan's raids, the indiscriminate

massacre and wanton cruelty ; aged people tortured in the hope of gaining information of hidden treasure, priests murdered before the altar and the sacred vessels and vestments seized. For a little while men seemed changed to fiends. Willie was everywhere striving to protect and to intercede for the unfortunates, but the memory of that day of carnage, followed by a night of riot, remained with him until his death. Morgan was furious to find that the pearls had just been shipped to Spain, and that his plunder was after all hardly worth the pains. He took what he could of miscellaneous booty, and about sixty of the negroes led by Mookinga trooped on board the galleon, when he gave the order to put to sea. Margarita was in the track of Spanish commerce, and it was dangerous to remain here longer than necessary. The descent had been sudden, the blow swift and terrible, but flight must be immediate. As it was, the garrison at the fort had become alarmed and the pirates feared that they would have to run the gauntlet of its guns in leaving. But a negro pilot guided them through a channel known only to the pearl divers, quite out of reach of the cannon, and when the island faded from view they were gliding as safely and peacefully on their way as though their errand had not been one of death. It was in vain that

Willie told himself that these people were Spaniards, enemies both of the English and the Dutch ; war had never seemed so hideous to him and he was sick at heart. There was only one redeeming feature to it all,—the slaves had obtained their freedom. They were squatted upon the after deck in a circle around Mookinga, who was telling them of the beauties of the mountain village in Jamaica to which she believed they were bound.

As Willie looked at these poor creatures and saw their stolid faces lighten with something like hope, he strove to console himself with the thought that some good was to come out of all this cruelty. He was speaking encouragingly to Mookinga when Captain Morgan called him to join him in the cabin.

“I have been dividing the prizes ;” he said to Willie, “each man has his share, and now it is our turn. I have said that we should share alike, and I will do even better by you than I promised, for you shall take your choice of the two lots which I have reserved. There is one,” (pointing to a small calabash of pearls which lay on his bed). “Mookinga kept her promise, and brought these to me. See, they are all fine ones, secreted from time to time, by the divers. If it were not for Mookinga we would have had almost no pearls. You have doubt-

less some sweetheart, in England or elsewhere, who will know what to do with those baubles, but if they are not to your mind then you may have what I consider a fair equivalent in value."

"What is that?" asked Willie.

"The sixty slaves of Margarita, and the twenty we took on board at Jamaica. They are fine, able-bodied negroes, and they will bring a good price from the Dutch planters of Caraçao, where we are now bound."

Willie started. "But you promised Mookinga that you would set her people at liberty, if they would help you against the Spaniards and give you these pearls!"

"What is a promise to a negress?" the Captain asked, scornfully.

"An honorable man's promise is his promise, no matter to whom it is given," Willie replied, simply.

"Do you dare to preach to me?" Morgan asked, laying his hand on his sword.

"No, Captain Morgan, but I beg of you to take these negroes to Jamaica, according to your agreement."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. If you choose them as your share of the plunder, you may take them where you please. If you choose the pearls, I shall trade the negroes for a cargo of that fine liqueur

the Dutch make from the oranges of Caraçao. We shall reach the island some time to-morrow. I shall let the blacks remain at liberty until just before I land them ; they will be in better condition, and there is no need of clapping them into irons until just as they are coming on deck in the morning."

"And after you have obtained your cargo of liqueur, what do you intend to do?" Willie asked.

"Then I shall sail north for Tortuga. I heard at St. Eustatius that the buccaneers were back again. I shall dispose of my cordial at a good price, and organize an expedition to come down this way again, and take Maracaibo. It is the centre for the overland trade from Peru. I would attack it now were I strong enough, but Margarita was child's play to what we have before us there. Stay by me in this venture, Willie, and your fortune will be made. You will be as rich as a king, richer than some kings I know of. Come, which will you have, the pearls or the niggers? Because, if you want to take Mookinga and her people to Jamaica, there is no need of our going to Caraçao, and we will steer for the north at once. I'll land your company where I took Mookinga aboard, and I'll land you with them, for I've no use for such a fool at Tortuga."

As the Captain spoke he lifted a handful of pearls

from the calabash and let them trickle slowly through his fingers.

Was it some glamour of Satan ? As Willie looked, the ugly face of Morgan faded from view, and he saw instead Anneke, as she had looked in Rembrandt's studio when he had promised to seek the pearls of Margarita. He saw himself come softly behind her and shower the pearls over her white shoulders. They rolled around her snowy throat and nestled in her corsage, then dripped as from the overflowing brim of a fountain into her lap, where her small hands played with them. He could not see her face, for it was turned from him, but he remembered vividly her last words in that bitter parting, "I will believe you when you fill my lap with pearls."

He came out of his reverie with a start,—but it was all possible,—the ship was cutting through the blue water merrily. To-morrow they would be at Curaçao, and Anneke was there !

Morgan was still playing with the pearls and regarding him with an evil smile. "Well, which do you choose," he asked, "the negroes or the pearls?" and Willie answered mechanically (or was it a tempting fiend at his side who answered for him ?), "I choose the pearls."

CHAPTER X.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Our life is like a narrow raft
Afloat upon the hungry sea,
Hereon is but a little space
And each man eager for a place
Doth thrust his brother in the sea.

—*From an old Manuscript.*



FTER his decision Willie passed a troubled night. The heat was stifling, and he left his hammock to pace the deck. Mookinga was seated far forward, like a carven figure-head, above the prow. She was straining her eyes for the first view of land, for she believed that they were nearing Jamaica. But the breezes during the night had been light and baffling, and there was no land in sight. Willie avoided her. Her unquestioning faith and eager

expectation were alike a reproach to him, and he strode toward the stern where Morgan was talking to the man at the helm.

"We shall not reach Curaçao to-day," he said, "unless the wind freshens. We have made little headway. The negroes may as well have their liberty as usual, for even should we make Willemstadt this afternoon there is no need of landing the slaves until we have sold them. As you understand the Dutch language better than I do, Willie, you may take the long boat, go ashore, bargain with the planters, and if you find any who wish to purchase slaves bring them back with you."

This was exactly the opportunity which Willie wished. All day long he paced feverishly to and fro. All day long his good genius fought the battle over with him, and, vanquished at every encounter, at length sadly left him to his baser self. When the sun set, the island of Curaçao was outlined against the fiery sky as though it floated before a blazing furnace. Blood-red clouds succeeded the sea of flame as the sun sank below the horizon, and the town was silhouetted black and sinister against them.

Willie had never seen a more ominous portent in the heavens, but he buckled the pearls within his doublet, and descended into the long boat recklessly



PETER STUYVESANT.

unscrupulous, saying to himself that if all that phantasmagoria of fire and blood were literal flame and slaughter, and lay between him and Anneke, instead of beyond the island, he would have dared to pass through it to reach her.

He stood erect in the boat and threw his slouched cavalier hat on a thwart, to let the breeze cool his forehead, and the better to direct the landing. Morgan had said as they pulled away that if he found it desirable to spend the night on shore he might do so, and as Willie sprang on the dock he told the men to row back to the ship, and to call for him again in the morning.

Several Dutchmen, who had watched Willie's approach with curiosity, accosted him; and fortunately for Willie there was among them the artist, William Van der Velde, who had been attracted to the pier by the wonderful sunset.

He greeted Willie cordially, and led him toward his own lodging, urging him to dine with him, and proffering every service in his power.

Willie made brief explanation and asked to be directed to Governor Stuyvesant's bowery, where he knew that Anneke was visiting.

"I will conduct you there with pleasure," said Van der Velde. "I was at the house only yesterday, and we talked much of you. Your friend,

Kiliaen, spoke of you with much affection. It is a pity that he went away this morning to be gone a month. A transport left for Maracaibo, to barter salt, which we manufacture in these islands, for beef with the hunters and herders of the great plains. There is a rumor that diamonds have been discovered beyond the mountains, and Kiliaen was audacious enough to venture an attempt to trade for it. The Plate fleet has sailed for Spain. She was sighted as she passed this port. It would have been unfortunate for the youth had she been lying at Maracaibo when he arrived, for Spain brooks no smuggling of gold or precious stones from her possessions."

Thus discoursing, the honest painter conducted Willie by boat along the lagoon of the Schottegat, to the home of Director Stuyvesant in the suburb of the Oberzijde. The moon had risen and lent its witchery to the tropical night. Great tree ferns and palms were reflected in the canal, and the stars came out in diamond-like brilliancy in the clear sky. As they came in sight of the low country house with its wide verandas Willie could hear the tinkle of a mandolin and a woman's voice singing. He caught, too, the gleam of white dresses, and he knew that for the first time in two years he was to enter the presence of European women,—and

that Anneke, the last to dismiss him from civilized society, would be the first to greet him. How would she welcome him? His parting from her had left him no ground for hope, but in spite of it hope had lingered, and passionate love had leaped up again when he knew that she was near. But now a great timidity overpowered him.

"Go forward, Van der Velde," he begged, "pave the way for me. Tell her I am here and ask if she will receive me."

He drew quite near under the protecting shadow of the orange trees, and the faint sweet perfume of their starry flowers sacred to happy brides, lingered in his memory for many a weary day.

There was a pause in the music. Van der Velde was greeted courteously, then he evidently apologized for interrupting and begged her to continue her song. Willie heard again the familiar notes of his mandolin, and her sweet voice singing—what but one of his own English songs, which he had taught Kiliaen at Leyden, and which he in turn had taught Anneke! The words were by Sir Walter Raleigh, and were written when he turned longingly from the thought of fighting and exploring in these very waters to the companionship of his wife at his beloved Sherburne.

Liquid and clear as the sound of water falling

from a fountain the words fell upon his spirit and cooled its passion.

He could see her face, now calm and yet touched with sadness, and, all unconscious of his presence, she seemed to be declining the gift which he had brought her as she sang.

“ Go, let the diving negro seek
For pearls hid in some Indian creek.
We all pearls scorn,
Save those the dewy morn
Congeals upon some little spires of grass
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;
For we who love are ne’er forlorn
We all pearls scorn.”

Anneke laid aside the instrument, and said sweetly, “ That is what I said to my husband when he went on this dangerous expedition. Are we not rich enough, I asked, with our love for each other ? Would all the gems of the world make up for his death ? What if he should be held a captive by the Spaniards, or fall in with those terrible pirates ! I do not know why, but I am oppressed with a sense of evil lurking near. I shall not be quite at ease until I have my husband safely back again.”

It was the first intimation that Willie had had of her marriage, and was a great shock. For a moment he lost consciousness of what they were say-

ing, and lay on his face on the ground tearing up the grass convulsively with his hands. After a short time he mastered himself and listened. He felt that he would never have the privilege of hearing her voice again, and every word was precious.

He had only lost Van der Velde's explanation that he had come to Curaçao and begged an interview, and now Anneke was replying.

"If Kiliaen were here he would be glad to see him, but I cannot imagine any errand that he can have with me." She was silent for a moment and then added, "We parted in anger; tell him for me that if I was mistaken and did him wrong, if under false appearances he was, and still is, a man of honor, then Anneke Van Rensselaer begs his forgiveness, but this is all that I could ever have to say to him; and it is perhaps better that he should hear it from your lips rather than from my own."

Willie staggered to his feet and hurried back to the boat. When the crushing blow had first fallen upon him there had come with it the temptation to end the agony, there in the orange grove,—with his small sharp poniard to let her find him there with the pearls in his dead hand. Then her message had awakened his better nature. He acknowledged to himself that his punishment was just, that if he had not been base when she thought him so, he

had fallen now beneath her contempt. Death is sometimes so much easier than long expiation. But he could not die and leave matters as they were. He had made a bargain with Satan and had taken his wage—worse than that, he had brought it to bribe her love. Thank heaven, he had been prevented from doing so, and possibly it was not too late to recover his lost honor.

Van der Velde found Willie a little later and gave him Anneke's message. He was glad to hear it over again. "Tell her," he said, "to-morrow, after I have gone, that I shall make it the ambition of my life to be worthy of her respect."

He declined the painter's insistence that he should remain with him until the next day, and rowed back to the Black Lady, where his appearance greatly surprised Captain Morgan, who did not expect him until the morning. But the buccaneer was destined to still greater astonishment, when Willie informed him that he had not offered the blacks for sale because he wished to reconsider his choice and return the pearls. It had not occurred to Willie to leave as much as one for Anneke. They had been purchased by an act of villainy, and now that her words had awakened his conscience he hastened—like Judas—to return the price of blood and treachery. He was more fortu-

nate than Judas, for Morgan greedily accepted the exchange, saying, "You are a fool, Willie Nicoll, the pearls are worth twice as much as the niggers; I have been kicking myself ever since I gave you the choice. I suppose you think it will be a fine thing to reign as a king over them in that Jamaica volcano, but you will soon be sick of your bargain."

"I shall not land with them," Willie replied, "unless you maroon me, Captain Morgan. I am tired of the Spanish Main, and, if you will permit me, I will return to England at the first opportunity."

The Captain's eyes protruded from his head. "Return to England empty handed, when you might have had a calabash full of pearls. Well of all blathering idiots!"

He cursed himself for a still greater fool for landing the blacks on the island of Jamaica, and perhaps might not have kept his word and done so had he not feared that Willie would denounce him to Mookinga, and that a mutiny would have been the result of treachery on his part.

Willie stood by the gangplank expecting to be ordered off after the last negro had gone on shore, but Morgan called to him surlily that their next destination was Tortuga and he might come with him or not as he chose.

At Tortuga they found no ships bound for Europe, but an unusually large number of buccaneers returned from various cruises waiting for some new adventure. The sight of Morgan's pearls excited their cupidity; and when he announced that he was ready to head an attack on the wealthy Spanish city of Maracaibo, he had no lack of volunteers.

In a few days ships were provisioned and armed, and one of the strongest piratical fleets which had ever sailed from Tortuga was ready to set out on a career of rapine.

Willie watched the preparations with disgust and sad forebodings. He knew too well the cruelty of these lawless men and their unprincipled leader, and from his heart he pitied the poor Spanish settlers at Maracaibo. He had intended to wait at Tortuga for an opportunity to return to England, but the evening before Morgan's expedition sailed it suddenly occurred to him that Kiliaen Van Rensselaer had gone to Maracaibo, and that, allowing for the time which it probably takes to make his trip to the mountains and to return, he would very likely be in the city when the pirates proposed to attack it.

He at once called upon the Captain, told him of the circumstance, and begged him to order his men

to spare all the Dutchmen, and especially Kiliaen, if he fell into their hands.

"That is easier said than done, Willie Nicoll," replied Morgan. "When one is in the heat of an assault one has not time to ask the name and nationality of a man before striking. If you wish to protect your friends, either in Curaçao or elsewhere, come along with us, Willie. If your conscience will not let you fight, join our hospital corps. You did good service after the attack on Margarita in bandaging wounds, and I know that Mookinga gave you some of her simples, especially that magical herb with which she stanched the flow of blood. Come and use it for us. You need not strike a single blow, and if we are taken prisoners I will testify that you are a non-combatant."

Willie knew that such testimony would avail him little, for a man is frequently hanged—as well as known—from the company he keeps; but it was true that Mookinga had given him some witch-hazel, whose virtues were little known at this time, together with the wonderful "Jesuit's powder," or quinine, which was so efficacious in fevers. Willie had, too, such a smattering of surgery as might now be considered "first help" for the wounded, and which any red cross stretcher bearer might give before the surgeon made his rounds. There was no

surgeon on board the Black Lady, and only one in all the pirate fleet, and common humanity seemed to plead with Captain Morgan.

"I will go," Willie replied, promptly, "if you will promise not to attack Curaçao, will allow me to intercede for a Spaniard as my fee for every one of your men whom I serve, and will also let me wait on the enemy's wounded if I have opportunity and time after treating yours."

"Willie, Willie, what a lunatic you are; but there is no notwithstanding you, my lad, only try me not too far. Come not between me and my victim when I am either angry or drunk."

"And when are you not either one or the other?" thought Willie, but he was wise enough not to ask this question aloud.

It was well for the little colony at Curaçao that Willie Nicoll decided to accompany Captain Morgan, for when the ship approached that isle of the orange it needed all of Willie's most eloquent persuasion to keep the pirates from looting the Dutch distilleries, and possessing themselves of a cargo of the famous Dutch schnaps. "They say that Curaçao is the finest of all liqueurs, Willie," pleaded Captain Morgan, "and I have such a thirst, my lad. That cognac which we laid in at Tortuga, is detestable."

Willie assured the Captain that the liqueur of which he spoke was much overestimated, "for," said he, "during my brief call at the island my friend, Van der Veldt, made me take a glass with him, and he told me that instead of being made solely from the small oranges of Curaçao it is manufactured from distilled spirits colored with powdered Brazil-wood, mellowed with burned brown sugar and flavored with orange-peel and cloves. I can make you all the Curaçao you wish without going near the Dutch, who I assure you are strongly fortified, so that it would be no easy matter to take their island."

Willie argued so well that the pirates sailed by the Dutch islands, through the great Gulf of Maracaibo, and silencing the guns of the castle which commanded the straits between the open gulf and the inland sea or Lake of Maracaibo, arrived in force before the doomed city.

Here only an ineffectual defence was made by the inhabitants, the women fleeing in a small ship to Gibraltar, a town at the other end of the lake. For weeks the pirates rioted in the unfortunate city, torturing the inhabitants to make them give up their treasures and demanding an enormous sum before they would agree to leave. When this was paid, and they sailed, it was not to return to the

Caribbean, but to pay a devastating visit to Gibraltar. Here there was even more blood shed than at Maracaibo, for some Spanish soldiers came down from a fort in the mountains, and their resistance so infuriated Morgan that his victory ended in a general massacre. At Maracaibo Willie had made many inquiries for Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and he was relieved to find that he had not returned from the mountains. What was Willie's horror, therefore, on the attack of the Spanish soldiers to recognize his friend fighting at the side of their Captain.

Morgan, who was as daring as he was wicked, engaged the Captain in a hand-to-hand struggle, and felled him to the earth. While he was stooping, in the endeavor to regain his cutlass, which had been wrenched from his hand by the fall of his victim, Kiliaen flew at him, and would certainly have wounded him severely if Willie had not sent his friend's light rapier flying from his hand by a blow from his own sword. Then thrusting Kiliaen to the ground he held him there firmly until Morgan and his men had rushed past him after the retreating Spaniards. When the last buccaneer had passed Willie loosened his hold, exclaiming, "It is I, Kiliaen; I did it to save your life. Quick, help me get these wounded men into the church, and when Morgan finds you at work there with me he

will never suspect that you have just failed in an attempt to kill him."

Kiliaen gave one look toward the pirates who were slaughtering the Spaniards, despite the fact that they had thrown away their arms and were begging for quarter.

"I accept my life at your hands, Willie Nicoll," he said reproachfully, "and I will not ask how it is I find you here, for other things more difficult of belief have happened than that you should be a pirate."

He aided Willie all that afternoon and late into the night, and when at last they both ceased their labors of mercy from sheer exhaustion, he drew Willie's head down upon his shoulder and murmured, "You need not explain, Willie, I believe in you in spite of everything."

When Morgan was finally ready to sail for home, he stopped at Maracaibo to collect the ransom which he had demanded for not burning all the houses. This ransom was twenty thousand pieces of eight (or silver dollars), and five hundred beeves, which the drovers had been sent to the plains to gather. Here he learned that three Spanish men-of-war had arrived at the entry of the lake, and waited for his return in the narrow strait in front of the castle. Having sent a boat to reconnoitre, it returned with

the unwelcome intelligence that the ships were much stronger than their own, one of them being mounted with forty guns and the smallest with twenty-four.

This created a general panic among the buccaneers, who saw themselves caught like rats in a trap. Morgan alone was undaunted, and sent one of his Spanish prisoners to the admiral of the ship with an impudent demand for ransom for the lives of such of the inhabitants of Maracaibo as still remained in his power, with leave to pass unattacked from the lake to the open sea.

But the Spanish admiral was made of more valiant stuff than to take his orders from a pirate, and he replied as follows :

“ Having understood that you have dared to commit hostilities in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty I let you understand that I have come unto that castle which you took out of the hands of a parcel of cowards, where I have remounted the artillery. My intention is to dispute with you your passage out of the lake, and to follow and pursue you everywhere to the end that you may see the performance of my duty. Notwithstanding, if you be contented to surrender all you have taken, I will let you freely pass. But in case you make any resistance I will cause you utterly to perish by putting

every man to the sword. This is my last and absolute resolution.

“Dated on board the Royal Ship Magdalen, lying at anchor at the entry of Lake Maracaibo.

“DON ALONZO DEL CAMPO of Espinosa.”¹

Morgan himself was daunted at this brave reply for he had no desire to fight the Spanish fleet, but one of the pirates now suggested a device of infernal ingenuity. This was to construct a “brulot” or fire ship from the Spanish sloop which they had taken at Gibraltar. They mounted logs of wood to represent cannon, and nailed a quantity of poles upright on the deck, on which they hung cloaks and sombreros from the shops of Maracaibo, which gave the ship the appearance of being well manned. They displayed the English colors and then filled the ship with a cargo of pitch, tar and brimstone. Twelve men, among whom was Kiliaen, were ordered to navigate the “brulot” until it reached the Spanish ships, when they would set fire to the inflammable materials, spring into the water, and take their chances of escape. Hitherto Willie had taken no part in the hostilities but when he saw Kiliaen go on board the fire ship he immediately volunteered for the

¹ This letter has been preserved to us by Esquemeling, one of the pirates, who was on this expedition.

same service. A light breeze aided the current. The men grappled the "brulot" to the largest of the Spanish ships. The instant this was accomplished they all jumped and swam for their lives for the next ship, Morgan's own, which had lowered a boat to pick them up. The last to leap had flung a lighted torch upon a great pool of tar in which stood a barrel of gunpowder. As he dropped over the side of the ship he saw beyond the flames the ship swarming with Spaniards who had boarded under the impression that this was a regular fighting vessel. Then there was a loud explosion and all the air was filled with blazing fragments. Willie ducked, swam a few strokes beneath the water, and rose to be hauled into the boat by Kiliaen whose hair was still dripping from his own swim, but who cried out exultingly, "We are all safe, but Morgan has dashed on to attack the Spaniards."

A transport which followed laden with the beeves and other booty from the city, took them on board and they were able to see how fully successful the stratagem had been.

The "brulot" had set fire to the gallant man-of-war, which burned to the water's edge. The second Spanish ship was scuttled by its own sailors to prevent its falling into the hands of the pirates, while the men escaped to the shore and took refuge in

the castle. Morgan was engaging the third ship, and very shortly they saw the Spanish colors struck, and knew that it had surrendered.

The fleet was destroyed, but it was evident that the castle had been provided with new guns of greater range than any possessed by Morgan. These were all pointed across the strait, and it would have been impossible for a ship to have escaped their aim.

Again Morgan attempted to gain a free passage by negotiation, sending one of his Spanish prisoners to say that only on these terms would he give up the men whom he had brought from Maracaibo. But Don Alonzo del Campo, who was now the commander of the castle instead of Admiral of a fleet, gave the poor men a sharp reprimand for their cowardice, saying, "If you had been as loyal to your king in hindering the entry of these pirates as I shall their going out you had never caused these troubles."

"Then Captain Morgan assures me he will storm the castle," said the messenger.

"And I will strive to be more successful as a General of land forces than I have proved as an Admiral of the seas," replied del Campo.

Morgan, who had learned from the pilot of the Spanish ship which he had taken that the ship

which the enemy had been so anxious to sink was heavily laden with silver, set to work with divers to get out what they could, and secured fifteen thousand pieces of eight, besides many pieces of silver plate such as hilts of swords and sacerdotal vessels. In this occupation they spent several days, for Morgan hoped that as the fort was crammed with refugees from the fleet they might become distressed for provisions.

At length Morgan made use of another stratagem to deceive the Spaniards with the impression that he intended to attack the castle on the landward side, and so make them drag their heavy ordnance over to that side of the fort. To effect this he ordered his men to row to the shore in canoes, as though they intended to land. Then, when the canoes were hidden from the castle by the shrubbery, he caused most of the men to lie down in the boats, and the canoes returned to the ship with the appearance of only two or three men rowing them back. This false landing of men was repeated several times, completely deceiving the Spaniards, who prepared themselves for a night assault of the castle.

The night was starlit but moonless, and the pirate fleet, profiting by the obscurity, spread their sails as noiselessly as they could and stood out for sea. Morgan's flag ship passed unperceived, but when

the transport containing the booty was opposite the castle it was noticed by the sentinel and the alarm given. Instantly the ruse was understood and all hands fell to work dragging the guns into their former position, but when ready for action the entire pirate fleet was beyond their range.

When quite out of the reach of the castle guns Morgan allowed the Spanish prisoners to return to the shore in canoes, and, in mock courtesy, as Esquemeling quaintly relates, "in departing ordered seven guns to be fired, as it were to take his leave; but they of the castle answered not so much as with a musket shot."

Willie now demanded that Morgan should put him off with Kiliaen at Aruba, the Dutch island which lay nearest to his course. This the Captain was unwilling to do, so on the next night, when they judged themselves in its vicinity, he and Kiliaen bribed the watch, cut loose a boat and dropped astern.

Unfortunately they miscalculated the distance, and rowed for two days unsuccessfully. Kiliaen, who had suffered beyond his endurance, was utterly exhausted on the second day. He lay in the bottom of the boat only moaning when Willie moistened his lips, and finally, when their water was spent, fell into piteous delirium, and begged to be thrown

overboard and allowed to die. At length as the boat rose on one of the great green billows, Willie caught sight of land, and, binding Kiliaen down, rowed with all his failing strength until the tide which was fortunately running in, washed the boat on shore. Here they were succored by some Dutch fishermen, and after a time Kiliaen was sufficiently restored to set out in a fishing smack for Curaçao. The evening before he left, as they sat together in the fisherman's hut, Willie explained to his friend the passages of his life which had seemed to him dishonorable. How it was that he became associated with the pirates, and why he had acted the part of Prince William at Rembrandt's house. He learned from Kiliaen for the first time how useless this sacrifice had been, for the boyish fancy of the Prince to woo his bride incognito had not been carried out. He had gone to England quite openly, and there had been no need for Willie to represent him in Amsterdam.

"If Anneke had known this," said Kiliaen, "she would never have married me. Her love for you died only when she thought you dishonorable."

"Then you must never explain the truth," Willie insisted; "it would do no good now."

Kiliaen begged Willie to accompany him to Curaçao, but he persistently refused, and on the morn-

ing of the very day that Kiliaen left a French ship touched at the island for water and Willie wrung his friend's hand and sailed in it to Bordeaux, intending from that port to make his way to England.

CHAPTER XI.

AT RENSSELAERSWYCK.

Well might the traveller start to see
The tall dark forms that take their way
From the birch canoe on the river shore
And the forest paths to a chapel door.

But hark! the Jesnit knows the cry
Which tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.
The hurrying feet (for the chase is hot)
And the short, sharp sound of the rifle shot,
And taunt and menace answered well
By the Indians' mocking cry and yell,
The bark of dogs, the squaw's mad scream,
And the dash of paddles along the stream.—*Whittier.*



ON after these events Anneke and Kiliaen sailed for their barony of Rensselaerswyck, making but a short stop at New Amsterdam, as New York was called while it belonged to the Dutch. Established at first simply as a trading post of the Dutch West India Company, settlers in its vicinity had only recently begun to improve their estates and to build permanent

homes. The look of the frontier town had not passed away. Its inhabitants were determined and adventurous men, but the graces of life were lacking. It was, too, a very dangerous period, for the rash governor, Kieft, had exasperated the Indians by inexcusable attacks, and war had broken out.

Arendt Van Corlear, the trusty and sagacious agent of the Van Rensselaers, met the ship on its arrival at New Amsterdam and reassured the young couple. The Indians near Rensselaerswyck, the famous Five Nations of the Iroquois, though the most powerful and warlike of any of the American tribes, had resisted all the overtures of the angry Indians living between their colony and New Amsterdam, and had refused to go on the warpath. While terrible massacres took place at Pavonia and later at Esopus, the Dutch settlers at Rensselaerswyck were not only living in peace and safety, but the Mohawks, the nation of the Iroquois who lived nearest their settlement, constituted themselves their standing army, defending the barony from all encroachment.

Rensselaerswyck needed such an army to maintain its claims, for it was now an immense inland domain comprising over a thousand square miles. For four and twenty miles along the Hudson and extending westward indefinitely, the splendid barony asserted its feudal rights.

There was one spot in its very heart, over which it had no jurisdiction. The West India Company had established Fort Orange on the present site of Albany, before Kiliaen Van Rensselaer had taken up his land, and this fort, originally a protection to the settlers, was now a thorn in the side of the colony, and a cause of many disputes with the West India Company and its representatives at New Amsterdam. While these rivals of their own nation were pressing on Rensselaerswyck from the south, its northern boundaries were disputed by the French and its eastern limits by the English. The French had as allies the Hurons, a tribe of Canadian Indians with whom the Mohawks (whom we may regard as the Van Rensselaer militia) were at war, and every move of the French to secure Lake Champlain was contested by them. The Plymouth, Boston and Connecticut colonies had united and were pushing the settlement of New England beyond the Connecticut Valley. They would soon trench upon West Chester County and the eastern confines of Rensselaerswyck. Fortunately for the Dutch, the Pequots resisted this advance of the English into their country, and the Mohawks again regarded the Pequots and the English alike as their enemies and would have no encroachment from either. On the south and west they formed a guard against the

other savages, who were now giving so much trouble to Kieft and the Dutch settlers of the lower Hudson. Arendt Van Corlear had cemented this friendship by honest dealing. He was greatly blamed by the Dutch West India Company for furnishing the Indians with firearms, but though he sold them in the neighborhood of six hundred guns and quantities of gunpowder and bullets, this ammunition was never employed against the inhabitants of Rensselaerswyck.

When the *Goede Vrouw* anchored in front of the manor-house a salute was fired by the command of the Herr Brandt Van Slechtenhorst, commander of the castle Rensselaerstein, on the island of Beeren, which had been built to maintain the rights of the Van Rensselaers to the Hudson River; and Jeremias Van Rensselaer gave a great festival to celebrate the arrival of his daughter and son-in-law. Of those tenants who accepted their seigneur's invitation on this occasion, there were heads of families which have since taken distinguished rank in the state, the Lispinards, Van Burens, Schermerhorns, Beekmans, Cuylers, Van Deusens, Verplancks, Tenbrookes, and others.

Among these guests Anneke's maternal grandfather, Oloff Stevenson Van Cortland, Commissary under Governor Kieft, and afterward President

of the Nine Men, Indian Commissaries and Colonel of the Burghery, was conspicuous for his stately manner. There was Philip Pieteise Schuyler with his pretty daughters, one of whom at a later date would marry the Reverend Nicholas Van Rensselaer, and their brother who was to possess, after Van Corlear, the most remarkable power over the Indians of any white man of that time; and there was Doctor Kierstede the "Chirugijn," and Major Ten-Broeck from the Fort, with honest Dominie Megapolensis, of whom more hereafter.

Robert Livingston came later, and was to be a staunch friend, and there was hardly a name of any note on the roll-call of the colony but was at some time linked in friendship with the Van Rensselaers. Their time was filled by peaceful duties and a pleasant interchange of social courtesies, and it was not until the second year of Anneke's residence at Rensselaerswyck that anything occurred of an alarming or even of an exciting nature.

While politically the proprietors of Rensselaerswyck distrusted every overture of the French toward the Iroquois, and as good Protestants they could not approve of the conversion of the Indians to the Roman Catholic religion, still every instinct

of their common humanity was stirred when they heard that a war party of the Iroquois had taken and held as prisoners four Frenchmen, one of whom was a Jesuit missionary.

Arendt Van Corlear at once prepared for a long journey to the western part of New York State to attempt to ransom these unfortunates, and Kiliaen resolved to accompany him. They loaded a pack horse with such articles as they thought the Indians would fancy most, and set out on horseback accompanied by only two servants. They followed the great Indian trail, which was so straight and well chosen, that the engineers of later times could find no better route for the New York Central Railroad. After marching sixteen miles they came to a ford of the Mohawk River where Van Corlear afterward located a Dutch hamlet which received the name of Scharnhechstede, or Schenectady. Following the windings of the river they came to the three principal Mohawk Castles or forts on Schoharie Creek and at Canajoharie. The Mohawks were the most powerful of the five nations of the Iroquois. The other four, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, Cayugas, and far distant Senecas occupied the western part of what is now New York State. Their strength was in their union, and they were as remarkable for their intelligence

as for their ferocity. Each of these tribes had taken some animal as their insignia, and the author of the "Romance of Frontenac" has told of the fear felt by the other tribes when these symbols were seen marked upon trees.

"The fierce Adirondacks had fled from their wrath,
The Hurons been swept from their merciless path
By the far Mississippi the Ilini shrank
When the trail of the *Tortoise* was seen on the bank,
On the hills of New England the Pequot turned pale
When the howl of the *Wolf* swelled at night on the gale,
And the Cherokee shook, in his green smiling bowers,
When the foot of the *Bear* stamped his carpet of flowers."

The Indians welcomed their Dutch guests courteously and treated them to a feast of succotash, broiled wild buck and dog-soup. Van Corlear made them valuable presents, and they presented him with belts of wampum assuring him of their unalterable fidelity to the Dutch and hatred for "Onontio," as they styled the French, into whose territory, they boasted, they had lately made a successful incursion capturing four prisoners, among whom was a "black robe" (a Jesuit).

Van Corlear asked to see this prisoner, and the devoted missionary Isaac Jogues was brought before them. Although in the utmost misery, nearly naked and starved, his cassock in tatters, his body mutilated by repeated torture, and in constant fear

of being burned alive, there was a dignity and sweet serenity in his bearing which moved Kiliaen profoundly, and he begged Van Corlear to ransom him at any cost.

The Jesuit told his story simply. He had been highly educated at the College of Clermont in Paris, and had gladly embraced the vocation of a missionary to the Hurons. He had been established with Father Raymbault at St. Mary's, where he had learned several Indian dialects and taught his beloved converts with great success. Sometimes he made long explorations with them by canoe up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and even beyond. Kiliaen knew that the astute French government looked for territorial conquest as a result of the labors of the Jesuit missionaries, but it was nevertheless perfectly evident that Father Jogues' only aim had been the conversion of souls. All had gone well at his mission, in spite of numerous hardships to be expected at a frontier post in such a rigorous climate, until on an unlucky day Father Jogues was sent down the river to Quebec for supplies.

He was returning with a train of canoes laden with provisions, clothing, and some vestments and sacred utensils for the chapel, when the convoy were attacked and captured by the war party of Mo-

hawks. A few of the Huron Indians, who were paddling, escaped, but twenty-two were taken, and among them were three Frenchmen : René Goupil, William Couture and a boy named Henri. Father Jogues might have fled, but when he saw that René Goupil, to whom he was deeply attached, was taken, he voluntarily joined him.

They had all endured untold cruelties. Henri had taken to the woods, and had either starved to death or had managed to reach Canada. William Couture, who was physically strong and of invincible courage, had so won the admiration of his savage captors, in running the gauntlet and enduring torture without flinching, that he had been adopted by a squaw, whose husband had been killed by the Hurons, and who had the right to claim a prisoner of war. From that time his condition was a little better. Though treated as a slave, overworked and beaten, he was not tortured, had food of some sort, and his life was no longer in danger. Not so Father Jogues and young René Goupil. The latter was delicate in health, and succumbed at length to his frightful sufferings, dying a martyr with Father Jogues' blessing to console his last moments. Several of the Huron Indians taken were burned at the stake. Father Jogues had attended them, baptizing through the flames such as had not already

received the rite, serene in his confidence that this sacrament opened for them the gates of heaven.

The noble priest was himself many times tortured ; his nails were pulled out, and the fingers of his left hand cut off with clam shells. The meekness with which he bore the insults of his tormentors only infuriated them. They seared him with hot irons, their children stoned him, their women spat upon him, but he bore all with gentle resignation. When however they blasphemed the name of Christ he rebuked them fearlessly. He had one comfort, a little volume, "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, which he carried in his breast, and which they made no attempt to take from him. He showed Kiliaen one page on enduring suffering which was a great comfort to him.

"The whole life of Christ was a cross and a martyrdom, and do you seek after rest and pleasure ?

"If indeed there had been anything better than suffering Christ would have shown it by word and example.

"For our merit and progress in life are not reckoned by the number of our sweetneses and consolations, but by patient endurance of many hardships and trials."

He had cut a cross in the bark of a tree in the forest, and this was his chapel where he went to pray whenever permitted.

Kiliaen was so touched by what he saw and heard that the tears came to his eyes. He offered the Indians all the money and ornaments which he had brought with him, and made promises of more. He would provide guns for all their braves and they should have unlimited quantities of beer at the Dutch brewery. Van Corlear, too, exhausted his eloquence. All in vain, they would do anything else to show their devotion to Corlear, but they would not part with their prisoner. They hoped to receive a greater ransom from the French. This last intelligence somewhat reassured Van Corlear, and he made the Indians promise not to kill Father Jogues ; but if their negotiations with the French governor were unsatisfactory to bring him to Rens-selaerswyck where an enormous ransom would be paid for him. Very reluctantly they left him with the Indians.

Before they returned Kiliaen stripped himself of half of his own clothing, giving Father Jogues his shoes and thick stockings and his fur lined cloak, with a blanket to wrap about him at night. It was useless generosity, for the Dutchmen's backs were hardly turned when the priest was robbed of their

gifts. Only the shoes were thrown scornfully back to him for the Indians much preferred their own moccasins.

The memory of the frightful things which he had seen, and of the still more terrible ones of which he had heard, lived in Kiliaen's memory after his return, and affected him with profound melancholy. Often he dreamed that he saw Father Jogues being burned alive, and he would start from his sleep with a cry of horror.

"What right have we," he would say to Anneke, "to live in comfort and security in our manor-house while one of God's saints is suffering martyrdom at the hands of those fiends? No matter that he belongs to an unfriendly nation, that his religion is one that has inflicted cruelties. Personally he is a noble man and a sincere Christian, and I cannot rest while he is in peril."

Van Corlear encouraged him to have patience. "The time for the Mohawks to come to Rensselaerswyck for their annual spring trade is approaching. You will see that they will bring the priest with them."

The Indians began to come in and to establish themselves in the vicinity of Beverwyck, while they bartered their peltries for Dutch commodities. At about the same time a vessel touched at the

wharf which was bound for Virginia and thence to Bordeaux. Kiliaen invited the Captain to dine with him, and so interested him in the story of Father Jogues that he consented to wait for a week in the hope that the captive might be brought in. Van Corlear interrogated the Indians as they came to the warehouse to trade, but the news which he obtained was most disquieting.

It seemed that instead of receiving any ransom from the French, the government had attempted to chastise them. The French soldiers had made an incursion into their territory, had burned some of their dwellings and had carried away prisoners. Unless these were restored before the season of green corn there would be a great powwow of the Five Nations and Father Jogues would be burned alive as a reprisal. It was of no use for "Corlear" to offer ransom, gifts were sweet, but to the Indians revenge was sweeter. They wanted the flesh of their captive at their great feast, and no other dainty, not even hogsheads of beer and casks of stronger waters, would compensate them for that meat.

Kiliaen was horrified. He rashly wished to throw every Indian into prison until Father Jogues was produced. As Jeremias Van Rensselaer was temporarily absent at New Amsterdam, Kiliaen

had full power, and it was with difficulty that Van Corlear restrained him from this action.

One day a squaw appeared at the manor-house with maple sugar to sell, and when Anneke purchased a small package she noticed with surprise that it was wrapped in printed paper. Curious to know what book or journal this Indian woman could have obtained, she read in Latin—"The Royal Way of the Holy Cross. If gladly you carry the cross it will bear you and bring you to the longed-for goal where there shall be no more pain."

Instantly she comprehended that this was a leaf out of Father Jogues' *Imitation of Christ*, and she asked the woman where she obtained it. The woman would not reply and hurried away; but Anneke hastened to the door and bade a servant, one Jan who was devoted to her interests, to follow her and ascertain whether Father Jogues was with the party.

Jan returned that night with the information that he had seen Father Jogues. He had followed the squaw to a long barn where her family had obtained permission to sleep on the hay, while they were in the neighborhood. Jan had pretended to be one of the farmer's hands, and had gone into the barn and busied himself with giving the cattle fodder. Here he had found Father Jogues, and

had told him how anxious his friends were for his safety and that they urged him to run away. He had not seemed willing to do this as he was not sure what the result of such action on his part would be, but he had promised to pray over it, and if the barn door was left open that night while the Indians slept, he would take it as a sign that God wished him to take advantage of this opportunity for escape.

Dominie Megapolensis, who was present when Jan told his story, greatly admired this conscientiousness on the part of Father Jogues, and offered to go at once to the captain of the ship and inform him that his passenger would probably come on board that night, for without doubt Providence would extend the sign of its approval to so good a man.

Kiliaen and Anneke exchanged significant looks, and when the Dominie had departed Kiliaen said meaningly, "We will help Providence a little, Anneke. Jan, do you go back to the farmhouse, and tell Father Jogues that a boat will be hidden under the bank just opposite the ship whereby he can row himself out. You say that Father Jogues sleeps in the middle of the barn, with the Indians between him and the great door, toward the fields, which they bolt before going to sleep. There is no

hope of escape therefore in that direction. Tell him to try the small door at the other end of the barn which opens into the woodhouse, and do you lurk about the place until you see the farmer make that fast for the night, and then unbolt it."

Kiliaen was not satisfied with having sent Jan to execute his commands. He went after nightfall to the river bank, and made sure that the boat was in place, and stood guard beside it a long time, but Father Jogues did not appear. Consumed with anxiety he walked out to the farmer's house, and hearing a great barking of dogs in the woodhouse at once divined the truth, that the farmer had shut these intelligent brutes in this outbuilding, making them understand that they were not to allow his Indian guests to approach too near. Kiliaen saw that there was no other way than to take the farmer into his confidence. He accordingly knocked at his front door, roused him, explained the situation and offered him a tempting reward to call his dogs into his living-room. The farmer consented, and after waiting long enough for the Indians to fall asleep again, in case they might have been disturbed by the barking, Kiliaen slipped the farmer's blue smock which hung in the woodhouse over his clothing, and with a pitchfork in his hand cautiously entered the barn. Father Jogues, who had

attempted to escape and had been bitten and driven back by the dogs, was kneeling in an empty stall praying for resignation to the will of God. The morning was just dawning, and they could see each other vaguely. Kiliaen beckoned energetically, and Father Jogues arose from his knees. "It is the will of God that you should follow me," said Kiliaen, and the priest obeyed.

Kiliaen led him to the boat, and waited until he saw him on board the ship before he returned to his home.

The next day the manor-house was besieged by a deputation of angry savages, who insisted that their Captain should be restored to them.

"I have him not," Kiliaen replied. "You may search the house," and they did so without success.

"Then he must be on the ship," they very naturally concluded.

But the Captain had hidden the fugitive in the hold, and although a few of the Indians were allowed to come on board they did not discover the Jesuit. All day long they rushed to and fro, working themselves up to a state of frenzy, and at night a council was held outside the town, at which their chiefs made speeches, a medicine man wrought his weird spells and a dance was indulged in by the young braves. To conciliate them Dominie Mega-

polensis attempted to address the council ; but the medicine man interrupted his broken words with a wild shriek. "It is this ghost doctor," he said, "who has spirited our prisoner away. He knows where he is now, and can produce him."

The honest Dominie stammered and turned pale.

"See, he cannot deny it," the medicine man yelled. "Go back to Corlear, and tell him that unless he delivers our prisoner to us to-morrow we will burn his new wigwam of little yellow stones (light bricks). We will burn his entire town, and plunder his warehouses. We will kill him and all his Dutch braves because he has deceived us. But we will not kill you, O ghost doctor, not now, we will take you with us to the long house of the Iroquois and burn you at our feast. One black robe is as good as another and will make as fine a roast. But you shall not go alone. Tell the young Corlear that we will take his pretty squaw with us to be the wife of our principal chief, and we will never again trust the friendship of a white man."

Thrust from the council the Dominie fled wild with terror to the river and rowed to the ship, which was at that moment weighing anchor. He sought Father Jogues and told him what he had heard. The self-sacrificing priest crossed himself

and replied, "It is expedient that one man should die and not that the whole nation perish."

So saying he nobly bade farewell to the Captain and returned with the Dominie to the manor-house.

The family were asleep, but the Dominie entered by a window and secreted Father Jogues in the cellar.

"Tell me when to give myself up," said the priest, and Megapolensis went away very sorrowful. He threw himself on a settle by the dining-room fireplace, and when Anneke came down in the morning she found him there snoring heavily. "Poor man," she thought, "he has labored much for us of late, I will not awaken him," and she stepped silently about the room setting the table for breakfast with the Delft china which she prized so highly that she always cared for it herself. Suddenly hurried howls and cries rang out around the house, and the Dominie started from the settle exclaiming, "The savages. Have they come already?"

"Yes," Anneke replied, "they have come. But do not be troubled, the ship has sailed, and has taken our friend beyond their reach. Kiliaen and I saw that it had gone when the sun rose this morning, and we thanked God together."

"But, they will wreak a horrible revenge upon you," replied the dazed Dominie.

"Oh no, they will not dare to do so," Anneke replied calmly. "Kiliaen is addressing them now from the roof of the porch. As soon as they realize that the priest has really escaped they will calm down. Kiliaen will let them have the provisions in the cellar which the chief asked him for when he searched the house yesterday, and Arendt Van Corlear will talk with them."

"The cellar!" cried the Dominie, "but the Jesuit is there! He refused to go when he knew that we were in danger, and came back last night to give himself up."

"Horrible! and Kiliaen is protesting at this moment that he has never been in this house, but that the Captain of the ship has carried him off. In another moment he is likely to invite them to the cellar. Oh! What have you done?"

But Anneke did not stand wringing her hands in despair. She darted down the cellar stairs, bidding the Dominie lock the door behind her, and he had hardly time to do so and to place the key in his pocket before the room was full of Indians.

"Ah! You are here!" exclaimed the medicine man. "We will take you. One black robe is as good as another."

"No," said Kiliaen, who entered with the chief. "You shall have full indemnity for your prisoner, but you shall have no captives. We are your friends. We have never deceived you. I assure you on the honor of a white man that the Frenchmen are our enemies as well as yours, and that this priest has never been in my house. Search if you will, but some of you come with me to the cellar and help yourselves to the good provisions stored there."

He attempted to open the door leading to the cellar stairs, and was surprised to find that it was fastened. The medicine man was watching Megapolensis, and he dared make no sign. "There is plenty of beer at the brewery," he stammered. "That is better for them than Anneke's good preserves."

But Kiliaen paid no attention to the Dominie, and taking a tomahawk from the hand of an Indian he pried open the door and himself led the way. The frightened minister listened, but there were no ominous sounds, and presently the Indians returned bearing hams and sausages, a keg of soused pigs—feet, cheeses and firkins of butter, with pots of marmalade, and jam made from wild fruit by Anneke. Kiliaen came last of all a relieved expression on his face.

"The worst is past," he said to the Dominie. "I

am glad that Anneke kept herself hidden, for she would have been frightened."

But what had become of Anneke and Father Jogues? This was Kiliaen's question when Dominie Megapolensis told him what had happened. Together they searched the cellar again but could discover no other door or stairway than that by which they had just entered. Suddenly a set of shelves, which Kiliaen had recently stripped of preserve pots, swung forward showing a sort of tunnel and Anneke crouching within it.

"Have they gone?" she asked, and a smile quivered on her lips, though her face was pale. "I was here all the time, and I could hardly contain myself, sir, when you gave away all the candied fruits I brought from Curaçao. I did not mind the raspberry-jam, for the squaws will bring me more berries this summer; but the last jar of orange marmalade! O Kiliaen, how could you?"

"Perish the marmalade! Where is Father Jogues, and what cavern is that in which you are standing?"

"It is not a cavern, but an underground passage to the warehouse. Father had it constructed for just such an emergency as this. I forgot to show it to you. He feared that we might be surprised by savages at some time when he was at the ware-

house, and in this way he could bring reinforcements to the manor or we could escape to him. I have taken Father Jogues to Arendt Van Corlear, and he has concealed him in the little room partitioned off from the loft where he stores the gunpowder. He is safe for the present. The next thing to do is to pacify the Indians."

It was more easily said than done. For days the disappointed barbarians ranged through Rensselaerswyck, making themselves disagreeably familiar. Several times Kiliaen paid them for their captive, for each demand was followed by another, and he dared not anger them. Once they presented themselves at the warehouse, asking for ammunition, and following him to the loft when he went after the powder. But he firmly insisted that they should not enter the room in which it was kept, and they submitted without suspecting that Father Jogues saw them plainly through the cracks in the ill-matched boards.

It is doubtful how long these uninvited guests might have remained at Rensselaerswyck if one fine day a sloop belonging to the West India Company had not arrived and landed a company of soldiers. The captain of the ship which had sailed away without Father Jogues had at New Amsterdam reported to Jeremias Van Rensselaer that

there was an uprising of the Mohawks, and he had returned bringing these troops to their succor. Kiliaen begged them to make no attack until he had asked the Indians to depart peaceably. They did so, professing their friendship and impressed with much respect for Corlear's power. A man who could summon a great canoe filled with warriors whenever he needed it was not to be trifled with.

Some of the soldiers remained to strengthen the garrison at Fort Orange, and when the others returned to New Amsterdam Father Jogues went with them, and later sailed for France by way of England. He left his blessing for all the inhabitants of Rensselaerswyck not even excepting Dominiie Megapolensis, who would often boast, "He was a very learned man. He complimented my Latin, and especially my facility in the use of the subjunctive."

CHAPTER XII.

THAT PEARL OF PEARLS A NOBLE LIFE.

I do not think a braver gentleman
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More genorous or more bold is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

—*Shakespeare.*



were true to Corlear and the Van Rensselaers.

Governor Kieft by his wicked folly in the massacre of the Indians at Pavonia had lighted a war which had blazed for five years. All of the tribes of New Jersey and Connecticut had joined in it,

hundreds of Dutchmen had been killed or carried captive, settlements had been destroyed, homes burned and the entire country about New Amsterdam desolated. At last the colony could bear it no longer and it sent back to the home government a memorial ending in the following appeal:

“Our fields lie waste. Our dwellings are burned. We have no means to provide necessaries for our wives or children. We sit here amidst thousands of savages from whom we can find neither peace nor mercy.

“All right thinking men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us until a few years ago, injuring no man, and when no supplies were sent for several months, furnishing provisions to the company’s servants until they received supplies. These hath the director, by several uncalled-for proceedings from time to time so estranged from us, and so embittered that we do not believe that anything will bring peace back unless the Lord propitiate their people.

“Honored Lords, we shall end here, praying that God will move your lordships’ minds, so that a Governor may be speedily sent to us with a beloved peace, or that we may be permitted to return with our wives and children to our dear fatherland. For it is impossible ever to settle this country until

a different system be introduced and a new Governor sent out."

In answer to this call it seemed to the West India Company as though providence had sent the very man to them. Director Peter Stuyvesant, recovered from his wound, stood sturdily before them, his famous wooden leg inlaid with silver, ready to do vigorous service for many a year to come. His conduct of affairs in the West Indies was approved, and he was forthwith appointed Governor of New Netherland, and Kieft was recalled.

Governor Stuyvesant sailed on Christmas day, 1646. He stopped on the way at Curaçao and arrived in New Amsterdam on the 11th of May, 1647. One of his titles was "Redresser General of Abuses," and this office was by no means a sinecure. No governor had so difficult a piece of work cut out for him, and none, taking all things into consideration, accomplished his work better. Irving calls him, "a valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leather-n-sided, lion-hearted old governor;" and Fiske traces his name humorously from *Stuyven*, to stir up, and *sand*, interpreting the compound as, "*he who stirs up a dust.*"

It is true that he made mistakes, that he was arbitrary, testy, impulsive and obstinate; but he was also sincerely patriotic, brave, unselfish and un-

tiring in his activity. He managed matters with a high hand, refusing to take counsel or criticism from any of his fellow-townsmen, and announcing at the outset—"If any one during my administration shall appeal, I will make him a foot shorter and send the pieces to Holland and let him appeal in that way."

The Van Rensselaers had been criticised for selling firearms to the Mohawks, but it is doubtful whether any Indian outbreak could be traced to this practice; and Stuyvesant put his finger on the true source of all the mischief when he forbade under penalty of a fine of one hundred guilders the sale of intoxicating liquors to the savages, and further decreed that the seller should be held responsible for any injury which the savage might inflict while under the influence of strong drink.

A temporary peace was concluded with the Indians, and the Governor had time to make an expedition against the Swedes in Delaware and to take up the question of the boundary between the Dutch and the English settlements on the East. Van Twiller had built and garrisoned Fort Good Hope at Hartford, but Lion Gardiner on the petition of Winthrop had built a stronger fort at Saybrook, and English settlers laid out the town of Hartford under the very guns of the Dutch blockhouse and poured into Connecticut. Stuy-

vesant wrote to Winthrop protesting, and was invited to meet him at Hartford for the settlement of the boundary question. As the Dutch Governor spoke no English it was necessary for him to take an interpreter with him, and it chanced that Love Brewster was recommended by Jeremias Van Rensselaer for this position.

Love brought the letter requesting his services to the Van Rensselaer manor-house, begging that he might be excused as he might meet with some of his family.

"But Mr. Brewster," cried Anneke, "I have such good news for you. Forgive me that I had forgotten to tell you before," and she told him how she had learned from Willie Nicoll that Wrestling Brewster had not perished in the Virginia massacre but had returned safely to Plymouth and had married Patience Dudley.

"Thank God," exclaimed Love Brewster fervently, "I will go not only with the Governor to Hartford, but, if he will permit me, still further and visit my kindred."

Governor Stuyvesant embarked from New Amsterdam with an imposing suite, and sailing through the sound arrived at Hartford after four days. The negotiations were complicated, but were conducted in a friendly manner and were referred to four ar-

bitrators, two on the part of New England and two for New Netherland. It was afterward objected by the Dutch that Stuyvesant chose Englishmen to represent them, and that his secretary was an Englishman. By this treaty of 1650 Long Island was divided at Oyster Bay, and on the mainland the line was to begin at Greenwich and run north "so that said line came not within ten miles of the Hudson river." This arbitration was accepted, but it satisfied neither the Dutch, who wished the Connecticut river to be the boundary, nor the English, who coveted the entire country occupied by the Hollanders.

Love Brewster, who had been allowed a brief leave of absence, and had made a most enjoyable visit with his relatives, returned to New Amsterdam, where he remained in the employ of the Dutch governor. Stuyvesant next turned his attention to Rensselaerswyck, where, in spite of his friendship for the family, he felt that the lords of the manor were holding their heads far too high. Since the building of the castle of Rensselaerstein on Bear Island its "*wacht meester*" had had orders to collect a toll of five guilders from every vessel passing up or down the river, and to demand that colors be dipped as a salute to the patroon. But one day Govert Loockermans attempted to pass in his yacht Good Hope, without tendering this homage.

“Strike your colors!” shouted the commander of the castle.

“For whom shall I strike?” scoffed Loockermans.

“For my lord Kiliaen, and the right of Rensselaerstein,” cried the “*wacht meester*.”

“I strike for nobody,” replied Loockermans, “but the Prince of Orange and their High Mightinesses, the States General.”

Three shots were then fired from the ramparts, one of which tore a rent in the flag of the ship.

Such arrogant behavior as this could not pass unnoticed and Stuyvesant proceeded to Rensselaerswyck with a small body of soldiers. Unfortunately he did not visit at the manor in a friendly way but went directly to Fort Orange, which belonged to the West India Company, and summoned Van Slechtenhorst, the commissary of the Van Rensselaers, to come to him. Now the commissary was a man endowed with a little brief authority of which he was far more jealous than the patroon himself, and when Stuyvesant handed him a list of his peremptory orders he replied insubordinately that he should obey only those which pleased him, and asked with a sneer if the Governor supposed himself to be the patroon of Rensselaerswyck. One of the orders was that no houses were to be built within musket range of the fort, and scarcely had

Stuyvesant gone when Van Slechtenhorst, to show his contempt of his authority, began putting up some cabins close to the fort. Hearing of this, Stuyvesant sent up a squad of soldiers with orders to the commandant of Fort Orange to arrest Van Slechtenhorst and to pull down the houses.

It happened that a party of Mohawks were visiting Rensselaerswyck when Stuyvesant had his first altercation with the commissary. They could not understand what it was all about, but when they saw the angry face of the Governor purple with rage, they hurried to Kiliaen after Stuyvesant's departure with the information that the great chief, Wooden Leg, was very drunk. "Impossible," Kiliaen replied, "the Governor never drinks to excess."

"I do not mean," replied their chief, Saheda, "that Wooden Leg is drunk with rum. He was born drunk."

When these same Indians saw the soldiers tearing down the houses and they were informed that it was done by the command of Wooden Leg, they were greatly excited and asked permission to go down the river and burn New Amsterdam and kill Chief Wooden Leg, and it needed all of Van Corlear's utmost influence to keep them from executing their threat.

The Van Rensselaers deeply regretted the misunderstanding which had arisen, and later they were able to convince their hasty friend of their friendship.

Shortly after this occurrence, too, the Governor sent them as a peace-offering a strange present, "a dividance of negro slaves," which had been brought to New Amsterdam by a skipper whom the Governor shrewdly suspected to be little better than a pirate, as he confessed to having taken them by force from a Spanish slaver, Juan Gaillardo.

The negroes, who were named Mookinga, Figa, La Caubotera, Paulo and Diego, had their own strange story to tell.

They were free blacks living in a village in Jamaica, but had been captured by the Spaniards, who in turn had been taken by the pirate Morgan, who recognized some of them as having made a cruise under his command against the island of Margarita.

Morgan had treated them kindly, and, as their city had been destroyed, asked what they wished him to do with them. Mookinga begged that he would take them to an English gentleman named Nicoll, whom he well knew had once been kind to them. The Captain had replied that he knew not where to find him, but would sell them to

certain Dutch friends of his, and he had kept his word.

From this story and other relations of Mookinga, Anneke and Kiliaen received a better idea of the character of Willie's piratical adventures than they had previously entertained. With all their kindness shown to the negroes, they shivered and pined for the tropics and were at last sent to Curaçao.¹ About this time the Van Rensselaers received a more agreeable visit from an old friend, Father Isaac Jogues.

The devoted missionary, after exciting adventures in Ireland and England, had landed at Brest, and from this port had made his way to Rennes, where there was a society of Jesuits. He announced himself simply as a returning missionary, when the rector asked most anxiously if he could give them any news of their beloved brother, Father Jogues, whom they feared had suffered martyrdom.

"He is well," the priest replied, "and I am he." Upon this the entire community fell upon their knees and asked his blessing. There was rejoicing all through France over his return. The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, sent for him to come to court, and kneeling before him with the court ladies

¹ This affair occasioned considerable diplomatic correspondence. See "Juan Gaillardo's complaint," Holland Documents, vol. ii.

had kissed his mutilated hands. The modest priest did not speak of this, or of the many other honors that were showered upon him at court, but he told with tears in his eyes of one special grace which had been extended him by the Pope. It is one of the canons of the Roman Catholic Church that only a priest physically perfect can celebrate the Eucharist, and it was Father Jogues' greatest grief that he had been deprived of this privilege by the loss of his fingers. Pope Urban VIII. decided that a martyr who, like Christ, had been wounded in his hands, ought with more reason to be allowed to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and made this special dispensation in his behalf.

His French friends had collected the ransom of three hundred livres which Kiliaen had paid the Mohawks, and a part of his errand was to repay this debt; but this his hosts would not suffer him to do. He told of a conversation which he had had with the young King Louis XIV., and with the great Cardinal Mazarin, and of their interest in the Canadian possessions, and in the conversion of the savages. He had evidently done everything in his power to persuade them to preserve peace with their English and Dutch neighbors, and not to encroach upon their territory.

“There were certain unscrupulous men at court,”

he admitted, "who harbored ambitious designs of bringing themselves into notice by inducing the king to allow them to attempt to conquer more territory for France. I have urged the cardinal to restrain such spirits, and to limit our attempts at conquest to a spiritual kingdom. I am ready to give my life for the conversion of the heathen, but I shall steadfastly oppose all attempts to win them from their allegiance to your flag."

Father Jogues left in a few days for the very tribe which had tortured him, and Kiliaen insisted on accompanying him to their first castle to insure his favorable reception. Here, when the Jesuit explained that he had been sent to negotiate a peace between the French and the Iroquois, Kiliaen assured the chief, Saheda, that this peace had the entire approval of his Dutch allies, and urged him to exert his influence with the other Iroquois to conclude it. He was convinced of Father Jogues' good faith, but was rendered uneasy by the suggestion that there was some scheme brewing at the French court which might bring on hostilities between the French and the Dutch, and before he parted from the good priest, begged him to explain more definitely his vague allusions.

Father Jogues admitted that he had talked with

one young man who advocated the right of France to the entire North American Continent, and was so insane as to say that it was the ambition of his life to head an expedition to sweep the Dutch and the English from America. "But be not alarmed," the priest added, "this man was only a fanatical young noble named Frontenac, without great influence, and with no means to prosecute his insane and wicked schemes. You need not fear until you hear that he is Governor of Canada. Nor then, for while I live he can do nothing. I have the ear of Mazarin, who controls the king, and of the Jesuits of Canada, who control the Indians. Fear not the rage of man."

As he was leaving he said to Anneke, "I have brought you a little gift. May it bring you consolation when you are in trouble as it did to me." And Anneke was not surprised to find that the missionary's present was a little book, *The Imitation of Christ*.

So Anneke and Kiliaen received the blessing of the good priest, and saw him no more.

"You have driven a nail in your own coffin, in sanctioning his mission to the Iroquois," said Van Corlear. "If the French win over our allies we are defenceless."

"No matter," replied Kiliaen, "I believe in

Father Jogues, and am willing to take the consequences."

The Jesuit did not remain long with the Mohawks. Having accomplished his mission he returned to Canada, but he promised that he would return to them again and expound to them his religion. In pledge of this he left in their keeping a box containing various church utensils, and among them an ivory crucifix. Unfortunately sickness fell upon the Iroquois the following winter, and in the summer a pestilence devoured their crops. Their medicine men insisted that the Black Robe had left an evil talisman among them to work their destruction. Bursting open the chest they found the image of a man stretched in torture upon a cross, and the wizard pointed triumphantly to this sign of suffering. They destroyed it, and the evil spell appeared to be lifted.

Another year, and hostilities broke out between the Hurons and the Iroquois. Father Jogues was sent with some Hurons to pacify the Five Nations. He knew that in their enraged state this was impossible, but he accepted the mission, assuring his friends that he was going to his death. Half way between Lake George and the Mohawk Country he was taken prisoner, and carried to their town of Caughnawaga. Here he was summoned to an in-

terview with a chief and as he was stooping to enter the wigwam was struck down with a tomahawk and killed.

There was great grief at Rensselaerswyck when the news of the murder of the devoted missionary was brought them, and the Mohawks were made to understand how wicked the deed had been, and that it would surely be avenged by the French.

Arendt Van Corlear had laid out a new village in the spot which he had always regarded as the most beautiful in all the Rensselaer domain. Schenectady was the darling of his heart, and the very outpost of civilization. Schuyler too had established a manor near Saratoga, and these settlements and other scattered farms were exposed to the incursions of the Hurons. Kiliaen saw the necessity of an understanding with the French Governor, and taking with him letters from the Governor of New Netherlands, he set out with Van Corlear for Canada.

Although feverishly anxious to go, Kiliaen was oppressed by a presentiment of coming evil. Anneke and he had been very happy since their coming to Rensselaerswyck. Over on the east shore they had bought of the Mohegans land stretching beyond the blue Berkshires into Massachusetts. On this opposite bank Kiliaen was build-

ing a new house for himself and Anneke. They called the place The Crails, after an estate owned by Kiliaen's father near Amsterdam, and they were looking forward to taking possession of it in the following spring. The day before Kiliaen started for Canada they rowed over to the new home, that he might leave orders for the work to be done in his absence. A pretty garden, in the formal Dutch style, with clipped trees and beds of tulips, had already been laid out, a terrace descended to the little landing, and Anneke had transplanted wild roses, and set flowering shrubs, laurel and pink azaleas, along the borders. They walked about the place, and Anneke strove to interest Kiliaen in her plans for a dovecote here, and a rabbit warren there, but he was listless and sad. Seeing that he scarcely listened, she sat down by his side in a rustic seat and quietly waited. Suddenly he drew her closer to him. "You have been happy, Anneke?" he asked.

"Very," she replied. "And you, dear Kiliaen?"

"Not quite. There has been something on my conscience for a long time, which I ought to have told you. You married me because you believed Willie Nicoll a villain. You thought that he disguised himself as the prince to deceive our grandfather and steal your love. That was not his mo-

tive. He sustained the Prince's character at the Prince's own request, and loyalty to his word made it impossible for him to tell you this when you charged him with dishonor."

"Surely you did not know this, when you asked me to marry you?" Anneke asked in a stifled voice.

"No, Anneke, I was not so base as that; I never knew it until our talk after we floated together between death and life after leaving the pirate ship. He had gone to Maracaibo with the pirates simply to find and save me for your sake. He urged me not to tell you, and I did not tell you for I feared I might lose your love. Have I lost it, Anneke?"

"I love you all the more, Kiliaen, for telling me now. It was right that I should know that Willie Nicoll was not the despicable creature that I thought him, but that knowledge can make no difference with us, dear Kiliaen."

The tears came to his eyes, for his heart was full, and he had borne the burden long.

"If anything should happen," he said, "you will tell Willie that I told you, and that you still loved me."

"If I ever see him again, certainly; but that is not likely, for we have not heard from him since he left you at Aruba."

"He will find you," Kiliaen said, "but now I do

not dread it, since you know all and have no regret.” A great strain had been removed from his mind and from that time until he left he was gay and boyish. “I shall have great stories to tell you of New France when I come back,” he said, “but if they boast of their fine ladies so shall I. So that we shall soon see a procession of French gentlemen coming down to New Netherlands for Dutch wives. But seriously, Anneke, I have no fears of French invasion, for though we have lost our great peace-advocate, Father Jogues, there seem to be no signs of war, and we need not desert our home till we hear of the coming of Frontenac.”

He went away the next morning with Van Corlear and two Mohawks. They ascended the Hudson in canoes, making a portage to Lake George, and intending to continue through Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River to the St. Lawrence. But on Lake George, which had been discovered by Father Jogues, and named by him St. Sacrament, a sudden storm came up, the skiffs were capsized, and the wise Van Corlear, with the young and high-minded Kiliaen, was drowned. One of their Indian servants escaped and brought back the terrible news, but it was impossible to recover their bodies.

For days Anneke went about her duties dry-eyed, stunned by the terrible blow, and unreconciled to

God's will. But one morning her attention was attracted by the little book which Father Jogues had given her.

He had not said, read it if you are in trouble, but "*when you are in trouble.*" How did he know that trouble would surely come? She had not opened it because she had been so happy, but now she read greedily the very words which he had shown to Kiliaen when he was a captive. It seemed to her a personal message from the good priest bidding her be patient, and at last the tears, which had refused to flow, brought relief to her burning brain as she read the triumphant assurance of Jesus.

"Lift up therefore your face unto heaven, behold I and all my saints who had in this world sharp conflict now rejoice, now are comforted, now are in safety, now are in rest. And they shall remain with me in my Father's kingdom forever."

Very bravely Anneke took up the burden of life again. Kiliaen's death was not the only misfortune to fall at this time on Rensselaerswyck. He of all the family who would have felt it most never knew that the young life had gone out in which all of his hopes had been centred. The steady hand of the great Patroon, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer of Amster-

dam, was no longer at the helm. His life of immense activity and achievement had closed; and not his family and Rensselaerswyck alone, but the great West India Company and all New Netherland were to feel the loss of his sagacious counsel and ever ready resources.

Jeremias Van Rensselaer, smitten at once by the loss of father and son-in-law, rose to the emergency, but he had never held the barony except as in trust. There was no hope now of keeping it united, and he foresaw its division and disintegration. There were also more pressing and immediate dangers.

For ten years the Indians in the vicinity of New Amsterdam had kept their truce, but now they rose in war, and this time, as always, it was the white man's fault. Ensign Van Dyck, saw an Indian woman gathering peaches in his orchard and wickedly shot her dead. This roused all the tribes. They burned villages, desolated Staten Island and New Jersey, killing one hundred settlers, taking one hundred and fifty prisoners and rendering three hundred more homeless. The damage inflicted was estimated at over eighty thousand dollars, a great blow for the infant colony.

Stuyvesant soon quelled this outbreak, and at first showed great moderation in dealing with the Indians, so that nearly all the captives were ran-

somed ; but hatred rankled in the hearts of one of the most powerful tribes, the Esopus. They bided their time, and waited for provocation and opportunity.

In August, 1659, a band of these Indians were employed by a settler in husking corn. In the evening they were supplied with brandy and were carousing noisily in the barn. Some soldiers in a neighboring outpost hearing their shouts insanely attacked the drunken creatures who were "doing no harm to any one but themselves," and killed one and wounded several others. Horrible war now broke out anew, and it was feared that the Mohawks would join with the Esopus Indians.

Jeremias Van Rensselaer with other prominent men proceeded to Caughnawaga and called a council of the Iroquois, giving them presents of wampum and ammunition, and asking for a renewal of friendship. The Indians not only pledged alliance with the Dutch, but placing the blame of the war exactly where it rested, *asked the Dutch not to sell intoxicating liquors to the Indians.*

They kept their treaty, and several times acted as intermediaries between Stuyvesant and the Esopus Indians in the ransoming of prisoners, and at length the war ended (as all foresaw it must if the Mohawks maintained neutrality) in the com-

plete victory of the Dutch, and the annihilation of the Esopus tribe.

Hardly were the Indians silenced when another very serious matter demanded Stuyvesant's attention. Ever since his unsatisfactory treaty with Winthrop concerning the boundary question there had been dissatisfaction between the Dutch and the English. There had been a short period during the rule of Cromwell when Holland and England had been at war, and the inhabitants of New England had prepared for an armed invasion of New Netherland. But the news that peace had been declared at home had arrived before the expedition had actually set out, and the Dutch believed that the danger was averted.

But now, that Charles II. had come to the throne, though England and Holland were at peace, most alarming encroachments were being committed by the New Englanders on the territory of New Netherland.

Stuyvesant sailed to Boston to try to obtain an adjustment of the difficulty, but he could effect nothing. He learned here that a charter had been granted to Connecticut by King Charles and that the boundaries must remain as there defined. On his return to New Amsterdam, the Dutch Governor found that an Englishman named Scott had visited

the different towns in Long Island and informed the inhabitants that they were no longer citizens of New Netherland, but of Connecticut. Stuyvesant at once sent commissioners to Governor Winthrop at Hartford to attempt to settle the difficulty of the boundary. The General Assembly of the State at Hartford appointed a committee to meet the delegation from New Amsterdam and to read them the charter just obtained from Charles II. What was the consternation of the honest Dutchmen to find that the grant of the new king of England to the State of Connecticut included all the land south of the Massachusetts line to Virginia, and from Narragansett Bay on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west!

"What then becomes of our treaty of 1650?" asked the Dutch Commissioners.

"That treaty," replied the Assembly, "is now only waste paper. We do not recognize any province of New Netherland. The land which you call by that name is included in our patent. We shall possess it, and maintain it."

This message the commissioners brought back to Stuyvesant in a letter from the General Assembly, which, ignoring his title of Governor of New Netherland, was discourteously addressed to the "Director of the West India Company."

Anxious, but still resolute, Governor Stuyvesant summoned his council and began to fortify New Amsterdam, and in other ways to prepare for hostilities.

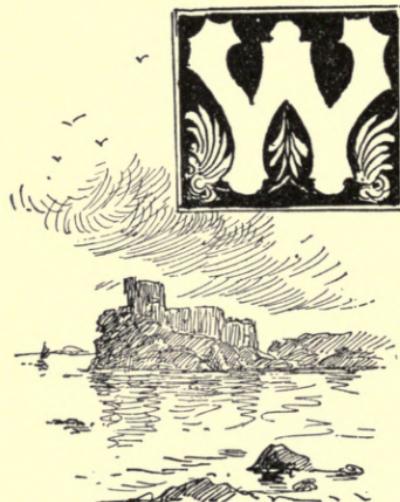
Provisions, ammunition and soldiers were needed, and the Governor in his little yacht hurried up the river to Rensselaerswyck to ask for help from Jeremias Van Rensselaer.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CAVALIER OF KING CHARLES.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along the charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine.

—Macaulay.



had lost so many of its flower in the battle of Marston Moor.

Willie was with Prince Rupert in that gallant charge at Naseby and followed the flash of his scarlet cloak, when, burning to wipe out the humili-

tion of their previous defeat, his cavaliers mowed their path through Ireton's men, and, never dreaming but their cause was everywhere victorious, followed them too far. Returning jaded from that inconsiderate chase, he had found the brave king overwhelmed by Cromwell, and the main army in mad retreat.

Had Rupert rejoined his uncle a few minutes before, the day might have been theirs, for Charles was urging his men on to a last desperate charge when the Earl of Carnwrath, seeing how few were his followers, seized his horse by the bridle and turning it around gave the signal for flight.

Henceforth Willie's fortunes were to be those of Prince Rupert. He was with him in the siege of Bristol, and fled with him to France when the King ordered him to leave England. He joined him in Holland when the Prince was placed in command of the royal fleet, and the cavalier army became a navy.

The Prince of Orange sympathized warmly with his royal father-in-law, King Charles. The ports of Holland were havens for his ships. The Hague was full of intrigues to rescue the King, in one of which the Prince is known to have been concerned.

Willie had not seen Prince William since they parted in Rembrandt's studio, but the day after he

had been assigned to his ship, a gay little barge came alongside, and the Prince came on board.

Willie met Prince William in the cabin, and learned from him that Prince Rupert had indicated his vessel for a bit of secret service. King Charles was a prisoner in Carrisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. They were to approach as near as possible, await certain signals, and, if all succeeded as planned, bring the king to Holland.

"You can imagine," said the Prince of Orange, "the agony with which my wife awaits the issue of the attempt to rescue her father. I have been informed by Prince Rupert that he has not a ship in his command manned by more loyal officers, and I willingly trust this dangerous and delicate business to your discretion."

As the Captain replied, Prince William looked at Willie more keenly. Three years upon the Spanish main, and one in campaign life had changed the youth to a weather-beaten soldier, but nevertheless the Prince was puzzled. "Where have I seen you before?" he asked.

"I once served my king, and your Highness also, much to my own damage," Willie replied, "and I am ready to serve you both again, though it should cost me as dear."

Prince William recognized his voice and ex-



A CAVALIER OF KING CHARLES.

claimed, “ ’Tis the young cavalier to whom my wife owes it that she possesses her mother’s jewels. I am sorry that enterprise was unfortunate for you. God speed you in this one. You will never regret it.”

For six days the ship waited at the rendezvous, moving away when other vessels appeared to suspect her but ever returning to her port. Through fog and blinding rain, by night and by day, Willie watched for the signal that was to tell them that the King had left the castle, and that a boat must be sent to a certain secluded spot on the beach. That signal never came ; but one day a sloop passed at a little distance, and in passing ran up three lanterns, which signified that the attempt had failed and they were to return.

On the thirtieth of January, 1649, Charles I. was beheaded in front of his palace of Whitehall. His execution is acknowledged to have been a great political blunder even by the supporters of Puritan principles. Cromwell himself, as he gazed on his dead face, murmured, “Cruel necessity.” For Charles I., in his private life was pure and high-minded, passionately devoted to his wife and children, brave in battle and heroic in his death. A courtly gentleman and a good Christian, as it was given him to understand the religion of Christ.

He said while dressing on the morning of his execution, "Let me be as trim as may be, this is my second marriage day; for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus."

On the scaffold he was undismayed, dignified but gentle. It was the most truly royal moment of his life, for his sublime bearing in that supreme crisis won the hearts even of his enemies. A puritan poem wrote of him :

" He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.
But with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try ;
And bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

While at this distance we pity the royal victim of the march of events, as we do the innocent Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, we must not forget that the world had outgrown the system and principle which they represented,—the divine right of kings. Charles gave his life for that principle. He asserted in his farewell words from the scaffold, "A subject and a sovereign are clean different things; the liberty of the people consists in having of the Government those laws by which their lives and goods may be most their own, but for having a share in the Government is nothing pertaining to them."

The royal family took refuge in France and in

Holland. Though Cromwell held the reins of government, from the moment that Charles I. died, Charles II. was, for the royalist party, the rightful king of England.

While he lingered in exile at a foreign court, his cousin, Prince Rupert, as his admiral of the seas, supported him and his needy courtiers by his formidable buccaneering. Sometimes he did this by dodging the Parliament's fleet and receiving supplies off the coast of England, and sometimes by capturing Spanish galleons on their return from the West Indies, or by bartering gums and ivory of Africa for gunpowder and wine in Portugal.

At one time he wrote to Charles, "We take to the Mediterranean, poverty and despair our companions and revenge our guide," but soon after he was able to report :

"I have sold my prizes for £40,000. I have one hundred thousand men aboard the fleet, and we are now victualling for four months more."

His chaplain wrote in his diary, "Whereas the Prince found the fleet mutinous and tempted by the Earl of Warwick's agents, he who was so lately necessitated for want of men and money hath now profusely of both, and begins to plow the main with confidence, claiming the obedience thereof to his standard."

Willie might not have embarked upon another buccaneering expedition had it not been for an experience which happened to him in Holland. He had taken a little trip to Amsterdam, desiring to revisit the old scenes so full of bitter-sweet memories. He passed by, without entering, the great diamond establishment of the old Patroon now carried on by his son, Johannes Van Rensselaer, but he strove to find Rembrandt, and was saddened to learn of the death of Saskia, and that the affairs of the painter had gone from bad to worse, until his reckless extravagance as a collector had rendered him insolvent. His friends however had not deserted him, and Willie learned that he was living in retirement on the estate of Burgomaster Six, where he was solacing himself by etching the marvellous landscapes which have contributed so much to his fame.

At Leyden Willie knocked at the door of his old quarters, and was welcomed by a young student, who introduced himself as Robert Brewster, a New Englander, who had come to the university for an education, and had taken the rooms formerly occupied by his uncle, Love Brewster.

Willie immediately related what he already knew of the young man's father and uncle, and was taken into the youth's confidence.

He begged Willie to help him execute a command of his father's which he had been unable to obey.

"My father," said Robert Brewster, "was with Raleigh on his last unfortunate expedition, and remained for some years in the hands of the Spanish settlers of the Orinoco. He said to me on leaving home :

"Fail not to make careful inquiry for Lady Raleigh, and give her my duty. Tell her that her husband was right; that I have explored his gold mines. I worked in them while a prisoner with the Spaniards; but the Spanish colony was driven out by the great Indian uprising, and the entire country is overrun with tribes hostile to all Europeans. Raleigh himself could not conquer that country now."

"I objected to my father," Robert Brewster continued, "that some day that land might be opened to the English, and some descendant of ours might amass wealth if he knew the exact locality of these mines, and my father replied :

"The wealth is already amassed. While entrusted by my captors, on account of my knowledge of metallurgy, with the superintendence of the mines, I buried vast quantities of pure gold in an underground vault known only to myself and to

the friendly Indian, Harry, who escaped with me and died in Plymouth last year.'

"'Then, father,' I said, 'why do you not make maps which would enable a searcher to find those mines and especially this treasure vault?'

"'The love of gold,' said my good mother, 'is the root of all evil. How often the fathers of this colony have rejoiced that no precious metals existed here, to draw the colonists from homely but necessary labor and to breed dissension amongst them. I would be in despair if I saw you a victim to the mania of the gold seeker. I am glad that the position of the mines is unknown, that the country is guarded by savages, that their very existence is discredited. There let El Dorado remain, impenetrable, and derided as an illusive dream until the very memory of the fable fades from the mind of man.'

"'Nevertheless,' replied my father, calmly, 'it is no fable; and I have felt it to be my duty to draw just such a map as Robert has suggested, whereby, if the savages were not hostile, it would be an easy thing for a specially equipped exploring party to find the mines and the treasure chamber. But this treasure is not for any of our line, for it belongs by right of inheritance to the race of that daring explorer who sacrificed wealth and ease and life itself

in the attempt to enrich not himself but his perfidious king. Sir Walter's younger son, named for his friend Carew, may still be alive. Seek out that young man and give to him the papers which I will entrust to you. Fail not, be faithful in your stewardship. It is my chief joy in sending you back to the mother country that I may acquit myself of this duty.' ”

“ And have you done this ? ” asked Willie.

“ Alas, no,” replied the young man. “ I have not been able to find Carew Raleigh, though I hear that he still lives in straitened circumstances. He could fit out no expedition, but you, who say you are thinking of sailing to the Spanish Main might make such terms with Prince Rupert whereby the son of the great explorer would receive a goodly portion of this treasure ; and should the greater part enrich the royal coffers it is but what Raleigh would have wished.”

Willie introduced Robert Brewster to Prince Rupert who heard the story carelessly. He was evidently incredulous, but he bade Willie keep the chart, promising to search for the mines,—if he found it convenient.

The time never came. The Prince had made up his mind to seek seriously for El Dorado when the tragedy of the sinking of his flagship with three

hundred and thirty-three of its crew, and his own narrow escape, led to his relinquishment of the life of a sea-rover.

Willie returned to England before the end of the Commonwealth, sick of buccaneering and devoted himself quietly to the study of law. At length, after the death of Cromwell, the pendulum of popular sentiment swung back to a desire for absolute monarchy, and the restoration of the house of Stuart. On the 26th of May, 1660, Charles II. was welcomed with wild expressions of enthusiasm, and ascending the throne was endowed with the opportunities and responsibilities which he so shamelessly abused. It was in his power to have made the entire Puritan movement seem a grotesque mistake ; but if anything could have justified its past severities surely the dishonorable and profligate reign of Charles II. would have done so.

London was soon filled with a swarm of greedy, poverty-stricken courtiers, clamoring for office. Charles had no sense of gratitude and no discrimination. His gifts were showered upon dissolute favorites while many a loyal old cavalier could say :

“ For our martyred Charles I lost my lands,
For his son I spent my all ;
That a churl might dine and drink my wine
And preach in my father’s hall.

That father died on Marston Moor,
My son on Worcester plain ;
But the King he turned his back on me
When he came to his own again."

One staunch friend of his exile Charles remembered, and the Reverend Nicholas Van Rensselaer who had foretold the restoration and had come to England, was made Chaplain of the Dutch Chapel at Westminster. He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Salisbury, and given a lectureship at St. Margaret's, Lotterbury.

He did not however remain permanently in England, but emigrated to Rensselaerswyck after the death of his nephew Kiliaen, where he married Alida Schuyler.¹

In New England the Restoration could but bring misgiving. The original grant of "the Connecticut River and places adjoining thereto" had been made by the Earl of Warwick to Lords Say and Brooke. This document declared that :

" Robert Earl of Warwick sendeth greeting in our Lord God everlasting to all people unto whom this present writing shall come, He gives, grants,

¹ His old power of clairvoyance did not desert him, for when on his deathbed young Robert Livingston was summoned to draw up his will, he cried imperiously, "not that young man," and when the notary had gone Nicholas Van Rensselaer explained that he foresaw that Livingston would become the second husband of his widow, a prophecy which may have suggested its own fulfillment.

bargains, sells, enfeoffs, aliens and confirms the soil from the Narragansett River to the Pacific Ocean and all jurisdiction which the said Robert Earl of Warwick now hath or had or might use, exercise or enjoy."

Evidently this claim had never been taken very seriously by the grantees themselves; since they had made a treaty with Stuyvesant fixing the western boundary at ten miles east of the Hudson River. It never appeared that Robert Earl of Warwick ever had any jurisdiction to sell, but if a kingly pretender claimed the right to convey the same land though with no title, the matter took on a different aspect. The King had armies to maintain what he might seize, and the assembly of the state of Connecticut determined to send a petition to Charles II. for a new charter.

As an early New England poet quaintly wrote:

"Learned Winthrop then by general consent
Sat at the helm to sway the government,
Who prudently the people doth advise,
To ask the King for chartered liberties.
All like his counsel well, and all reply,
Sir, you must undertake our agency."

Winthrop came to London bearing a ring which his father had received from Charles I., and it is generally stated that Charles II. was so touched

when he saw this memento of his father that he instantly granted the request. It is very possible however that the five hundred pounds, which the Connecticut Assembly cannily voted to defray the expenses of presenting the petition, were so tactfully disbursed as to aid in bringing the ring and the petition to the King's notice.

Governor Winthrop returned with the charter which was so exultantly displayed to the dismayed Stuyvesant, with the bitter information that their boundary treaty of 1650 was only so much waste paper; but Winthrop had yet to learn that Charles II. would regard his royal word, and the charter so sacredly and legally attested over his acknowledged signature, as equally worthless.

After granting the territory occupied by the Dutch to the state of Connecticut, the King with the most shameless effrontery, presented the same region to his brother the Duke of York, sending at the same time an armed fleet to maintain his claim. Thus with no reason or apology did King Charles twice give away what never belonged to him!

The Duke of York sent out as commander of the fleet and as future Governor of his possession, Colonel Richard Nicholls and as Secretary Matthias Nicoll father of our hero. The similarity of the

names has caused much confusion, but it is not probable that they were even relatives.

The English fleet of four frigates carrying in all ninety-four guns, arrived at Boston in July and remained there several weeks. Colonel Nicholls had instructions to visit the different New England Colonies and to require them "to assist vigorously in reducing the Dutch to subjection."

A sloop had been despatched to Plymouth and the different towns on the coast and on the Sound with this intelligence, and Willie Nicoll with several others were assigned to this duty. On the way the sloop touched at Gardiner's Island, and here Willie, to his great delight, found his old acquaintance, Lion Gardiner.

Gardiner, it will be remembered, was the English military engineer who had married and resided in Holland, and whom Willie had been deputed so long ago to engage to go out to Connecticut to build Fort Saybrook.

Lion Gardiner had much to tell Willie of his experiences in the new world. He had built the fort and commanded it until the coming of Colonel and Lady Fenwick. He had done valiant service in the terrible Pequot war, and had finally purchased this island from the Long Island Indians for "one gun, some powder, shot, rum, five pounds' worth of blank-

ets, and a black dog." Here he lived with his wife and three children, and here another Lion Gardiner, the twelfth in descent from the original lord of the manor, still lives. Willie and his companions were entertained at his hospitable board, and dined toothsomely on fish caught in his own waters and on venison from his own preserves.

"Come and be my neighbor, Nicoll," said the host, "there are other beautiful islands still to be purchased of the Indians. They are all friendly to me here. I reign as a little king over the Montaukets, for when their chief died he made me the guardian of his infant son, and though they recognize the regency of the mother as 'Sachemsqua,' her acts are only valid when confirmed by me."

As they were talking they were seated on the high stoop of Gardiner's log house, which commanded the bay, and they noticed putting out from the opposite shore a little fleet of Indian canoes.

Gardiner handed his spyglass to Willie, remarking: "We are to have visitors, and I am glad that you are to have an opportunity of seeing some of our aborigines."

The Indians landing, came up the hill in single file. They were headed by a woman, wearing a robe elaborately embroidered with quills and beads, and adorned with many strings of wampum. She

was followed by a boy of twelve, nearly naked, and decorated with war paint. His long black hair was ornamented with eagle feathers, and he wore silver bracelets upon his arms. He carried bows and arrows and led a savage-looking dog by a leathern leash.

"It is the Sachemsqua herself, with the young prince, Weoncombone," exclaimed Gardiner, "and that is Mondugh, sachem of the Shinnecock Indians, and Mongtucksee (Long Knife), and Pomotork, and Cawbut,—why it is a delegation of Long Island chieftains! What can be their object?"

He was soon to be informed. Runners from Uncas, chief of the Mohegans, had lately visited the Indians, bringing startling news. Uncas, who prided himself on being the friend of the English, had profited by their alliance in the extermination of the Pequots and the subjugation of the Narragansetts, so that he was now the most powerful chieftain in New England. The other tribes were now tributary to him, and there were none that dared withstand him, except the Iroquois army in the west. He had attempted to gain their friendship, representing that if the Iroquois and Mohegans should unite they might sweep the white man from the continent. But the Iroquois had remained faithful to the Dutch, though some of the Mohe-

gans had killed certain Mohawks and had endeavored to persuade the Mohawks that the Dutch had murdered them. The Mohawks had discovered the real perpetrators of the crime and had denounced Uncas to the council of the Iroquois, and his overtures had been spurned.

So there had been desultory war between the Mohegans and Mohawks, only restrained by their respective allies, the English and the Dutch.

But now, Uncas sent word to his vassals, the great hour of revenge had come. Hostilities were to begin between the whites. He had just returned from a visit to Boston, and had seen four great war canoes laden with huge guns and many English braves. The word to take the tomahawk had been sent to all the English towns, and the English would shortly burn and pillage New Amsterdam and put every Dutchman to the sword. Was it a time for the Indian allies of the English to sit calmly in their wigwams smoking the pipe of peace? Certainly not. They would win great glory and praise from the English by coöperating with them at this critical juncture, and many Mohawk scalps and much Dutch booty for themselves. They would not enter New Amsterdam with the English, for that city contained no more plunder than would be desired by the white conquerors; the Indians would make

a simultaneous attack on Rensselaerswyck, seize the arms stored in its warehouse, burn the town, take the fort and hold it against the Mohawks until Winthrop came up the river to help them chase the Iroquois far into the western wilderness, and reward the Mohegans for their prowess by the gift of their lands.

This had already happened in their wars with the Pequots. Uncas had killed Sasacus, sachem of the Pequots, a better man than himself, and had brought his bloody head to the English at the point now called Sachem's Head. He had killed Miantonomoh, chief of the Narragansetts, and had been rewarded for it. The news which he now sent seemed plausible. The sachems of the Long Island Indians had come to Lion Gardiner to hear it confirmed, and then they would set out with their braves to join Uncas.

Willie was horrified, and Gardiner himself turned pale; but he harangued the chiefs eloquently, not hesitating to call Uncas a liar. The misunderstanding between the Dutch and English, he assured them, would be settled without bloodshed in a grand powwow. Instead of gaining the approval of the English they would bring upon themselves relentless punishment if they dared to attack the Dutch. White men were brothers, and would never

suffer Indians to attack others of their race, much less reward them for doing so. The long Island Sachems received Gardiner's speech with grunts of approval. The peace pipe was passed around and presents accepted from his storehouse. Some of the chiefs had their own opinion of the ambitious Uncas, and were pleased when they understood that he was in a fair way to get himself into trouble. They would return to their own fields until they were wanted. So saying, the principal speaker led the way and the chiefs followed him down the bank to their canoes.

"Stay," said Gardiner to the Sachemsqua. "Where was the rendezvous where you were to meet Uncas and his braves?"

"At the ruined fort of Good Hope which the Dutch built near Hartford. He sent us one of his moccasins that we might follow his trail if we were too late and he had passed on; and he promised to cut signs on trees that we might surely know that we were on the trail."

"Give me the moccasin. Now if I only had my dog Pilot which I sold to your husband, I could track Uncas through any jungle."

"Pilot has been dead these ten years," replied the Sachemsqua, "but, Quaquasho there is of his blood. The name signifies Great Hunter. His

scent is finer and his endurance greater than Pilot's ever was, for he has been brought up by Indians. Pilot loved his ease, but Quaquasho never rests and never tires till he brings down his game."

"Lend him to me, good Sachemsqua, and I will bring him back to you with many gifts. There, your son shall have that knife of mine which he has been fingering, and you may have my talking clock. Take this key, and every day when the sun sets turn it in the hole, so, and the spirit in the box will move its hands, lifting them both toward the sun at the hour of noon, and crying out twelve times to the Great Spirit, and so counting the hours for you until it is noon again. If the spirit is unruly and will not obey, do you bring the box to me and I will correct him."

The Sachemsqua went away carrying the Dutch clock in triumph. It had always excited her wonder and envy, and she was delighted beyond measure to possess it.

"And now," said Gardiner, "as you are by luck on your way to Hartford, you must take me with you. The wind is favorable; let us set out at once."

They sailed across the Sound to Saybrook, and then as the wind was not strong enough for the sloop to make much headway against the current,

they took rowboats with oarsmen and mounted the Connecticut to Hartford.

At this point Willie obtained permission from the young officer under whose command he had been placed to detach himself from despatch duty and proceed with Lion Gardiner on his mission of holding the Mohegans in check.

They went first to the old Dutch fort, but found it forlornly vacant. The Dutch had surrendered and evacuated it several years previous, and it had not been thought worth while to garrison it.

The Mohegans had been here the night before and had passed on.

Gardiner did not hesitate for a moment. Summoning to his aid a hardy scout who now resided in Hartford, but who had served him during the Pequot war and had explored the region further than any white man, he plunged into the trackless wilderness which lay between Hartford and the Hudson. This man, strange to say was a Dutchman named Dirck Van Corlear, a relative of the agent of the Van Rensselaers. He had been one of the little garrison stationed at the Fort of Good Hope under Captain Gyspert Op Dyck. But when the Dutch soldiers had evacuated that outpost and marched back to New Amsterdam, he had decided to remain, having fallen in love with the daughter

of one of the New England settlers. He had once made the trip across the country to Rensselaerswyck to see his relative, and was known by the Van Rensselaers.

Dirck was delighted with the adventure, and loading themselves with provisions and ammunition, the three began their toilsome journey. There was also a fourth member of the party quite as important to its success. Quaquasho, the hunter, had been led to the block from which Gardiner felt sure Uncas had harangued his braves, the keen-scented animal had snuffed the footprints and the moccasin in Gardiner's possession, and had bounded joyfully in advance, discovering to his companions the trail of the Mohegans.

For six days they followed it steadily. It led in a generally northwesterly direction and finally struck the Hudson a little north of the Dutch settlement at Claverack. Here for the first time they overtook a portion of the war party which had been sent by Uncas to attack the settlers at Greenbush, while he fell upon those near Claverack. Some of these warriors were very fortunately known to Gardiner, and they obeyed him when he ordered them to return to Uncas and to forbid his committing hostilities.

The scout had informed Gardiner of the situation

of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer's country house, The Crails, near Greenbush, and Willie urged his friend to proceed in that direction and give the alarm, trusting to his Indian messenger to restrain Uncas from injuring the settlers at Claverack.

As it happened, a spring flood had destroyed the manor-house on the west of the Hudson, and the entire family had removed temporarily to The Crails, after a most exciting experience and the loss of many household treasures.

Willie, who had not heard of the death of his friend Kiliaen, braced himself for another meeting with him and with Anneke, whom he expected to find a happy wife; and it was with many mingled emotions that he understood the mute witness of her black dress and widow's cap.

The entire family were standing on the little pier as Willie and Gardiner approached. They were waving a farewell to Governor Stuyvesant, who had just made his visit and was crossing in his yacht to Fort Orange. They had signalled for the Goede Vrouw, which lay at their warehouse on the opposite bank, to be sent over to The Crails, for a young Mohawk had brought disquieting rumors of Mohegans in the vicinity and they had decided to remove with their effects to Rensselaerstein. They were therefore at first somewhat alarmed by the

appearance of three armed strangers, whose worn clothing showed that they had been ranging the woods for many days, and one of whom held in leash a fierce looking dog. But Jeremias Van Rensselaer almost immediately recognized Dirck Van Corlear, and when Willie raised his cavalier hat, Anneke met his gaze and extended her hand in glad surprise. Gardiner came forward, and their errand was explained.

"Something of this we have heard," said Anneke, "and we are preparing to remove; but will you not dine with us before we take leave of The Crails?"

"Do not wait to extend hospitality," Willie replied, "but go at once, and give the alarm at Fort Orange. We will stay on this side of the river and guard your property until it is certain that the Mohegans have left the region."

"Your advice is good," Jeremias Van Rensselaer replied. "We must see Stuyvesant before he leaves Fort Orange and beg him not to withdraw the garrison, for he has heard some wild story of an attack planned on New Amsterdam by your government. I trust you can assure me that he has no cause for alarm."

"I regret to confirm the news," Willie replied, "but you can spare him no aid at this time, and even could you do so resistance will be worse than

useless. I may be able to be of some use to you in that quarter later on, and at present I counsel you to protect your homes from the savages."

The Van Rensselaers immediately crossed the river, sending back a few Mohawks to defend The Crails under Willie's orders. As Gardiner had foreseen, Uncas was not dissuaded from continuing his raid by the message received through his warriors. His scouts, concealed in the shrubbery, had watched and reported to him the hasty crossing of the family and a few hours later he reached The Crails with his entire band.

Fortunately the reinforcing Mohawks had just arrived, and finding the manor-house defended by a strong force, Uncas held a colloquy with Gardiner under a flag of truce, and was persuaded to return with his braves to his own reservation. In the meantime Stuyvesant, much alarmed by the information brought, hastily returned to New Amsterdam with no reinforcements from Rensselaerswyck. At New Amsterdam every able-bodied man was summoned to work on the fortifications. The brewers were forbidden to use any more grain, but to send it into the fort. But while Stuyvesant was engaged in these desperate but ineffectual preparations, the English fleet appeared before the city. The next morning Colonel Nicholls sent a

summons for the surrender of the town. He made the terms as lenient as possible, assuring the Governor, "I shall not hinder any people from the Netherlands to freely come and plant. And any of them may as freely return home; this much and more is contained in the privilege of his Majesty's English subjects."

Governor Stuyvesant in his anger tore this communication to atoms.

The rumor spread that conditions of surrender had been received, and the citizens met and a delegation was sent to Stuyvesant demanding to be told what they were. At length the governor sent them the fragments of the letter. They were pasted together and read to the citizens, who clamored for surrender. Still Stuyvesant would not yield; he drew up and sent Colonel Nicholls a strong remonstrance, deducing the title of the Dutch from the three principles, which had always been respected by civilized nations, "Discovery, Settlement and Purchase from the Indians," and, concluding, said: "In case you act by force of arms we protest before God and man that you will perform an act of unjust violence. You will violate the articles of peace solemnly ratified by his Majesty of England and my Lords the States General."

Colonel Nicholls could only obey his orders, and

he sent an imperious demand, “Hoist the white flag of surrender,” refusing to listen to further parley until this was done.

The citizens were in the greatest consternation, fearing immediate bombardment, and, assembling in the city hall, they drew up and presented to their valiant governor and his council an appeal from which we quote a few paragraphs.

“Right Honorable:

“We, your sorrowful subjects, beg to represent, in these sad circumstances that we cannot foresee for this fort and city in further resistance aught else than misery, sorrow and conflagration, in a word the ruin of fifteen hundred innocent souls, only two hundred and fifty of whom are capable of bearing arms.

“You are aware that four of the English King’s frigates are now in the roadstead, with six hundred soldiers on board. They have also commissions to all the governors of New England, a populous country to impress troops.

“These threats we would not have regarded, could we expect the smallest aid. But, God help us, where shall we turn for assistance, to the north or to the south, to the east or to the west? On all sides we are encompassed and hemmed in by our enemies.

“We shall now examine your Honors’ fortress,—it cannot stand against so powerful an enemy save the smallest portion of our entire city, our property, and what is dearer to us, our wives and children, from total ruin.

“Wherefore in bitterness of heart we humbly implore your Honors not to reject the conditions of so generous a foe, but be pleased to meet him in the speediest and most reputable manner. Otherwise, which God forbid, we are obliged to protest before God and the world; and to call down upon your Honors the vengeance of Heaven for all the innocent blood which shall be shed in consequence of your Honors’ obstinacy.

“We feel certain that your Honors will conclude with God’s help an honorable and reasonable capitulation. May the Lord our God be pleased to grant this to us. Amen.”

This petition was signed by ninety-four prominent citizens and among them by Stuyvesant’s own son.

Under these circumstances Stuyvesant was forced to yield, protesting as he did so—“I would rather be carried to my grave.”

“Thus,” says one historian, “was fitly consummated an act of spoliation, which in a period of profound peace, wrested this province from the

rightful owners, by violating all public justice and infringing all public law. The only additional outrage that remained was to impose on the country the name of one unknown in history save as the enemy of religious and political freedom wherever he ruled. New Netherland was accordingly called New York."

It must, however, be conceded that the new governor, Richard Nicholls, performed this ungracious act without bloodshed or the spoliation of private individuals, and with as little harshness as was possible. He confiscated all of the property of the West India Company, which visited its resentment on its unfortunate director, reprimanding Stuyvesant and calling him to Holland to answer for his surrender. In this sore need, Jeremias Van Rensselaer took his part, arguing his case so ably before the company that he was triumphantly vindicated.

Governor Stuyvesant returned to New York, living quietly for the remainder of his life in his bowery which extended from Third Avenue to East River, and from Sixth to Sixteenth Streets. Stuyvesant Square occupies a small portion of the original farm, and fittingly commemorates his name.

Little more remains to be told. As soon as the absolute security of Rensselaerswyck was estab-

lished, Willie Nicoll repaired to New Amsterdam, where, exchanging the cavalier name of Willie for the more dignified one of William, his authentic career may be traced in the early history of the colony through a long life of honor and distinction.

He bought an extensive estate on Long Island, naming it Islip from his ancestral home in England, and later he became a neighbor during the summer months of his friend Lion Gardiner, purchasing the larger part of beautiful Shelter Island.

There could be but one ending to such a story of untiring devotion, and one day his long patience had its reward. On a winter morning, as he was looking from his law office in New York across the Bowling Green, he saw tripping briskly along in front of the quaint stepped-gabled houses,—who but Dame Anneke Van Rensselaer. Snatching his hat, he joined her in her walk along the Battery and inquired what happy chance had brought her from Rensselaerswyck.

“It is not altogether a happy circumstance,” she replied. “Kiliaen enjoined upon me that I should not desert the manor until I heard that Frontenac was Governor of Canada.”

“And he has been sent out by King Louis,” Willie exclaimed, “but surely there is no possibility of French invasion.”

"We have had a mysterious warning sent by a Jesuit missionary, who states that Father Jogues made him swear to send us word if we were in danger—and so my father has thought best that my mother and I should spend the winter in the city."

A great joy flamed in William Nicoll's face. "Let me be your protector, Anneke. I have waited long. I have no pearls with which to fill your apron—to make you believe me—but ——"

"Flowers will do as well," Anneke replied, coyly.

"Does that mean, my darling, that when spring comes and I can fill your apron with flowers you will be mine?"

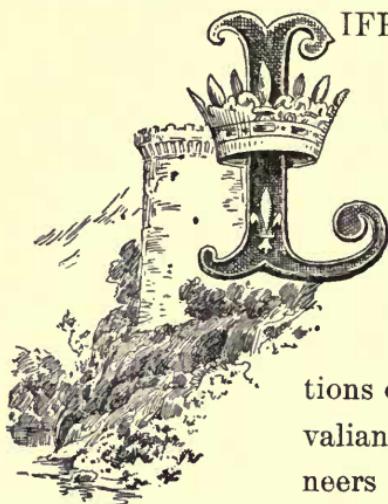
"You need not wait for spring, Willie," Anneke replied, making a bewitching courtesy and in the act spreading her pretty embroidered apron with both hands. Instantly he realized that she no longer wore widow's weeds, that her little fur-bordered velvet cape and hood matched the pale sapphire blue of her eyes, that her apron was bordered with marguerites and other flowers of her own dainty stitchery, and that flowers of love could blossom in winter as well as in spring.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANCE TAKES A HAND.

The red tiled towers of the old chateau
Perched on the cliff above our bark,
Burn in the western evening glow.
The fiery spirit of Papineau
Consumes them still with its fever spark
The red tiled towers of the old chateau !

—*S. Frances Harrison.*



IFE, for Anneke and William Nicoll, did not lose its zest of adventure with marriage. They were destined to pass through thrilling scenes, to suffer cruel anxiety and alternations of hopes and fears, to do valiant work and true as pioneers in the new world to

their latest day.

The early records of New York are silent in regard to the youthful adventures of Willie Nicoll ; but they have much to say of the honorable career

of one William Nicoll, who never hesitated to champion the right. They tell how resolutely he combatted Governor Leisler, suffering imprisonment for so doing; but that later in life he loyally supported the cause of William and Mary, true to his early friendship for the father of the young king; how fearlessly he defended those who were persecuted for their religious opinions; and how, in spite of never hesitating to take the unpopular side, he won his place in the estimation of his fellow-men. For twenty-one years in succession he was elected to the Assembly of New York, and for sixteen he was as regularly chosen by the House as its speaker, until he firmly declined the honor.

Better than his town-house or his great estate at Islip he loved beautiful Shelter Island, where he built a comfortable mansion, and lived in friendship with the Indians and neighboring settlers. The Gardiners were near at hand, and were often visited in the swift sailing yacht which carried the Nicoll family to and from New York, to the towns of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and once a year up the Hudson to Rensselaerswyck.

One day a strange, dark craft anchored at their little wharf, and a burly man, richly but flashily dressed in a suit of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, strode up the hill to the open door,

where William Nicoll stood regarding him with a haunting feeling of familiarity.

"Ahoy! there, Willie Nicoll, where are your signals of welcome for an old ship-mate?" roared a stentorian voice, and for the sake of many kindnesses William Nicoll gave the old pirate a cordial greeting.

"I trust, Captain Morgan," he said, as they sat at table, "that your errand in our northern waters is a peaceful one; otherwise, I tell you plainly that I shall feel obliged to alarm the coast."

"Sturdily said, Willie, and like your old self, but how if I shot you through the heart before you could give the alarm?"

"A signal is already flying, Captain Morgan, which will call an English ship of the line now at anchorage at Gardiner's Island. She will arrive in an hour, and, unless I fly another signal that all is well, will give you chase. You may kill me if you like, but you will have to answer for it, and that very speedily."

"Clever as ever, Willie, and I did but jest. Let the ship come. I shall be glad to meet its officers, for since I helped Admiral Penn take Jamaica from the Spaniards, I have abandoned my old trade. Not only that, but,—prepare to be astonished, Willie,—I am returning from a visit to England,

where I made such good employ of that calabash of pearls taken at Margarita that I have been knighted by his Majesty King Charles, and have a commission as Governor of Jamaica ! Ha ! ha ! Willie, no wonder your eyes bulge out ; read that, my boy,—‘Sir Henry Morgan, Governor of our colony !’ What do you say to that, lad ? And you might have had those pearls and these honors, but you preferred to land a parcel of niggers where they could not maintain themselves and were speedily taken by the Spaniards, falling after that into my hands, I selling them in turn to the Dutch, precisely as I would have done at first, had you taken the pearls. Say frankly, man, that you repent your choice, and see no gain in your fine notions of honor.”

“No, Captain Morgan. Though I admit that my good intentions were productive of no good for the negroes, that possibly they are as well off physically as slaves of the Dutch as in their half savage condition in the mountains of Jamaica, still slavery is degradation, and I hold no man has a right to inflict it on his fellows. Moreover, you forget the peculiar situation. These people had been promised that in return for their services, and for the gift of those pearls, they would be safely landed in Jamaica. I judge no man, but it is a whim of mine

to keep my word, and I would not change my memories for yours, not to be Sir Knight and Governor of all the Indies."

" You were always a fool, Willie Nicoll, and I have taken more impudence from you than from any man living. Let me tell you that the King himself does not scruple to break his word."

" I know it," the other replied sadly, " and for that reason if for no other, Sir Henry and Governor Morgan, you may find that you have not made so good a bargain as you think. Still, since I must believe the credentials which you show me, I can only hope that you have reformed, and I will run up the signals of which I spoke, which will assure the Captain of the frigate which you see approaching that I have summoned him simply to meet you socially."

Morgan took the spyglass which his host handed him and regarded the ship thoughtfully. " Thankee kindly, Willie," he said, " but if my men have got on board the water and provisions you were so kind as to give me, I'll not wait to meet your friend ; though I believe in your good faith. I'm sorry your wife is in New York. I would have liked to meet her, though you didn't invite me to your wedding, my boy. Harkee, Willie, you may find worse friends and worse pirates than Henry

Morgan. I'll give you a word of warning before I go. I have learned, no matter how, that the French have a plan of taking New York. They are sly cats, the French. Do you remember how they burned my home at Tortuga, and killed my servants? Well, I have found out that that wretch, the Frenchman Lollonois, had a hand in that enterprise. He who was my comrade against the Spaniards! I will give him good entertainment if ever he comes to Port Royal. Fare ye well, Willie; mind my words, look out for the French, and if things don't turn out here to suit you, come to Jamaica. I would like to leave a present for your good lady, a bracelet of the pearls of Margarita, just a handful that I chose out before the rest went to the King. You shake your head. Very well, I might have known better than to offer it if I had remembered my Scripture lessons as a boy—‘Cast not your pearls before swine’—Eh! Willie, that was not so bad a turn for old Morgan.”

He shouted this last shot as his men pulled him out to the Black Lady, whose sails were being set even before the boat came alongside. William Nicoll waited on the wharf to explain the situation to the officers of the frigate, which glided in as Morgan's ship scudded away; but as the ex-pirate had committed no depredations, and William Nicoll

assured the officers that his commission from King Charles appeared genuine, no chase was given. Such a visit was not a phenomenal occurrence. Later, Captain Kidd came to Gardiner's Island, and left a rich cache of his ill gotten gains in the care of descendants of Lion Gardiner, who honestly gave them up to the authorities on the conviction of Kidd. Others were not so conscientious, and Fiske writes :

"The streets of New York might have reminded one of Teheran or Bassora, with their shops displaying rugs of Anatolia or Daghestan, tables of carved teak wood, vases of hammered brass and silver, Bagdad portières, fans of ivory or sandal wood, soft shawls of myriad gorgeous hues, and of white crape, daintily embroidered, along with exquisite ornaments of ruby, pearl and emerald. In the little town which had been wont to eke out its slender currency with wampum, strange pieces of gold and silver now passed freely from hand to hand; Greek byzants, Arabian dinars, and mohurs from Hindustan, along with Spanish doubloons and the louis d'or of France."

The same author tells most graphically the fate of the pirate city of Port Royal, Jamaica, "which united to more than royal opulence the worst vices which ever disgraced a seaport. But a terrible

retribution seemed to await the sinful city of the sand spit. On the 7th of June, 1692, at noon, while the assembly was in session, and the populace occupied as usual with their schemes of money-getting, or squandering their gains in revelry—while the waters glittered in the tropic sun and the summer air was filled with a placid calm, there came a sudden roar, followed by a dreadful rumbling as if the mountains were shaken by a tremendous explosion, and before the startled citizens could gather their wits together an earthquake of awful energy rolled through the depths under their feet. When the tumult was over, a frigate had been hurled over the houses and landed high and dry, and the houses were submerged beneath the waves, where some of them remained visible for a hundred and fifty years."

Three thousand of the inhabitants had been killed, but Governor Henry Morgan was not among the number. His perfidious monarch had found it advisable to curry favor with Spain, and nine years before the destruction of Port Royal, Charles II. had recalled his accomplice to England to answer for his depredations upon the Spaniards, and to die in the Tower of London for the very deeds for which he had been knighted.

After Morgan's visit, William Nicoll gave serious

thought to his warning in regard to a French invasion. It was not the only one which had come to the colony. The Jesuit, Jogues, had told the Van Rensselaers to beware of the time when the Comte de Frontenac should come into power in Canada. Before the Dutch settled at Rensselaerswyck, Champlain had discovered the lake which bears his name and had claimed the state of New York for the French; but Champlain had attacked the Mohawks and had kindled their hostility against the French and no subsequent efforts of the Jesuit missionaries had been able to correct that fatal mistake and to seduce them from their allegiance to the Dutch.

Still, was it not possible that the Indians might not feel the same devotion to the English or that the French might attempt to take by force what they had not been able to obtain by treaty? William Nicoll determined to make a visit to Rensselaerswyck and even to penetrate into the Mohawk country to learn the feeling of the Iroquois and whether there had been any signs of French aggression.

On the way he confided his fears to the Assembly at New York, and found that they had lately received a communication of a disquieting nature from a Frenchman named de Fontenay, who had

settled at Schenectady. He had written them that certain suspicious characters had visited this frontier town. They had professed to be Canadian *courreurs de bois* (hunters), interested in securing a market for their peltries ; but they had been far too curious in their examination of the defences of the town, and he had other reasons for believing them to be spies.

In view of these alarms the Assembly approved of Nicoll's decision to proceed to Rensselaerswyck and the western settlements, and urged him, in case the result of his investigation justified such action, to sail at once for England, to lay the matter before the crown and ask for funds for the defence of the colony.

William Nicoll was already acquainted with Monsieur de Fontenay, and felt that he would not have sent such a warning without sufficient reason, for he was a man of intrepid courage and sound judgment, a Huguenot *émigré*, who had suffered persecution for his religion in France, and had found a refuge with his family in America. De Fontenay had explained that his choice of this particular locality had come about through Father Jogues, who after his return to France had spoken gratefully of the succor which he had received from Protestants at Rensselaerswyck. The fame of this

kindly action on the part of people whom they had been taught to consider their enemies had passed from one Catholic to another until it had come to the knowledge of the Huguenots, and when obliged to leave their homes many sought asylum in America.

A warm friendship had sprung up between the de Fontenays and the Van Rensselaers. Though the French exiles made no pretensions, it was evident that they were of gentle birth and breeding. The head of the family had not been accustomed to manual labor, and he gave French lessons for a time in Rensselaerswyck, attempting also to obtain pupils in fencing and in music. Later the family had removed to the neighborhood of the new settlement of Schenectady, obtaining a tract of land and building a rude habitation which Monsieur de Fontenay called his hunting-lodge. He had been accustomed in his youth to woodland sports, and he adapted himself to the hardy life of a hunter. Anneke had visited them in their pioneer home, for the daughter of the house, Yvonne de Fontenay was her dearest friend, and the interruption of their intercourse had been her chief regret in leaving Rensselaerswyck.

The de Fontenays greeted William Nicoll with the utmost cordiality, and, in explaining the immediate cause for alarm, François de Fontenay con-

nected the visit of the mysterious strangers with an episode in his own early life.

"I have reason to believe," he confided, "that my banishment from France was not due to my religious opinions, but because I was so unfortunate as to incur the hatred of Madame de Montespan, as well as that of the Comte de Frontenac, who was at one time my friend and companion in arms.

"It came about in this wise. Louis XIV. was at Oiron, the chateau which he gave to Madame de Montespan. My own home was not far distant, and I was among those who were honored by an invitation to one of the festivities given to celebrate the royal visit. A most unfortunate honor it was for me. De Frontenac was also present, apparently in high favor with the King. It was he who presented me to his Majesty. The King presently took my arm, and leading me out upon the terrace under pretence of asking me to admire the gardens constructed by his own landscape architect, Le Notre, asked me several questions in regard to de Frontenac. I praised his ability as a soldier, his courage and persistency in any enterprise which he might attempt, and assured the King of his audacity and wonderful success in the most ambitious and impossible ventures. I meant all that I said in kindness,

but the King listened with a strange expression which I did not at first fathom.

“‘Be assured,’ he said, ‘that I will remember what you have said, and will advance your friend to a position where he can find full scope for these admirable qualities.’

“He was about to say more, when Madame de Montespan joined us. Just where she came from I could not say. She appeared to rise from the ground, and it occurred to me that she must have stepped from behind the hedge which formed the bosquet in which we were standing. She led the King away, hissing the word ‘serpent,’ as she passed me, and accompanying it with a look of rage which I shall remember to my dying day.

“As the King bade me farewell, he asked me particularly where I lived, and said that I should hear from him again. I thought that I had secured his favor, but only misfortune came from the interview.

“Shortly after my return to my home I received a letter from de Frontenac telling me of his appointment as Governor of Canada. It was couched in careful terms, which to the casual reader would have conveyed no double meaning, but to me the concluding sentence seemed a threat. ‘I well know,’ he wrote, ‘to whom I owe this honor, and

were it not that my immediate departure deprives me of the pleasure, I would seek you out and show you that your friend knows how to requite such favors. Be assured, however, that your kindness will not remain unrewarded. I leave to a faithful friend the duty of recompensing you as you deserve.'

"This menace was followed by a warning, a friendly letter informing me that orders had been issued to a troop of soldiers to arrest me on account of my Calvinistic opinions, to confiscate my property and to place my daughter in a convent to be educated in the Catholic faith. I was thunderstruck, for this was before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Protestants, though hated, were nominally tolerated. I could not discredit the warning, for it came from the officer to whom the order for my arrest had been given. 'I shall perform my duty to-morrow,' he wrote, 'if I find you and your family at your home. I send you this information in order that you may escape.'

"My wife begged me to flee, and I determined to take her and my daughter to friends at La Rochelle, leaving a faithful servant to notify me of whatever occurred.

"He brought me the news that we had hardly escaped before a band of disorderly soldiers took

possession of our home, carrying away or destroying everything which they could lay their hands upon, burning the outbuildings and leaving the chateau itself in flames. The servants had rallied and put out the fire after the departure of the soldiers, but only roofless walls remained.

"The officer in command had said to him : 'Your master is fortunate in having escaped, but tell him for me never to return, but to put the ocean between him and France, for the King has long arms.'

"I took the advice, given apparently in friendship, and came to America, but I have since thought that I made a mistake in doing so. I believe that Madame de Montespan was the friend of whom de Frontenac wrote, that they thought me responsible for his banishment, that she feared as well as hated me, that the destruction of my property and the warning to flee came from her, and that in leaving the country I did exactly what she most desired."

"It was doubtless all for the best, François," said Madame de Fontenay, "for we could hardly have escaped further persecution after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Think of the sufferings of our friends the De Lanceys, who are in ignorance even now as to whether their son is living, or if living whether he may not have conformed to the Catholic faith."

"Etienne would die rather than do that," said Yvonne.

François de Fontenay bowed his head, "I fear we must give up hope of ever seeing that noble youth again," he said gravely. "We have now to consider whether we are ourselves out of danger. I have not yet told Mr. Nicoll the circumstance which convinced me that the pretended trappers who visited us a few days since were spies.

"I recognized one of them as the body-servant of the Comte de Frontenac. I saw him last when he held his master's horse at the gate of Madame de Montespan's Chateau of Oiron on the afternoon of the fête."

"Are you certain of this?" William Nicoll asked.

"Perfectly, for I knew the man as well as I did his master. He had unusual cunning of a low type, and de Frontenac trusted him. He had changed in the years that have intervened, but not past recognition. What is quite as alarming is the fact that I am certain that he recognized me."

"Then, François, we are no longer safe here," exclaimed Madame de Fontenay.

"I will make you so," William Nicoll replied. "I will see the chief of the Mohawks, who will call a council of the other tribes of the Iroquois. You

will be as safe as though you were surrounded by a civilized army. Besides, the French will attempt no incursion in winter. I leave shortly for England, and shall return with ordnance, guns and ammunition to fortify our towns and equip our militia. I will see that a captain's commission is sent you, Monsieur de Fontenay, before my departure, and you will at once begin drilling your townspeople. If you are alarmed, let me take Madame and Mademoiselle Fontenay to my home and leave them in the care of my wife."

Madame Fontenay declined the offer, saying that her post was at her husband's side, but on William Nicoll's pressing the invitation, and assuring the family that it would be a kindness to Anneke in his absence, Yvonne returned with him to visit her friend.

Just before he set out upon his embassy, Yvonne confided to his care a letter which she begged him to entrust to any discreet person whom he might find in England about undertaking a journey to France, as she dared not send it by mail. The letter was addressed to Etienne De Lancey. In care of the Sieur Melchior Bonnefoi.

“LA ROCHELLE, France.

“I do not wish to compromise the Sieur Bonne-

foi," Yvonne explained, "by sending this letter publicly in his care, for though he is a Catholic it might bring him under suspicion if it were known that he aided heretics by so much as forwarding their letters. He will gladly for our sake give it to Etienne De Lancey if Etienne is in La Rochelle or send it to him if he knows where he is. I cannot share my father's opinion that Etienne is dead. He had gone to the West Indies when we left La Rochelle. His family were forced to emigrate soon after, but they have never heard from him. Something tells me that he is still alive, and seeking for us. I believe that he would return to La Rochelle and that the Sieur Bonnefoi may have seen him, for it is to the Sieur Bonnefoi that Etienne would go for news of us."

Yvonne paused abruptly, but William Nicoll's keen sympathy told him the rest. He knew from his own experience the hope deferred which makes the heart sick, and the truth of the old proverb, "To search, and still to find not, to wait for one who comes not, to want and still to have not—are three things to die of."

He took the letter and answered cheerily, "Keep a brave heart, little one. Lovers are hard to kill. I know that because I would have died

long ago had not the thought of the chance of seeing Anneke given me the courage to battle for my life. The young man shall have his letter, and I predict that before the year is out you will have news of him."

Crossing the ocean was not then the pleasure trip which it is for us, and Anneke's heart was full of vague alarm as she saw her husband sail away. Must she lose him now that life was so sweet? She stifled her own fears while she encouraged Yvonne, and a busy round of household cares filled the hours of the weary waiting time.

With William Nicoll all went well until the voyage was nearly over. Favoring winds had borne the ship swiftly on its way. In another day they hoped to sight the coast of England, when suddenly a French privateer bore down upon them, and with a shot across their bows demanded their surrender.

The captain promptly ran up a white flag. "What does this mean, captain?" the passengers asked anxiously.

"It means," the captain replied, "that the ship will be taken as a prize to Saint Malo, where we will all be detained until arrangements can be made for our exchange. As we are all non-combatants we are in no danger of our lives. We are simply forced to make a little visit in France."

William Nicoll thought of the credentials which he was carrying as ambassador to England to obtain munition of war against the French, and, not sure that he would be considered a non-combatant if they were read, he destroyed them with all haste possible. He hesitated a moment whether to submit Yvonne's letter to the same fate, but it occurred to him that in this enforced visit to France he might find the opportunity of sending it on its way for which she had hoped, and he secreted it with a part of his money in the lining of his coat.

It was a vain precaution, the practised hands of the searchers felt the gold, and letter and money were taken to the Captain of the Privateer, who sent a summons for Nicoll to be brought on board his own ship. As he stepped on deck the shock of recognition was mutual, for though the Captain of an authorized privateer instead of a pirate the evil face of Lollonois was unmistakable.

"I see you know me," said the ex-pirate. "I remember too that you were one of Morgan's men. We met last in Tortuga. We have each become more respectable since those days."

"I was with Morgan in the West Indies," William Nicoll replied, not attempting to clear himself of Lollonois' imputation.

"Then you know enough of me to understand

that I never scruple to take a man's life, and that if I spare yours it is because I expect you to render me service in future."

" You will doubtless receive a good recompense in prize money when you reach Saint Malo, and Captain Lollonois hardly needs the reminder that (in honorable warfare) prisoners are more valuable alive than dead."

" I shall make you more valuable," Lollonois replied surly.

" You have over three hundred pounds of my private property. I will enter no complaint against you for taking this money from me, which can hardly be a part of your instructions, if you will help me to continue my journey to England, and return the letter taken from me."

" You will have no opportunity to make complaint, for unless you give me your oath not to do so you will walk the plank before we reach shore. As for the letter, it was for that I sent for you. It happens oddly enough that it concerns me. The man to whom it is addressed was killed two years ago. I took his ship off Margarita. It was a good haul. I have his papers in my locker with other letters from the Demoiselle Yvonne. I laughed when I read them. Shall I tell you why?

" I was born and brought up at the Sables d'Ol-

lonnes, that is why they call me Lollonois. I have good reason to remember François Fontenay and his castle of Tiffauges. It was one of the strongest castles in our part of France, and it belonged in feudal times to the most wicked and cruel of the old seigneurs, the infamous Gilles de Retz, him they called Blue Beard, who murdered his wives and sacrificed little children to Satan. My mother used to try to scare me into goodness, with, ‘Take care, Gilles de Retz will catch you !’ But her stories did not have the desired effect. I only thought how fine it must be to be a grand seigneur and be as cruel as I pleased with no one to call me to account. So I tortured cats instead of children, and when I grew older I ranged the country round searching for the castle of Tiffauges. At last I saw it crowning a long eminence, black and grim against a flaming sunset sky. I knew it without asking any one, and I swam the Sevre to reach it, and walked a mile along its outer wall before I reached the drawbridge. It was down and the portcullis up, and I slipped inside. The old ruined keep was at one side of the entrance. It was in its dungeons that Gilles de Retz used to kill the children, and while I was gaping at it I felt a hand grip my shoulder, and a rough voice asked me what I was doing in the courtyard. I struggled and kicked

and bit the hand that held me, but to no purpose. I was in the grasp of the warden who was about to put me out, when I heard a gentle voice say, ‘Bring the boy here, Bastien,’ and I was led to the terrace of a pretty modern villa, the new chateau, built in the centre of the old enceinte.

“My fears left me at once, for it did not look at all like a castle, but only an elegant little house. Lights were twinkling inside, and I found myself face to face with a fine gentleman. ‘Come in, my boy,’ he said, ‘and tell me why you came to see me.’

“I despised him at once for his courtesy. ‘I did not come to see you at all,’ I said, ‘I wanted to see the castle of Gilles de Retz.’

“‘He was a bad man, we do not like to remember him; but if you will come in the daylight you shall see the dungeons. You have come far and are wet, and doubtless hungry. Bastien will give you some supper before you go.’ His kindness made me impudent. ‘Was Gilles de Retz a relation of yours?’ I asked.

“‘Gilles de Retz left no descendant,’ he replied, ‘but I belong to the family of his innocent though unfortunate wife. We do not murder little children, you need not be afraid.’

“Afraid! Bah! If he had known the contempt I

felt for him, and to think that the castle of my hero had fallen to a milk-sop like that !

“ Years later, but before I ran away to sea, I paid another visit to the castle. I found the drawbridge broken, the pretty villa inside the walls burned, the place vacant and desolate. There was not a living creature within the enclosure, and I roamed about it freely. One tower at the extreme end of the courtyard had not been dismantled, and I explored its dungeons and clambered about its battlements. A room in this tower had been overlooked when the place was sacked. There was a piece of tapestry on the wall which I thought would make me a good blanket. The arms of the family were woven into the border. I learned to know them well for I slept under them all that winter. They must have worked a spell upon me, for I swore that one day I too would have the right to bear arms and live in a castle like that. Look you how strangely things come out. I have gone through fire and blood and crime, but I have come back to France so rich that your paltry three hundred pounds are not worth my taking though I shall keep them all the same. I have told you all this that you may tell François de Fontenay Vicomte of Tiffauges that the boy whom he patronized and fed like a stray dog, intends to buy the castle which he deserted

without so much as striking a blow in its defence, and to lead such a life there as will be worthy of Gilles de Retz.

“Tell Mademoiselle Yvonne to dry her pretty eyes and to take another lover. I have no grudge against her, and I would not have her wait for one who can never come. As for you, I will do what I can to have you released, for it would please me to have you carry these messages.”

On their arrival at Saint Malo William Nicoll was handed over to the governor of the castle with the other prisoners. On giving their parole not to attempt to escape they were allowed a certain amount of liberty until their exchange could be effected. The days dragged wearily and William Nicoll fell sick from anxiety and impatience for the promised release. The governor, pitying his condition, allowed him to be removed to a little inn outside the castle, and here he improved sufficiently to sit upon a bench beside the door.

One day a traveller stopped at the inn, and, as his chest was carried into the house, William Nicoll noticed the name, Bonnefoi, stenciled upon the end in large white letters. Where had he seen that name? The man’s face was kindly but unfamiliar. Suddenly the answer to his question flashed through his mind, and when the stranger reappeared Nicoll

asked: "Pardon me, sir, but am I speaking to Melchior Bonnefoi of La Rochelle?"

"The same," the other replied in surprise. "Have you any errand with me?"

"Alas, no! I had a letter to be placed in your care for one Etienne De Lancey; but the letter has been taken from me, and I have learned to my grief that the young man is dead."

"What, dead!" exclaimed Bonnefoi; "and when and how did he die?"

"Two years ago. I have the story from the pirate who took his life in the West Indies."

An expression of infinite relief took the place of the startled look on Melchior Bonnefoi's countenance. "Then I have to tell you, my friend, that your pirate lied. Etienne De Lancey was alive six months ago, for—" and here he whispered in William Nicoll's ear. "I myself helped him to escape from La Rochelle—to which place he had most imprudently returned."

"Where is he now?" William Nicoll asked eagerly. "You may trust me, for I ask in behalf of his friends the de Fontenays, who are very anxious on his account."

"As he is for them. It was to obtain news of them that he returned, and to search for them that he has gone, to England as I think, but I

have no address, no way of communicating with him."

They talked together a little longer and before he left, Bonnefoi insisted that William Nicoll should accept as a loan a considerable sum of money. He promised to do his best to obtain news of De Lancrey and to send him word of the whereabouts of the de Fontenays, and William Nicoll was much cheered by this chance meeting. The days lengthened into weeks and the weeks to months and the long-looked-for exchange was not announced, when, one afternoon as he was impatiently pacing the beach he saw approaching him the familiar figure of Lollonois. There was something inexpressibly offensive in the jauntiness of his swagger and the assumption of equality with which he slapped Nicoll upon the shoulder.

"Great news, good news for both of us," he cried. "We set sail to-morrow for America."

"For America!" William Nicoll exclaimed, in astonishment.

"For America, and I do not wonder at your surprise. Come back to the inn, and while we eat our supper I will tell you what has happened.

"When I left you I had no more idea of sailing anywhere than you had a half hour ago; but the King has made it to my advantage to go, and I will

make it to yours to accompany me. When I bade you good-bye it was to take a run down to the chateau of Tiffauges, of which I told you. I found it not nearly so badly ruined as I expected. With one third of the fortune which I have gained I could restore it, and on the income of the remaining two-thirds I could lead the life of a grand seigneur. The idea struck me that it would be amusing to try the experiment for a time. I journeyed to Versailles, and there I found an advocate named Quatrepattes, a man who makes it his business to arrange such matters, and by a judicious expenditure of my hard-earned gold I obtained his services. The result is that I have not only bought the chateau, but the title as well. Yes, Mr. Nicoll, I am no longer the outlaw Lollonois but the Vicomte de Tiffauges. It took more of my fortune than I liked, but a new enterprise has been decided upon, by which I hope to regain as much or more than I have expended. The King has need of all the ships of war which he can muster, and he has offered such generous terms to privateers that I have agreed to make one more voyage before I settle down upon my estates."

"So you are going to Canada?" William Nicoll asked.

"No, my man," Lollonois replied, for the spirits

which he had been drinking had loosened his tongue, "I shall join the French fleet off Newfoundland; but it is not to fish for cod, for our destination is New York!"

In spite of himself William Nicoll could not suppress an exclamation of dismay.

"You need not be so put out," Lollonois replied. "We have as good a right to take New York from the English as they had to take New Amsterdam from the Dutch, and if you act cleverly the change may be none the worse for you. You went in with one set of invaders, and you may enter with another. You have helped me without meaning to do so to my good luck, and if you help me still further I will pay you well. Look, there is more in this thing than I understand, but I leave the ravelling of the tangle to my betters. Quatrepattes has satisfied me as to what I am to have and that is enough for me. Read this paper."

William Nicoll scrutinized the document which Lollonois spread before him. It stated that Etienne De Lancey had been proved innocent of all charges heretofore preferred against him and was free to return and live in France; it assured him the castle and domain of Tiffauges in return for a certain sum whose receipt was acknowledged as having been paid by De Lancey's agent, and in case of his

marriage with the daughter of the present Vicomte it promised him succession to the title as though he were the son of the said noble.

"But I do not understand," said William Nicoll, "how these grants to Etienne De Lancey concern you."

"They concern me," Lollonois replied, "because I am Etienne De Lancey. He is dead; I have his effects. In returning to France it serves my purpose to drop my old life, and to take a new personality. I talked this over with Quatrepattes, and showed him De Lancey's papers. He has a great head, that Quatrepattes, and he showed me how easy it would be, provided as I am with all the credentials, to assume the name of De Lancey. It seems that he too was under a cloud but not so black a one as mine. It was only a little charge of heresy, which the King set aside when I swore that it was untrue, and that I am a good Catholic. I am to have all of De Lancey's property that was confiscated, in case I voluntarily give half of its value to the church to prove my orthodoxy, and half to the King to prove my gratitude. I did not see where I was bettered by this arrangement; but Quatrepattes assures me that it puts me on good terms with church and King. Quatrepattes says the King was delighted when he showed him the

letters of Mademoiselle Yvonne proving that she is my betrothed. Mind you, the King supposes that I am really De Lancey, and so he very willingly assured me the title of Vicomte de Tiffauges after the death of my father-in-law, whom it seems he is anxious that I should bring back with me to France, as his going away was all a mistake. The King has sought vainly to find his hiding-place, and when the letter you brought from Mademoiselle Yvonne proved them to be in New York he was pleased beyond measure."

"Do you imagine," William Nicoll asked in astonishment, "that the de Fontenays, and especially Mademoiselle Yvonne, will accept your personification of De Lancey?"

Lollonois smiled. "Mademoiselle Yvonne and her family need not at first know that I am the Etienne De Lancey referred to in this paper. They will come with me willingly if they think the conditions refer to her former lover. Mademoiselle will get accustomed to me upon the voyage, and will accept the situation when she understands that in marrying me she purchases her ancestral possessions, her liberty and her father's life."

"You are mistaken, the Vicomte would die rather than have his daughter sacrifice herself."

"The Vicomte may die anyway. I am not so

sure of what will happen to him when he is in the King's hands. I shall deliver him, that is enough."

"Unless he does not fall into this trap. If he should happen not to believe your story, or if he or you should be killed in attacking the town."

"I have thought of that, and this is where you can be useful to me. We will try persuasion first, force only if necessary. The de Fontenays know you, and trust you. You shall sail with me. We will stop off Long Island before joining the French fleet. You shall act for me, think for me, and persuade the de Fontenays to return to France with me. Then when the country is taken, your life and the lives and property of your friends shall be preserved to you."

For a moment William Nicoll hesitated, not in his allegiance to his friends, but as to what would be the better means of serving them. What if he should apparently accept Lollinois' offer, go with him, secure this document for the true Etienne De Lancey, cause himself to be landed at Shelter Island before the attack on the city, and so give the alarm to the inhabitants?

But every fibre of his honest nature recoiled against this course of duplicity, and he threw down the gage of defiance openly.

"I will not go with you or help you, Captain Lollonois," he declared. "On the contrary, I will use every means in my power, and I have more than you know, to thwart your plans."

"I was afraid you might at first decide in this way," Lollonois replied, "but you shall have time to consider. You will go with me, you will have no possibility of thwarting me, and when I have tried certain pleasant means of persuasion that I know how to use, you may decide to help me."

He gave a low whistle, two doors flew open and a half dozen seamen threw themselves upon Nicoll, bound and gagged him, and led him to the shore. Here a boat was waiting, and Lollonois gave the order to row out to his ship. The sea was running high, rowing was difficult, and the pirates determined to unbind Nicoll to obtain his assistance at the oars. Most fortunately for him the boat capsized when almost under the bows of the ship, and the pirates in their scramble for life, paid no attention to their captive. They were able to get safely on board, but though they searched the water with lights, they failed to discover Nicoll, and concluded that he had been drowned.

Aided by the tide, he was able to reach shore, and after various adventures, at length made his way to England. Here he found a ship about sailing for

New York, and he sent by her a report to his colleagues of all that he had been able to learn of the expedition in preparation against them by the French. He also sent two letters, one to Anneke, assuring her of his own welfare, and begging her to encourage Yvonne with the joyful news that Etienne De Lancey was still alive and devotedly searching for her, and the other to the Vicomte de Fontenay, putting him on his guard against the villainous schemes of Lollonois.

Having mailed these despatches, he devoted himself to the mission on which he had been sent, and prospered so well that he was able to secure a considerable grant for the defence of New York, and to set out for home within a few weeks on one of his Majesty's men-of-war, ordered to this particular service.

His heart throbbed with the most acute anxiety as he approached the city. Should he find it in ashes, or in the possession of the French? and it was with the greatest joy that he saw that the English flag was still flying over the little fort at the entrance to the harbor, and later recognized Anneke among the townspeople who had flocked to the shore on the announcement of the approach of an English vessel.

On receipt of his letter she had come to the city

to await his arrival, but she was wan with anxiety and grief, as were the other citizens. No attack had been made upon New York by the French fleet, but Louis XIV.'s plans had only partly miscarried. Frontenac had carried out the orders which he had received, and had sent three land expeditions against the English colonies. Two of these had brought death and desolation to settlements in Maine and Vermont, and the third had sacked and burned Schenectady, killing a large proportion of its inhabitants and carrying many others to Canada as prisoners. Tears streamed from Anneke's eyes as she told her husband in the list of the missing were the names of François de Fontenay and his family.

"But Yvonne was with you," said William Nicoll, "she at least is safe."

"She was with me," Anneke replied, "until the arrival of your letter, when she insisted on returning home to tell her parents the joyful news that Etienne De Lancey was still alive. There is only one chance: the Mohawks have sent out a war party on the path of the retreating French, and it is hoped that they may rescue the captives."

This hope faded with the return of the Indian allies without the de Fontenays; but those interested in their fate may learn of it in another vol-

ume. The present concerns itself only with the story of Anneke.

Had the poem been written in his day, we might imagine grey-haired William Nicoll seated by her side in their happy home on Shelter Island repeating to his faithful wife the lines with which this story closes :

" We are sitting by the window, you and I, hand in hand,
While the hush of twilight's stealing o'er the peaceful land.
We have had our joys and sorrows, we've had our pain and care,
But with love to smooth the way, they've not been hard to bear.
And my thoughts go wand'ring back to the day when first we met,
For we loved each other then, dear, as we both love yet."

THE END.

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